POEMS OF NEW ENGLAND

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.

Archive
Collection

This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

POEMS OF NEW ENGLAND

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1908

Copyright, 1878.
By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED AT THE RIVERSIDE PRESS.

CONTENTS.

NEW ENGLAND. — PART I.

INTRODUCTORY.

		PAGE
England to America	*W. J. Linton*	1
Young America — Old England	*C. Kent*	3
A Poet's Prophecy	*L. Pulci*	5
The Voyage to Vinland	*J. R. Lowell*	6
Vinland	*J. Montgomery*	8
Ulysses and Columbus	*A. W. W. Dale*	10
Columbus	*F. von Schiller*	12
Voyage of Columbus	*S. Rogers*	12
Columbus	*J. Montgomery*	15
First Voyage of Columbus	*J. Baillie*	17
Columbus and the Mayflower	*Lord Houghton*	20
The Indians	*C. Sprague*	21
Our Aborigines	*L. H. Sigourney*	23
The Indian Burying-Ground	*P. Freneau*	25
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America	*G. Berkeley*	27
America	*Lord Byron*	28
America	*W. C. Bryant*	29
America	*A. C. Coxe*	30
The Old Thirteen	*C. T. Brooks*	32
The Old Continentals	*Anonymous*	33
The United States	*J. R. Lowell*	35
Our Country	*J. W. Howe*	36
The Emigrants	*F. Freiligrath*	38
The Nation's Dead	*Anonymous*	39
The Ship of State	*H. W. Longfellow*	41

NEW ENGLAND.

INTRODUCTORY.

Maine	*I. McLellan*	43
New Hampshire	*J. G. Whittier*	44

INTRODUCTORY (*continued*).

VERMONT . . . . . *J. C. R. Dorr* . . . 45
MASSACHUSETTS . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 47
RHODE ISLAND . . . . . *C. F. Bates* . . . 48
CONNECTICUT . . . . . *F.-G. Halleck* . . . 49
THE SNOW-STORM . . . . . *R. W. Emerson* . . 51
SNOW-BOUND . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 52
OUR NEIGHBOR . . . . . *H. P. Spofford* . . 54

ABINGTON, MASS.

THE OLD MILL . . . . . *R. H. Stoddard* . . 57

ANDOVER, MASS.

THE SCHOOL-BOY . . . . . *O. W. Holmes* . . . 59

ARLINGTON, MASS.

MENOTOMY LAKE (SPY POND) . . . . *J. T. Trowbridge* . 62

ASSABET, THE RIVER, MASS.

FLOATING HEARTS . . . . . *G. B. Bartlett* . . . 65

BEARCAMP, THE RIVER, N. H.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 66

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

MOUNT AGASSIZ . . . . . *C. F. Bates* 69

BEVERLY, MASS.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES . . . . . *L. Larcom* 69
SKIPPER BEN . . . . . " 71
THE LIGHT-HOUSES . . . . . " 74
BEVERLY SHORE IN WINTER . . . . . *T. G. Appleton* . . 75

BIRCH STREAM, ME.

BIRCH STREAM . . . . . *A. B. Averill* . . . 77

BLOCK ISLAND (MANISEES), R. I.

THE ISLAND . . . . . *R. H. Dana* . . . 79
THE PALATINE . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 80

BLUE MOUNTAINS, ME.

THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN-RANGE . . . . *L. Larcom* 84
THE PRESENCE . . . . . " 85

BOONE ISLAND, ME.

THE WATCH OF BOONE ISLAND . . . . *C. Thaxter* 85

BOSTON, MASS.

THE HARBOR . . . . . *R. Southey* 88
BOSTON . . . . . *R. W. Emerson* . . 89
CALEF IN BOSTON . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 91
A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 92

BOSTON (*continued*).

In the Old South Church	*J. G. Whittier*	94
The Belfry Pigeon	*N. P. Willis*	96
Mary Chilson	*G. B. Griffith*	98
Christ Church	*E. B. Russell*	99
Boston Common.—Three Pictures	*O. W. Holmes*	100
Tri-mountain	*H. T. Tuckerman*	102
Church Bells	*O. W. Holmes*	104
The Great Fire of November 9, 1872	*J. B. O'Reilly*	106
Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle	*O. W. Holmes*	107
The Dorchester Giant	"	118

BROOKFIELD, MASS.

The Old Bridge	*S. G. W. Benjamin*	120

BROOKLINE, MASS.

A Gleam of Sunshine	*H. W. Longfellow*	121

BRUNSWICK, ME.

Morituri Salutamus	"	124
Parker Cleaveland	"	125

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Washington Elm	*J. R. Lowell*	126
Memorial Hall	*C. P. Cranch*	128
The Cambridge Churchyard	*O. W. Holmes*	129
In the Churchyard at Cambridge	*H. W. Longfellow*	133
St. John's, Cambridge	"	134
The Herons of Elmwood	"	135
The Village Blacksmith	"	136
The Bridge	"	138
Felton and Sumner	"	141
Mount Auburn	*W. Winter*	142
Mount Auburn	*I. McLellan*	143
Mount Auburn Cemetery	*J. R. Thomas*	144
The Sphinx at Mount Auburn	*C. F. Bates*	145

CAPE ANN, MASS.

The Garrison of Cape Ann	*J. G. Whittier*	146

CAPE ARUNDEL, ME.

The Old Lobsterman	*J. T. Trowbridge*	150

CAPE COD, MASS.

First Landing of the Pilgrims	*R. Southey*	153

CASCO BAY, ME.

Casco Bay	*J. G. Whittier*	155
White Head	*E. A. Allen*	156

CHARLES, THE RIVER, MASS.
To the River Charles . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 158
Charles River Marshes . . . . . *J. R. Lowell* . . . 160

CONCORD (MUSKETAQUID), MASS.
Musketaquid . . . . . *R. W. Emerson* . . 164
Concord Fight . . . . . " . . 167
Lines suggested by the Graves of Two English Soldiers on Concord Battle-Ground . . . . . *J. R. Lowell* . . . 167
Hawthorne . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 169
At Hawthorne's Grave . . . . . *C. F. Bates* . . . 171
Hawthorne's Grave . . . . . *F. D. Mason* . . . 172
Dirge . . . . . *R. W. Emerson* . . 172
Thoreau's Flute . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 174
Walden Lake . . . . . *W. E. Channing* . 176
Sleepy Hollow . . . . . " . 177

CONCORD, THE RIVER, MASS.
Two Rivers . . . . . *R. W. Emerson* . . 178
Fairhaven Bay . . . . . *G. P. Lathrop* . . 179

CONNECTICUT, THE RIVER.
To Connecticut River . . . . . *J. G. C. Brainard* . 181
Connecticut River . . . . . *L. H. Sigourney* . 183

CUMMINGTON, MASS.
Lines on Revisiting the Country . . *W. C. Bryant* . . 185
The Rivulet . . . . . " . . 186
Bryant's Birthplace . . . . . *C. F. Bates* . . . 189

DOVER (COCHECO), N. H.
John Underhill . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 190

ELLIS, THE RIVER, ME.
Ellis River . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 196

ENFIELD, CONN.
The Captain's Drum . . . . . *B. F. Taylor* . . . 197

GLOUCESTER, MASS.
The Wreck of the Hesperus . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 201
The Phantom Boat . . . . . *E. N. Gunnison* . 204
Midsummer in the City . . . . . *E. Sargent* . . . 207
A Waif . . . . . *H. C. L. Haskell* . 208
In the Sea . . . . . *H. Rich* 209

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.
Green River . . . . . *W. C. Bryant* . 211
Monument Mountain . . . . . " . . 213

GREEN MOUNTAINS, VT.
THE GREEN MOUNTAINS . . . . . *J. R. Lowell* . . . 215

HAMPTON, N. H.
HAMPTON BEACH . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 215
THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH . . . . . " . . 218
THE CHANGELING . . . . . " . . 224

HARPSWELL, ME.
THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL . . . . " . . 227

HARTFORD, CONN.
ABRAHAM DAVENPORT . . . . . " . . 230

HAVERHILL (PENTUCKET), MASS.
PENTUCKET . . . . . " . . 232
THE OLD BURYING-GROUND . . . . . " . . 235
THE SYCAMORES . . . . . " . . 239

HIGHGATE, VT.
LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER . . . . . *J. G. Saxe* 242

HINGHAM, MASS.
PAIN IN AUTUMN . . . . . *R. H. Stoddard* . . 244

HOLYOKE, THE MOUNTAIN, MASS.
SUNDAY ON MOUNT HOLYOKE . . . . . *J. F. Colman* . . 246

HOPKINTON, MASS.
THE FRANKLAND MANSION . . . . . *O. W. Holmes* . . 248

HOUSATONIC, THE RIVER, MASS.
BENNETT'S BRIDGE . . . . . *J. H. Nichols* . . 252

IPSWICH, MASS.
IPSWICH TOWN . . . . . *J. A. Morgan* . . 254
HEARTBREAK HILL . . . . . *C. Thaxter* . . . 256

ISLES OF SHOALS, N. H.
PICTURES FROM APPLEDORE . . . . . *J. R. Lowell* . . . 258
THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS . . . *C. Thaxter* . . . 265
THE SPANIARDS' GRAVES AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS . . . . . " . . . 269

NEW ENGLAND.— PART II.

		PAGE
KATAHDIN, THE MOUNTAIN, ME.		
To a Pine-Tree	*J. R. Lowell*	1
KEARSARGE, THE MOUNTAIN, N. H.		
Mount Kearsarge	*E. D. Proctor*	3
KENNEBEC, THE RIVER, ME.		
The Kennebec	*Anonymous*	5
KILLINGWORTH, CONN.		
The Birds of Killingworth	*H. W. Longfellow*	7
LEXINGTON, MASS.		
Lexington	*J. G. Whittier*	16
LYNN, MASS.		
The Bells of Lynn	*H. W. Longfellow*	18
High Rock	*E. F. Merrill*	19
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.		
Skipper Ireson's Ride	*J. G. Whittier*	21
A Plea for Flood Ireson	*C. T. Brooks*	25
The Swan Song of Parson Avery	*J. G. Whittier*	27
By the Sea-Shore	*J. W. Chadwick*	30
Captain Morrow's Thanksgiving	*L. E. Barr*	32
The Fire of Drift-Wood	*H. W. Longfellow*	34
MARSHFIELD, MASS.		
Webster	*W. H. C. Hosmer*	36
MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASS		
The Bells of Edgartown	*E. N. Gunnison*	37
MATTAPOISETT, MASS.		
A Sea-Side Idyl	*E. Stoddard*	38
The House of Youth	"	39
MELVIN, THE RIVER, N. H.		
The Grave by the Lake	*J. G. Whittier*	41

MEMPHREMAGOG, THE LAKE, VT.
A Lay of Memphremagog . . . . . *L. S. Goodwin* . . 46

MERRIMAC, THE RIVER, N. H. AND MASS.
The Merrimac . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 49
The Merrimac Revisited . . . . . " . . 53
Our River . . . . . " . . . 55

MIDDLESEX COUNTY, MASS.
Paul Revere's Ride . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 58

MILTON, MASS.
Sunday on the Hill-Top . . . . . *W. C. Gannett* . . 63

MINOT'S LEDGE, MASS.
Minot's Ledge . . . . . *F. J. O'Brien* . . 65

MONADNOCK, THE MOUNTAIN, N. H.
Monadnock . . . . . *R. W. Emerson* . . 67
Monadnock . . . . . *W. B. O. Peabody* . 72

MOSHASSUCK, THE RIVER. R. I.
A September Evening on the Banks of the Moshassuck . . . . . *S. H. Whitman* . . 74

MOUNT DESERT, ME.
Echo Notch . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 76
Green Mountain . . . . . *J. Weiss* 77
Great Head . . . . . " 78

MOUNT HOPE, R. I.
King Philip . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 80
Mount Hope . . . . . *J. W. Eastburn* . . 81
Mount Hope . . . . . *W. A. Croffut* . . . 83

MOUNT PLEASANT, ME.
Mount Pleasant . . . . . *R. Sanborn* . . . 85

NAHANT, MASS.
Palingenesis . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 87
Wetmore Cottage . . . . . *W. W. Story* . . . 89
Agassiz . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 91

NANTASKET, MASS.
Nantasket . . . . . *M. Clemmer* . . . 91

NANTUCKET, MASS.
A Song of Nantucket . . . . . *E. N. Gunnison* . . 95

NARRAGANSETT BAY, R. I.
Narragansett Bay . . . . . *J. W. Eastburn* . . 96
In Narragansett Churchyard . . . . *E. V. Carpenter* . . 98

NASHUA, THE RIVER, N. H.
NASHUA . . . . . *R. Dawes* 101

NATICK, MASS.
ELIOT'S OAK . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 102

NEWBURY, MASS.
THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY *J. G. Whittier* . . 103
THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL . . . " . . 106
THE OLD ELM OF NEWBURY . . . . . *H. F. Gould* . . 110

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.
THE PREACHER . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 113

NEWCASTLE, N. H.
THE GRAVE OF CHAMPERNOWNE . . . . *J. Elwyn* 115

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
THE BURYING-GROUND . . . . . *N. L. Frothingham* 116
THE PHANTOM SHIP . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 117

NEW LONDON, CONN.
NEW LONDON . . . . . *F. M. Caulkins* . . 119
PLOWDEN HALSEY . . . . . *C. F. Orne* . . . 120
THE CAPTAIN . . . . . *J. G. C. Brainard* . 123

NEWPORT, R. I.
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 125
A NEWPORT ROMANCE . . . . . *B. Harte* 130
THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE . . . . . *N. Perry* 133
THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 136
THE GRAY CLIFF AT NEWPORT . . . . *W. C. Doane* . . . 139
THE CLIFFS AT NEWPORT . . . . . *R. Dana* . . . 140
THE QUAKER ALUMNI . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 140

NORRIDGEWOCK, ME.
OLD NORRIDGEWOCK . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 141
AT NORRIDGEWOCK . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 143

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
NORTHAMPTON . . . . . *H. T. Tuckerman* . 144
HOLYOKE VALLEY . . . . . *E. C. Stedman* . . 145

NORWICH, CONN.
THE INLAND CITY . . . . . " . . 148

OSSIPEE, THE LAKE, N. H.
ON THE HILLS . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 150

OTTER, THE RIVER, VT.
THE RIVER OTTER . . . . . *J. C. R. Dorr* . . 151

PARKER RIVER, MASS.
PARKER RIVER . . . . . *H. Henderson* . . 152
PAWTUCKET FALLS, R. I.
PAWTUCKET FALLS . . . . . *J. Durfee* 155
PEMAQUID, ME.
GOD'S ACRE AT OLD PEMAQUID . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 156
PEMIGEWASSET, THE RIVER, N. H.
MY MOUNTAIN . . . . . *L. Larcom* . . . 157
PENIKESE, THE ISLAND, MASS.
THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 160
PENIKESE . . . . . *T. G. Appleton* . . 164
PENOBSCOT, THE BAY, ME.
PENOBSCOT BAY . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 165
PENOBSCOT, THE RIVER, ME.
NOREMBEGA . . . . . " . . 168
THE PHANTOM CITY . . . . . *F. L. Mace* . . . 173
PISCATAQUA, THE RIVER, N. H.
PISCATAQUA RIVER . . . . . *T. B. Aldrich* . . 175
PITTSFIELD, MASS.
THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 176
PLUM ISLAND, MASS.
INSIDE PLUM ISLAND . . . . . *H. P. Spofford* . . 179
PLYMOUTH, MASS.
THE PILGRIM FATHERS . . . . . *J. Pierpont* . . . 184
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS
IN NEW ENGLAND . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . . 185
AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH . . *J. R. Lowell* . . . 187
THE MAYFLOWERS . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 193
ELDER FAUNCE AT PLYMOUTH ROCK . . *C. F. Orne* . . . 194
PLYMOUTH, N. H.
DEATH OF HAWTHORNE . . . . . *A. Fields* 197
PORTLAND, ME.
MY LOST YOUTH . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 198
CHANGED . . . . . " . 201
FESSENDEN'S GARDEN . . . . . *E. A. Allen* . . . 202
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
AMY WENTWORTH . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 203
LADY WENTWORTH . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 206
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
ROGER WILLIAMS . . . . . *S. H. Whitman* . . 212

PROVIDENCE, R. I. (*continued*).
GUILD'S SIGNAL . . . . . *B. Harte* 215
A NOVEMBER LANDSCAPE . . . . . *S. H. Whitman* . . 216
TO THE WEATHERCOCK ON OUR STEEPLE . *A. G. Greene* . . 217

RHODE ISLAND, THE ISLAND, R. I.
A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL . *W. C. Bryant* . . 220

RYE, N. H.
VOICES OF THE SEA . . . . . *T. Durfee* 224

SACO, THE RIVER, N. H. AND ME.
THE RIVER SACO . . . . . *J. G. Lyons* . . . 225
THE FALLS OF THE SACO . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 226
SACO FALLS . . . . . *J. T. Fields* . . . 227
THE SACO . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 228

SALEM, MASS.
SALEM WITCHCRAFT . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 229
SALEM . . . . . *W. W. Story* . . . 231

SALMON, THE RIVER, N. H.
SALMON RIVER . . . . . *J. G. C. Brainard* . 234

SAYBROOK, CONN.
BRIDE BROOK . . . . . *G. P. Lathrop* . . 236

SCITUATE, MASS.
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET . . . . . *S. Woodworth* . . 239
AT SEA . . . . . *G. Lunt* 240

SEACONNET POINT, R. I.
NIGHTFALL ON THE SEACONNET SHORE . . *S. H. Whitman* . . 242
STORM ON SAUGONNET . . . . . *G. S. Burleigh* . . 243

SEBAGO, THE LAKE, ME.
FUNERAL-TREE OF THE SOKOKIS . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 246

SHOAL OF GEORGE'S, MASS.
THE LETTER OF MARQUE . . . . . *C. F. Orne* . . . 248

SONGO, THE RIVER, ME.
SONGO RIVER . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 251

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD . . . . " . . 253

SUDBURY, MASS.
THE WAYSIDE INN . . . . . " . . 255

WACHUSETT, THE MOUNTAIN, MASS.
WACHUSETT . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 257
TO WACHUSETT . . . . . *H. D. Thoreau* . . 259

WAVERLY, MASS.
Beaver Brook . . . . . *J. R. Lowell* . . . 260
WHITE MOUNTAINS, N H.
The White Mountains . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 262
Among the Hills . . . . . " . . 264
The Old Man of the Mountain . . . *J. T. Trowbridge* . 266
In a Cloud Rift . . . . . *L. Larcom* 270
Chocorua . . . . . " 272
Clouds on Whiteface . . . . . " 273
Bald-Cap Revisited . . . . . *J. W. Chadwick* . . 273
Lake of the Clouds, Mt. Washington . *H. Henderson* . . 275
WINNIPESAUKEE, THE LAKE, N. H.
Summer by the Lakeside . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 278
At Alton Bay . . . . . *H. Butterworth* . . 282
At Winnipesaukee . . . . . *L. Larcom* . . . 284
WOONSOCKET, R. I.
From Woonsocket Hill . . . . . *J. L. Osborne* . . . 285
YORK, ME.
Agamenticus . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 287

NEW ENGLAND

Part I

INTRODUCTORY.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

1876.

A HUNDRED years!
Too long for memory of the justest feud!
Last century's quarrel to its end pursued
And yours the triumph, may not we grasp hands,
Now each one stands
Apart from fears?

* * *

Brothers! that word
Makes Tyranny weak; Wrong flies, nor looks behind,
Driven as dry leaves before the herald wind
That clears the way for spring's most gentle flowers.
O waiting hours!
Your plaint is heard.

Land named of hope!
Our best have hailed the promise of thy growth;
Surely hath honor's race-ground room for both

America and England, side by side,
Yet leaving pride
Sufficient scope.

New England! ours
Art thou, as England 's thine: thy children own
The common parentage. Nor they alone,
But wheresoe'er is heard our English tongue —
World-widely flung
For coming hours.

Be with us then,
Thou greater England! second but in time:
Our age shall welcome our young giant's prime,
As in his sons a father takes delight,
Proud of the height
Of younger men.

O'erstride our fame!
Step past the extremest stretch of our renown!
Wreathe round Columbia's head the laurel crown
Our old heroic worth can well assign!
The crown be thine —
In England's name!

For we are one, —
In race, in will, in energy the same:
Twin aspirations of one-tongued flame.
England were fain to see you climb beyond
Our hopes most fond,
And all we have done.

* * *

William James Linton.

YOUNG AMERICA — OLD ENGLAND.

WHAT! shall Saxon bonds be sundered
By the sordid lust of gain?
Shall the realms of peace be ravaged
By the rulers of the main
For the greed of gold or glory?
No, — forbid it, God the Lord!
Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Shall one hour dissever races
Thus allied by kindred fame,
Speaking both one common language,
Men with blood and bards the same?
Such dark crime can never follow
Foolish taunt or idle word:
Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Has not History woven our laurels
Till their many wreaths are one, —
Yours the pride in burly Cromwell,
Ours in honest Washington?
With the radiance of past annals
Shall the future not be stored?
Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Does broad ocean roll between us?
We are still brought side by side,

By the peaceful navies Commerce
Scatters grandly o'er the tide.
Shall we wake our dormant thunders
Where toil-laden ships are moored?
Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Have we not alike together
Prized the songs our poets sung
Since the golden day when Genius
First drew music from our tongue?
Godlike Shakespeare, seerlike Milton,
All now cry with one accord,
Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Has not Art shed equal splendors
On the treasures each possest
In the homely hues of Hogarth,
In the sacred dyes of West:
And not less on Powers than Flaxman
Phidian inspiration poured?
Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

We have loved the same old legends
Throwing charms around our lot,
Through each tale of gentle Irving,
Each romance of gorgeous Scott.
And shall war pollute the cloudland,
Battle dint the fairy sward?

Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Then shall Saxon bonds be sundered
By the sordid lust of gain?
Shall the realms of peace be ravaged
By the rulers of the main
For the greed of gold or glory?
No, — forbid it, God the Lord!
Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Charles Kent.

A POET'S PROPHECY.

KNOW that this theory is false; his bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, — a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set,
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.

Men shall descry another hemisphere,
Since to one common centre all things tend;
So earth, by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And throngéd empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see, the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light.

Luigi Pulci. Tr. W. H. Prescott.

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND.

FOUR weeks they sailed, a speck in sky-shut seas,
Life, where was never life that knew itself,
But tumbled, lubber-like, in blowing whales;
Thought, where the like had never been before
Since Thought primeval brooded the abyss;
Alone as men were never in the world.
They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,
White cliffs of silence, beautiful by day,
Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night
In monstrous hush; or sometimes in the dark
The waves broke ominous with paly gleams
Crushed by the prow in sparkles of cold fire.
Then came green stripes of sea that promised land
But brought it not, and on the thirtieth day
Low in the West were wooded shores like cloud.
They shouted as men shout with sudden hope;
But Biörn was silent, such strange loss there is
Between the dream's fulfilment and the dream,
Such sad abatement in the goal attained.
Then Gudrida, that was a prophetess,
Rapt with strange influence from Atlantis, sang:
Her words: the vision was the dreaming shore's.

Looms there the New Land:
Locked in the shadow
Long the gods shut it,
Niggards of newness
They, the o'er-old.

Little it looks there,
Slim as a cloud-streak;
It shall fold peoples
Even as a shepherd
Foldeth his flock.

Silent it sleeps now;
Great ships shall seek it,
Swarming as salmon;
Noise of its numbers
Two seas shall hear.

Man from the Northland,
Man from the Southland,
Haste empty-handed;
No more than manhood
Bring they, and hands.

Dark hair and fair hair,
Red blood and blue blood,
There shall be mingled;
Force of the ferment
Makes the New Man.

Pick of all kindreds,
King's blood shall theirs be,
Shoots of the eldest
Stock upon Midgard,
Sons of the poor.

Them waits the New Land;
They shall subdue it,

Leaving their sons' sons
Space for the body,
Space for the soul.

* * *

James Russell Lowell.

VINLAND.

GREENLAND'S bold sons, by instinct, sallied forth
On barks, like icebergs drifting from the north,
Crossed without magnet undiscovered seas,
And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,
Touched on the line of that twin-bodied land
That stretches forth to either pole a hand,
From arctic wilds that see no winter sun
To where the oceans of the world are one,
And round Magellan's straits, Fuego's shore,
Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found;
The flowery hills with emerald woods were crowned;
Spread o'er the vast savannas, buffalo herds
Ranged without master; and the bright-winged birds
Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
Or turned the air to music with their song.

Here from his mates a German youth had strayed,
Where the broad river cleft the forest glade;
Swarming with alligator-shoals, the flood
Blazed in the sun, or moved in clouds of blood;
The wild boar rustled headlong through the brake;
Like a live arrow leaped the rattlesnake;

The uncouth shadow of the climbing bear
Crawled on the grass, while he aspired in air;
Anon with hoofs, like hail, the greenwood rang,
Among the scattering deer a panther sprang:
The stripling feared not, yet he trod with awe,
As if enchantment breathed o'er all he saw,
Till in his path uprose a wilding vine;
Then o'er his memory rushed the noble Rhine;
Home and its joys, with fulness of delight,
So rapt his spirit, so beguiled his sight,
That in those glens of savage solitude
Vineyards and cornfields, towns and spires, he viewed,
And through the image-chamber of his soul
The days of other years like shadows stole.

* * *

Wineland the glad discoverers called that shore,
And back the tidings of its riches bore;
But soon returned with colonizing bands, —
Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands;
Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
War, commerce, pastime, peace, adventure, spoil;
Bold master-spirits, where they touched they gained
Ascendance, where they fixed their foot they reigned.
Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
Dissevered; stemming to and fro the tide,
Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye,
They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
The ports of strangers or their northern home,
Still midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
Loved as their own, their unlost Paradise.

Yet was their Paradise forever lost:
War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,
Their woes combining, withered from the earth
This late creation, like a timeless birth,
The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
Breathing awhile, — relapsing into night.

James Montgomery.

ULYSSES AND COLUMBUS.

NOT over violet seas that rise and fall
With whispering winds beneath an eastern sky,
Lay the mysterious Island of the Blest,
Nor in the limits of a pent-up lake
Where timid seamen crept from isle to isle
Scattered like stars in heaven, as a child
Through the wide field wanders with doubting foot
By daisies led that ever beckon on;
But with the western sun, 'fore shifting gales
Of hope and doubt, full many a weary soul
Set sail upon the deep, and shot between
The twin tall pillars, — that sheer precipice
From known to mystery, — then into a sea
Where wave and sky were blent with wreaths of cloud,
Without a guide to lead, or star to cheer.
And there he wandered, ere the storm came on
And whelmed his bark, yet in his darkest hour
Found — not the shore he sought amidst the gloom,
But life's eternal secret clear at last,
Life's inmost mystery all made bright in death.
And ages passed, and races rose and fell,

And from their ashes other nations sprang
Like flowers that draw life from the past year's grave.
Last a strong soul, after long days of strife,
Foiling the fears within, the foes without,
Set sail from Spain, and groping in the gloom
After the flying shore, the fable land,
Stood bravely on in face of sea and storm.
And, ere he won his goal, full many a pledge
Of triumph long delayed came drifting on
Far o'er the darkening blue, as land grew near,
Lurking amid a mass of cloudy sky,
Low lying in the far-off western wave.
Then year by year swept on, and as they ran,
Great forests rose and crumbled, and the lives
Of men passed with them, while a mighty race
Was gathering slowly, as the atoms meet
That go to form the framework of a star,
And mid the crash of kingdoms and of throne
Rising like coral reefs from thundering seas.
And British speech and British laws were theirs,
And British princes. Faithfully they served
For many a year, and rendered every due
As it beseemed them, till an evil day
Came on the rulers, and possessed their souls
With foul injustice working cruel wrong.
Then flamed our fathers' spirit, and they dared
A struggle all uneven, till they broke
The tyrant's chain and won their human right,
Earning their freedom with free heart and soul.

Alfred William Winterslow Dale.

COLUMBUS.

STEER, bold mariner, on! albeit witlings deride thee,
And the steersman drop idly his hand at the helm.
Ever and ever to westward! there must the coast be discovered,
If it but lie distinct, luminous lie in thy mind.
Trust to the God that leads thee, and follow the sea that is silent;
Did it not yet exist, now would it rise from the flood.
Nature with Genius stands united in league everlasting;
What is promised by one, surely the other performs.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. Anon.

VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

'TWAS night. The moon o'er the wide wave disclosed
Her awful face, and Nature's self reposed,
When, slowly rising in the azure sky,
Three white sails shone, but to no mortal eye,
Entering a boundless sea. In slumber cast,
The very ship-boy on the dizzy mast
Half breathed his orisons! Alone unchanged,
Calmly, beneath, the great commander ranged,
Thoughtful, not sad; and as the planet grew,
His noble form, wrapt in his mantle blue,
Athwart the deck a deepening shadow threw.
"Thee hath it pleased, — Thy will be done!" he said,

Then sought his cabin; and, their garments spread,
Around him lay the sleeping as the dead,
When by his lamp to that mysterious guide
On whose still counsels all his hopes relied,
That oracle to man in mercy given,
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven,
Who over sands and seas directs the stray,
And as with God's own finger points the way,
He turned; but what strange thoughts perplexed his soul,
When, lo, no more attracted to the pole,
The compass, faithless as the circling vane,
Fluttered and fixed, fluttered and fixed again!
At length, as by some unseen hand imprest,
It sought with trembling energy — the west!
"Ah no!" he cried, and calmed his anxious brow.
"Ill, nor the signs of ill, 't is thine to show;
Thine but to lead me where I wished to go!"

Columbus erred not. In that awful hour,
Sent forth to save, and girt with godlike power,
And glorious as the regent of the sun,
An angel came! He spoke, and it was done!
He spoke, and at his call a mighty wind,
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,
But deep, majestic, in its destined course,
Sprung with unerring, unrelenting force,
From the bright east. Tides duly ebbed and flowed,
Stars rose and set, and new horizons glowed;
Yet still it blew! As with primeval sway
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,

Move on the waters! — All, resigned to fate,
Folded their arms and sate; and seemed to wait
Some sudden change; and sought, in chill suspense,
New spheres of being and new modes of sense;
As men departing, though not doomed to die,
And midway on their passage to eternity.

* * *

Still, as beyond this mortal life impelled
By some mysterious energy, he held
His everlasting course. Still self-possessed,
High on the deck he stood, disdaining rest
(His amber chain the only badge he bore,
His mantle blue such as his fathers wore);
Fathomed, with searching hand, the dark profound,
And scattered hope and glad assurance round,
Though, like some strange portentous dream, the past
Still hovered, and the cloudless sky o'ercast.

At daybreak might the caravels be seen
Chasing their shadows o'er the deep serene;
Their burnished prows lashed by the sparkling tide,
Their green-cross standards waving far and wide.
And now once more to better thoughts inclined,
The seaman, mounting, clamored in the wind.
The soldier told his tales of love and war;
The courtier sung, — sung to his gay guitar.
Round, at Primero, sate a whiskered band;
So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land!
Leon, Montalvan (serving side by side;
Two with one soul, — and as they lived, they died);
Vasco, the brave, thrice found among the slain,
Thrice, and how soon, up and in arms again,

As soon to wish he had been sought in vain,
Chained down in Fez, beneath the bitter thong,
To the hard bench and heavy oar so long!
Albert of Florence, who, at twilight-time,
In my rapt ear poured Dante's tragic rhyme,
Screened by the sail as near the mast we lay,
Our nights illumined by the ocean-spray;
And Manfred, who espoused with jewelled ring
Young Isabel, then left her sorrowing:
Lerma "the generous," Avila "the proud";
Velasquez, Garcia, through the echoing crowd
Araced by their mirth, — from Ebro's classic shore,
From golden Tajo, to return no more!

Samuel Rogers.

COLUMBUS.

LONG lay the ocean-paths from man concealed;
Light came from heaven, — the magnet was revealed,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky;
Alike ordained to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar
And failing heart along the windward shore;

Broad to the sky he turned his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, wooed the favoring gale,
Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest;
While, free as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-winged vessels coursed the unbounded deep;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weighed the sea and land;
The floods o'erbalanced: where the tide of light,
Day after day, rolled down the gulf of night,
There seemed one waste of waters: long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main;
When, sudden as creation burst from naught,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty! While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face, of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye,
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky;
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind;
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory rolled.

James Montgomery.

FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

WHAT did the ocean's waste supply
To soothe the mind or please the eye?
The rising morn through dim mist breaking,
The flickered east with purple streaking;
The midday cloud through thin air flying,
With deeper blue the blue sea dyeing;
Long ridgy waves their white manes rearing,
And in the broad gleam disappearing;
The broadened, blazing sun declining,
And western waves like fire-floods shining;
The sky's vast dome to darkness given,
And all the glorious host of heaven!

Full oft upon the deck, while others slept,
To mark the bearing of each well-known star
That shone aloft or on the horizon far,
The anxious chief his lonely vigil kept.
The mournful wind, the hoarse wave breaking near,
The breathing groans of sleep, the plunging lead,
The steersman's call, and his own stilly tread,
Are all the sounds of night that reach his ear.

But soon his dauntless soul, which naught could bend,—
Nor hope delayed nor adverse fate subdue,—
With a more threatening danger must contend
Than storm or wave,—a fierce and angry crew!
"Dearly," say they, "may we those visions rue
Which lured us from our native land,
A wretched, lost, devoted band,

Led on by hope's delusive gleam,
The victim of a madman's dream!
Nor gold shall e'er be ours, nor fame;
Not even the remnant of a name
On some rude-lettered stone to tell
On what strange coast our wreck befell.
For us no requiem shall be sung,
Nor prayer be said, nor passing knell
In holy church be rung."

To thoughts like these all forms give way
Of duty to a leader's sway;
And, as he moves, — ah! wretched cheer! —
Their muttered curses reach his ear.
But all undaunted, firm, and sage,
He scorns their threats, yet thus he soothes their rage:
"That to some nearing coast we bear,
How many cheering signs declare!
Wayfaring birds the blue air ranging,
Their shadowy line to blue air changing,
Pass o'er our heads in frequent flocks;
While seaweed from the parent rocks,
With fibry roots, but newly torn,
In wreaths are on the clear wave borne.
Nay, has not e'en the drifting current brought
Things of rude art, by human cunning wrought?
Be yet two days your patience tried,
And if no shore is then descried,
E'en turn your dastard prows again,
And cast your leader to the main."
And thus awhile, with steady hand,

He kept in check a wayward band,
Who but with half-expressed disdain
Their rebel spirit could restrain.
So passed the day, the night, the second day,
With its red setting sun's extinguished ray.

Dark, solemn midnight coped the ocean wide,
When from his watchful stand Columbus cried,
"A light, a light!" — blest sounds that rang
In every ear. At once they sprang
With haste aloft, and, peering bright,
Descried afar the blessèd sight.

"It moves! it slowly moves like ray
Of torch that guides some wanderer's way!
Lo! other lights, more distant, seeming
As if from town or hamlet streaming!
'T is land, 't is peopled land! man dwelleth there,
And thou, O God of heaven, hast heard thy servant's
prayer!"

Returning day gave to their view
The distant shore and headlands blue
Of long-sought land. Then rose on air
Loud shouts of joy, mixed wildly strange
With voice of weeping and of prayer,
Expressive of their blessed change
From death to life, from fierce to kind,
From all that sinks to all that elevates the mind.

Those who, by faithless fear ensnared,
Had their brave chief so rudely dared,

Now, with keen self-upbraiding stung,
With every manly feeling wrung,
Repentant tears, looks that entreat,
Are kneeling humbly at his feet:
"Pardon our blinded, stubborn guilt!
O, henceforth make us what thou wilt!
Our hands, our hearts, our lives, are thine,
Thou wondrous man, led on by power divine!"

Columbus led them to the shore
Which ship had never touched before;
And there he knelt upon the strand
To thank the God of sea and land;
And there, with mien and look elate,
Gave welcome to each toil-worn mate.
And lured with courteous signs of cheer
The dusky natives gathering near,
Who on them gazed with wondering eyes,
As missioned spirits from the skies.
And there did he possession claim
In royal Isabella's name.

Joanna Baillie.

COLUMBUS AND THE MAYFLOWER.

O LITTLE fleet! that on thy quest divine
Sailedst from Palos one bright autumn morn,
Say, has old Ocean's bosom ever borne
A freight of faith and hope to match with thine?

Say, too, has Heaven's high favor given again
Such consummation of desire as shone

About Columbus when he rested on
The new-found world and married it to Spain?

Answer, — thou refuge of the freeman's need, —
Thou for whose destinies no kings looked out,
Nor sages to resolve some mighty doubt, —
Thou simple Mayflower of the salt-sea mead!

When thou wert wafted to that distant shore,
Gay flowers, bright birds, rich odors met thee not;
Stern Nature hailed thee to a sterner lot, —
God gave free earth and air, and gave no more.

Thus to men cast in that heroic mould
Came empire such as Spaniard never knew,
Such empire as beseems the just and true;
And at the last, almost unsought, came gold.

But He who rules both calm and stormy days
Can guard that people's heart, that nation's health,
Safe on the perilous heights of power and wealth,
As in the straitness of the ancient ways.

Lord Houghton.

THE INDIANS.

WE call them savage. Oh, be just!
Their outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth, — 't is from the dust, —
The savage was a man!
Think ye he loved not? Who stood by,
And in his toils took part?

Woman was there to bless his eye, —
The savage had a heart!
Think ye he prayed not? When on high
He heard the thunders roll,
What bade him look beyond the sky?
The savage had a soul!

I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead.
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws;
He turned to Nature for a creed.
Beneath the pillared dome
We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
To one divinity with us he knelt;
Freedom — the selfsame freedom we adore —
Bade him defend his violated shore.
He saw the cloud, ordained to grow
And burst upon his hills in woe;
He saw his people withering by,
Beneath the invader's evil eye;
Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones;
At midnight hour he woke to gaze
Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans.
He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
To tiger-rage his soul was driven;
Mercy was not or sought or given;

The pale man from his lands must fly, —
He would be free or he would die.
Alas for them! — their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds;
The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods;
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children, — look! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go — to die!

Charles Sprague.

OUR ABORIGINES.

I HEARD the forests as they cried
Unto the valleys green,
"Where is the red-browed hunter race,
Who loved our leafy screen,
Who humbled mid these dewy glades
The red deer's antlered crown,
Or soaring at his highest noon,
Struck the strong eagle down?"

Then in the zephyr's voice replied
Those vales, so meekly blest:
"They reared their dwellings on our side,
Their corn upon our breast;
A blight came down, a blast swept by,
The cone-roofed cabins fell;

And where that exiled people fled,
It is not ours to tell."

Niagara, of the mountains gray,
Demanded, from his throne,
And old Ontario's billowy lake
Prolonged the thunder tone,
"The chieftains at our side who stood
Upon our christening day,
Who gave the glorious names we bear,
Our sponsors, where are they?"

And then the fair Ohio charged
Her many sisters dear,
"Show me once more those stately forms
Within my mirror clear";
But they replied, "Tall barks of pride
Do cleave our waters blue,
And strong keels ride our farthest tide,
But where 's their light canoe?"

The farmer drove his ploughshare deep;
"Whose bones are these?" said he.
"I find them where my browsing sheep
Roam o'er the upland lea."
But starting sudden to his path,
A phantom seemed to glide,
A plume of feathers on his head,
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave,
Then raised his hand on high,

And with a hollow groan invoked
The vengeance of the sky.
O'er the broad realm so long his own,
Gazed with despairing ray,
Then on the mist that slowly curled,
Fled mournfully away.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

IN spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands, —
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit, —

Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played!

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebab, with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

Philip Freneau.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

George Berkeley.

AMERICA.

THE name of Commonwealth is past and gone,
Over three fractions of the groaning globe: —
Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures a purple robe:
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 't is but for a time;
For tyranny of late has cunning grown,
And, in its own good season, tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart, and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeathed, — a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science, —
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic! She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earned with blood. Still, still, forever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river
That it should flow and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Dammed, like the dull canal, with locks and chains,

And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering: better be
Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh; or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!

Lord Byron.

AMERICA.

LOOK now abroad, — another race has filled
These populous borders, — wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race:
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light
Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but shake off the vampire train
That batten on her blood, and break their net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near — but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children, — thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all, —
These are thy fetters, — seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?

William Cullen Bryant.

AMERICA.

OH, who has not heard of the Northmen of yore,
How flew, like the sea-bird, their sails from the shore;
How westward they stayed not till, breasting the brine,
They hailed Narragansett, the land of the vine?

Then the war-songs of Rollo, his pennon and glaive,
Were heard as they danced by the moon-lighted wave,

And their golden-haired wives bore them sons of the soil,
While raged with the redskins their feud and turmoil.

And who has not seen, mid the summer's gay crowd,
That old pillared tower of their fortalice proud,
How it stands solid proof of the sea chieftains' reign
Ere came with Columbus those galleys of Spain?

'T was a claim for their kindred: an earnest of sway, —
By the stout-hearted Cabot made good in its day, —
Of the Cross of St. George on the Chesapeake's tide,
Where lovely Virginia arose like a bride.

Came the pilgrims with Winthrop; and, saint of the West,
Came Robert of Jamestown, the brave and the blest;
Came Smith, the bold rover, and Rolfe — with his ring,
To wed sweet Matoäka, child of a king.

Undaunted they came, every peril to dare,
Of tribes fiercer far than the wolf in his lair;
Of the wild irksome woods, where in ambush they lay;
Of their terror by night and their arrow by day.

And so where our capes cleave the ice of the poles,
Where groves of the orange scent sea-coast and shoals,
Where the froward Atlantic uplifts its last crest,
Where the sun, when he sets, seeks the East from the West:

The clime that from ocean to ocean expands,
The fields to the snow-drifts that stretch from the sands,
The wilds they have conquered of mountain and plain,
Those pilgrims have made them fair Freedom's domain.

And the bread of dependence if proudly they spurned,
'T was the soul of their fathers that kindled and burned,
'T was the blood of the Saxon within them that ran;
They held — to be free is the birthright of man.

So oft the old lion, majestic of mane,
Sees cubs of his cave breaking loose from his reign;
Unmeet to be his if they braved not his eye,
He gave them the spirit his own to defy.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

THE OLD THIRTEEN.

THE curtain rises on a hundred years, —
A pageant of the olden time appears.
Let the historic muse her aid supply,
To note and name each form that passes by.
Here come the old original Thirteen!
Sir Walter ushers in the Virgin Queen;
Catholic Mary follows her, whose land
Smiles on soft Chesapeake from either strand;
Then Georgia, with the sisters Caroline, —
One the palmetto wears, and one the pine;
Next, she who ascertained the rights of men
Not by the sword but by the word of Penn, —

The friendly language hers, of "thee" and "thou";
Then, she whose mother was a thrifty vrouw, —
Mother herself of princely children now;
And, sitting at her feet, the sisters twain, —
Two smaller links in the Atlantic chain,
They, through those long dark winters, drear and dire,
Watched with our Fabius round the bivouac fire;
Comes the free mountain maid, in white and green;
One guards the Charter Oak with lofty mien;
And lo! in the plain beauty once she wore,
The pilgrim mother from the Bay State shore;
And last, not least, is Little Rhody seen,
With face turned heavenward, steadfast and serene, —
She on her anchor, Hope, leans, and will ever lean.

Charles Timothy Brooks.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

IN their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not;
While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hailstones fell the plunging
Cannon shot!
Where the files
Of the Isles,
From the smoky night encampment,
Bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer,

Rolled the "roll" of the drummer,
Through the morn.

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in flames flashing redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the swift
Billows drift,
Drove the dark battle breakers
O'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder,
Cracked the black gunpowder,
All amain!

Then like smiths at their forges,
Labored the red St. George's
Cannoneers.
And the villanous saltpetre
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round our ears;
Like the roar
On the shore,
Rose the horse-guards' clangor,
As they rode in roaring anger
On our flanks;
And higher, higher, higher,
Burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud,
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud!
And the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets redden
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle's breath!
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

Anonymous.

THE UNITED STATES.

SEVEN years long was the bow
Of battle bent, and the heightening
Storm-heaps convulsed with the throe
Of their uncontainable lightning;
Seven years long heard the sea
Crash of navies and wave-borne thunder;
Then drifted the cloud-rack a-lee,
And new stars were seen, a world's wonder;
Each by her sisters made bright,
All binding all to their stations,
Cluster of manifold light
Startling the old constellations:
Men looked up and grew pale:

Was it a comet or star,
Omen of blessing or bale,
Hung o'er the ocean afar?

Stormy the day of her birth:
Was she not born of the strong,
She, the last ripeness of earth,
Beautiful, prophesied long?
Stormy the days of her prime:
Hers are the pulses that beat
Higher for perils sublime,
Making them fawn at her feet.
Was she not born of the strong?
Was she not born of the wise?
Daring and counsel belong
Of right to her confident eyes:
Human and motherly they,
Careless of station or race:
Hearken! her children to-day
Shout for the joy of her face.

James Russell Lowell.

OUR COUNTRY.

ON primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;

Meek Rivers led the appointed guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-sped angels hail thy cause!

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song!

Julia Ward Howe.

THE EMIGRANTS.

I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band.
Your little all to see you lay,
Each, in the waiting seaman's hand!

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy basket, on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown
By German wives, on German hearth!

And you, with braided queues so neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down!

Ah! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
These pails and pitchers filled for you:
On far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew: —

The stone-rimmed fount in village street,
That, as ye stooped, betrayed your smiles;
The hearth and its familiar seat;
The mantel and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced;
Soon many a tired and tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint with the hot and dusty chase;
No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

Oh, say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests how ye 'll yearn
For the green mountains of your home,
To Deutschland's yellow wheatfields turn,
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam!

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by!
Like some unearthly, mystic tale,
'T will stand before fond memory's eye.

The boatman calls! go hence in peace!
God bless ye, man and wife and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each true heart's pure desire!

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

FOUR hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,

Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you!
From Western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,
A home, a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you!
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought, and bravely died,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged, — those boys in blue, —
Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball,
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!

Those noble men, — the Nation's pride, —
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While, amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the Nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

Anonymous.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NEW ENGLAND.

INTRODUCTORY.

MAINE.

FAR in the sunset's mellow glory,
Far in the daybreak's pearly bloom,
Fringed by ocean's foamy surges,
Belted in by woods of gloom,
Stretch thy soft, luxuriant borders,
Smile thy shores, in hill and plain,
Flower-enamelled, ocean-girdled,
Green bright shores of Maine.

Rivers of surpassing beauty
From thy hemlock woodlands flow, —
Androscoggin and Penobscot,
Saco, chilled by northern snow;
These from many a lowly valley
Thick by pine-trees shadowed o'er,
Sparkling from their ice-cold tributes
To the surges of thy shore.

Bays resplendent as the heaven,
Starred and gemmed by thousand isles,
Gird thee, — Casco with its islets,
Quoddy with its dimpled smiles;
O'er them swift the fisher's shallop
And tall ships their wings expand,
While the smoke-flag of the steamer
Flaunteth out its cloudy streamer,
Bound unto a foreign strand.

Bright from many a rocky headland,
Fringed by sands that shine like gold,
Gleams the lighthouse white and lonely,
Grim as some baronial hold.
Bright by many an ocean valley
Shaded hut and village shine;
Roof and steeple, weather-beaten,
Stained by ocean's breath of brine.

Isaac McLellan.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1845.

GOD bless New Hampshire! — from her granite peaks
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.
The long-bound vassal of the exulting South
For very shame her self-forged chain has broken, —
Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,
And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!
O all undreamed-of, all unhoped-for changes! —
The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe;

To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,
New Hampshire thunders an indignant No!

Who is it now despairs? O faint of heart,
Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,
Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,
And gather strength to bear a manlier part!
All is not lost. The angel of God's blessing
Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;
Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,
Unlooked-for allies, striking for the right!
Courage, then, Northern hearts! — Be firm, be true:
What one brave state hath done, can ye not also do?

John Greenleaf Whittier.

VERMONT.

BUT what to us are centuries dead,
And rolling years forever fled,
Compared with thee, O grand and fair
Vermont, — our goddess mother?
Strong with the strength of thy verdant hills,
Fresh with the freshness of mountain rills,
Pure as the breath of the fragrant pine,
Glad with the gladness of youth divine,
Serenely thou sittest throned to-day
Where the free winds that round thee play
Rejoice in thy wave of sun-bright hair,
O thou, our glorious mother!
Rejoice in thy beautiful strength and say,
Earth holds not such another!

Thou art not old with thy hundred years,
Nor worn with care, or toil, or tears,
But all the glow of the summer time
Is thine to-day in thy glorious prime!
Thy brow is fair as the winter snows,
With a stately calm in its still repose;
While the breath of the rose the wild bee sips,
Half mad with joy, cannot eclipse
The marvellous sweetness of thy lips;
And the deepest blue of the laughing skies
Hides in the depths of thy fearless eyes,
Gazing afar over land and sea
Wherever thy wandering children be!
Fold on fold,
Over thy form of grandest mould,
Floweth thy robe of forest green,
Now light, now dark, in its emerald sheen.
Its broidered hem is of wild-flowers rare,
With feathery fern-fronds light as air
Fringing its borders. In thy hair
Sprays of the pink arbutus twine,
And the curling rings of the wild grape-vine.
Thy girdle is woven of silver streams;
Its clasp with the opaline lustre gleams
Of a lake asleep in the sunset beams;
And, half concealing
And half revealing,
Floats over all a veil of mist
Pale tinted with rose and amethyst!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,
The prairied West its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

RHODE ISLAND.

FROM that far island in the midland sea,
Where Rhodian art wrought out the world's surprise,
Did our own Eden island's name arise,
And then, at last, the State's it grew to be.

Loved of all generous souls her Founder's name;
And forth from her what stalwart men have sprung!
Gallant in battle, eloquent of tongue,
Philanthropist and soldier give her fame.

Of seven and thirty, this the smallest State,
And yet how powerful and how populous!
Where will and deed, like hers, are valorous,
To narrow bounds is set how large a fate!

No steadier brilliance has been thrown afar
Throughout our history's every darkest night
Than hers, — how lustrous and how wide her light,
Though of the Nation's cluster, smallest star!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

CONNECTICUT.

AND still her gray rocks tower above the sea
That murmurs at their feet, a conquered wave;
'T is a rough land of earth and stone and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave;
Where thoughts and tongues and hands are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel, save when to Heaven they pray,
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
A "fierce democracie," where all are true
To what themselves have voted — right or wrong —
And to their laws, denominated blue
(If red, they might to Draco's code belong);
A vestal state, which power could not subdue,
Nor promise win, — like her own eagle's nest,
Sacred, — the San Marino of the west.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They bow to, but may turn him out next year:
They reverence their priest, but, disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear:
They have a natural talent for foreseeing
And knowing all things; and should Park appear
From his long tour in Africa, to show
The Niger's source, they 'd meet him with — We know.

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
Such are they nurtured, such they live and die:
All — but a few apostates, who are meddling
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling.

* * *

Hers is not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring,
Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales,
The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling
Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales
Of Florence and the Arno; yet the wing
Of life's best angel, Health, is on her gales
Through sun and snow, and in the autumn time
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon, — the mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills, — her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;
And his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love,
Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power;

The maiden, listening in the moonlight grove;
The mother, smiling in her infant's bower;
Forms, features, worshipped while we breathe or move,
Be, by some spirit of your dreaming hour,
Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air
To the green land I sing, then wake; you'll find them there.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake or tree or door;
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,

Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SNOW-BOUND.

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows,
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,

We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

OLD neighbor, for how many a year
The same horizon, stretching here,
Has held us in its happy bound
From Rivermouth to Ipswich Sound!
How many a wave-washed day we've seen
Above that low horizon lean,
And marked within the Merrimack
The selfsame sunset reddening back,

Or in the Powow's shining stream,
That silent river of a dream!

Where Craneneck o'er the woody gloom
Lifts her steep mile of apple-bloom;
Where Salisbury Sands, in yellow length,
With the great breakers measure strength;
Where Artichoke in shadow slides,
The lily on her painted tides, —
There 's naught in the enchanted view
That does not seem a part of you:
Your legends hang on every hill,
Your songs have made it dearer still.

Yours is the river-road; and yours
Are all the mighty meadow floors
Where the long Hampton levels lie
Alone between the sea and sky.
Sweeter in Follymill shall blow
The Mayflowers, that you loved them so;
Prouder Deer Island's ancient pines
Toss to their measure in your lines;
And purpler gleam old Appledore,
Because your foot has trod her shore.

Still shall the great Cape wade to meet
The storms that fawn about her feet,
The summer evening linger late
In many-rivered Stackyard-Gate,
When we, when all your people here,
Have fled. But, like the atmosphere,

You still the region shall surround,
The spirit of the sacred ground,
Though you have risen, as mounts the star,
Into horizons vaster far!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

NEW ENGLAND.

Abington, Mass.

THE OLD MILL.

BESIDE the stream the grist-mill stands,
With bending roof and leaning wall;
So old, that when the winds are wild,
The miller trembles lest it fall:
And yet it baffles wind and rain,
Our brave old Mill! and will again.

Its dam is steep, and hung with weeds:
The gates are up, the waters pour,
And tread the old wheel's slippery round,
The lowest step forevermore.
Methinks they fume, and chafe with ire,
Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn to night in autumn time,
When harvests fill the neighboring plains,
Up to the mill the farmers drive,
And back anon with loaded wains:

And when the children come from school
They stop, and watch its foamy pool.

The mill inside is small and dark;
  But peeping in the open door
You see the miller flitting round,
  The dusty bags along the floor,
The whirling shaft, the clattering spout,
And the yellow meal a-pouring out!

All day the meal is floating there,
  Rising and falling in the breeze;
And when the sunlight strikes its mist
  It glitters like a swarm of bees:
Or like the cloud of smoke and light
Above a blacksmith's forge at night.

I love our pleasant, quaint old Mill,
  It still recalls my boyish prime;
'T is changed since then, and so am I,
  We both have known the touch of time:
The mill is crumbling in decay,
And I — my hair is early gray.

I stand beside the stream of Life,
  And watch the current sweep along:
And when the flood-gates of my heart
  Are raised it turns the wheel of Song:
But scant, as yet, the harvest brought
From out the golden fields of Thought!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Andover, Mass.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

MY cheek was bare of adolescent down
When first I sought the Academic town:
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,
Big with its filial and parental load;
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,
The school-boy's chosen home is reached at last.
I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
The swinging gate, the little garden-plot,
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still;
Two, creased with age, — or what I then called age, —
Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;
One a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet
As the first snow-drop which the sunbeams greet;
One the last nursling's; slight she was, and fair,
Her smooth white forehead warmed with auburn hair.

* * *

Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come
To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;
How like a dagger to my sinking heart
Came the dry summons, "It is time to part;
"Good-by!" "Goo–ood-by!" one fond maternal kiss.
Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this?

Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
From the tame fireside, glad to get away, —
Too old to let my watery grief appear, —
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

* * *

The morning came; I reached the classic hall;
A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;
Beneath its hands a printed line I read:
"Youth is life's seed-time"; so the clock-face said;
Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed, —
Sowed — their wild oats, and reaped as they had sowed

How all comes back! the upward slanting floor, —
The masters' thrones that flank the central door, —
The long, outstretching alleys that divide
The rows of desks that stand on either side, —
The staring boys, a face to every desk,
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

Less stern he seems, who sits in equal state
On the twin throne and shares the empire's weight;
Around his lips the subtle life that plays
Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase;
A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe,
Pleasant when pleased; rough-handled, not so safe;

Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,
But to forgive him. God forgive us all!
One yet remains, whose well-remembered name
Pleads in my grateful heart its tender claim;
His was the charm magnetic, the bright look
That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest book;
A loving soul to every task he brought
That sweetly mingled with the lore he taught;
Sprung from a saintly race that never could
From youth to age be anything but good,
His few brief years in holiest labors spent,
Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven had lent.
Kindest of teachers, studious to divine
Some hint of promise in my earliest line,
These faint and faltering words thou canst not hear
Throb from a heart that holds thy memory dear.
As to the traveller's eye the varied plain
Shows through the window of the flying train,
A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,
A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,
A tangled wood, a glittering stream that flows
Through the cleft summit where the cliff once rose,
All strangely blended in a hurried gleam,
Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village, hillside, stream,—
So, as we look behind us, life appears,
Seen through the vista of our bygone years.

* * *

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Arlington, Mass.

MENOTOMY LAKE (SPY POND).

THERE 's nothing so sweet as a morning in May,
And few things so fair as the gleam of glad water;
Spring leaps from the brow of old Winter to-day,
Full-formed, like the fabled Olympian's daughter.

A breath out of heaven came down in the night,
Dispelling the gloom of the sullen northeasters;
The air is all balm, and the lake is as bright
As some bird in brave plumage that ripples and glisters.

The enchantment is broken which bound her so long,
And Beauty, that slumbered, awakes and remembers;
Love bursts into being, joy breaks into song,
In a glory of blossoms life flames from its embers.

I row by steep woodlands, I rest on my oars
Under banks deep-embroidered with grass and young clover;
Far round, in and out, wind the beautiful shores, —
The lake in the midst, with the blue heavens over.

The world in its mirror hangs dreamily bright;
The patriarch clouds in curled raiment, that lazily
Lift their bare foreheads in dazzling white light,
In that deep under-sky glimmer softly and hazily.

Far over the trees, or in glimpses between,
Peer the steeples and half-hidden roofs of the village.
Here lie the broad slopes in their loveliest green;
There, crested with orchards or checkered with tillage.

There the pines, tall and black, in the blue morning air;
The warehouse of ice, a vast windowless castle;
The ash and the sycamore, shadeless and bare;
The elm-boughs in blossom, the willows in tassel.

In golden effulgence of leafage and blooms,
Far along, overleaning, the sunshiny willows
Advance like a surge from the grove's deeper glooms, —
The first breaking swell of the summer's green billows.

Scarce a tint upon hornbeam or sumach appears,
The arrowhead tarries, the lily still lingers;
But the cat-tails are piercing the wave with their spears,
And the fern is unfolding its infantile fingers.

Down through the dark evergreens slants the mild light:
I know every cove, every moist indentation,
Where mosses and violets ever invite
To some still unexperienced, fresh exploration.

The mud-turtle, sunning his shield on a log,
Slides off with a splash as my paddle approaches;
Beside the green island I silence the frog,
In warm, sunny shallows I startle the roaches.

I glide under branches where rank above rank
From the lake grow the trees, bending over its bosom;

Or lie in my boat on some flower-starred bank,
And drink in delight from each bird-song and blossom.

Above me the robins are building their nest;
The finches are here, — singing throats by the dozen;
The catbird, complaining, or mocking the rest;
The wing-spotted blackbird, sweet bobolink's cousin.

With rapture I watch, as I loiter beneath,
The small silken tufts on the boughs of the beeches,
Each leaf-cluster parting its delicate sheath,
As it gropingly, yearningly opens and reaches;

Like soft-wingéd things coming forth from their shrouds.
The bees have forsaken the maples' red flowers
And gone to the willows, whose luminous clouds
Drop incense and gold in impalpable showers.

The bee-peopled odorous boughs overhead,
With fragrance and murmur the senses delighting;
The lake-side, gold-laced with the pollen they shed
At the touch of a breeze or a small bird alighting;

The myriad tremulous pendants that stream
From the hair of the birches, — O group of slim graces,
That see in the water your silver limbs gleam,
And lean undismayed over infinite spaces! —

The bold dandelions embossing the grass;
On upland and terrace the fruit-gardens blooming;
The wavering, winged, happy creatures that pass, —
White butterflies flitting, and bumblebees booming;

The crowing of cocks and the bellow of kine;
Light, color, and all the delirious lyrical
Bursts of bird-voices; life filled with new wine, —
Every motion and change in this beautiful miracle,

Springtime and Maytime, — revive in my heart
All the springs of my youth, with their sweetness and splendor:
O years, that so softly take wing and depart!
O perfume! O memories pensive and tender!

* * *

John Townsend Trowbridge.

Assabet, the River, Mass.

FLOATING HEARTS.

ONE of Indian summer's most perfect days
Is dreamily dying in golden haze;
Fair Assabet blushes in rosy bliss,
Reflecting the sun's warm good-night kiss.
Through a fleet of leaf-barques gold and brown
From the radiant maples shaken down,
By the ancient hemlocks grim and gray,
Our boat drifts slowly on its way;
Down past Egg Rock and the meadows wide,
'Neath the old red bridge we slowly glide,
Till we see the Minute-man strong and grand,
And the moss-grown manse in the orchard land.

The boat is as full as a boat should be,
Just nobody in it but you and me.
As brown as the leaves are her beautiful eyes,
And as graceful her hand on the water lies
As she catches the leaves which languid float
On the lazy current along the boat.
Now she asks its name as she tears one apart —
"Fair lady, that is a 'floating heart.'"

Sad wrecks of years have drifted down
In the dreamless ocean to sink and drown,
Since the beautiful eyes saw that lovely night
And haloed the river with visions bright;
But the floating heart that was caught that day
Has never been able to get away.

George Bradford Bartlett.

Bearcamp, the River, N. H.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills, the river runs,
As down its long, green valleys falls
The last of summer's suns.
Along its tawny gravel-bed,
Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill,

Noiseless between its banks of green,
From curve to curve it slips:
The drowsy maple-shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown;
The ursine legend of its name
Prowls on its banks alone.
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
By Spenser's Mulla grew;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
Its mountain-cradle shows, —
The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain-wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this:
Yon miracle-play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
These purple veils of air?
What Presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown!

Slow fades the vision of the sky;
The golden water pales;
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all:
The sunset-fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain-pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Bethlehem, N. H.

MOUNT AGASSIZ.

BEFORE this mountain bore his well-loved name
Whose greatness runs through both the hemispheres,
Whose life-work, after death, but swells his fame,
Whose sudden loss set Science' self in tears, —
I stood upon it; now if I were there
Among the flocking thoughts would this one brood, —
Mount Agassiz! It must have known such prayer
As rose at Penikese where once he stood
Pleading with Heaven, yet uttering not a word,
Leading the face and spirit of that throng
On through an awe-hinged gate, that swung unheard,
Into His presence where all souls belong: —
So doubtless, here, with noisy words unshod,
Went Prayer in Horeb silence unto God.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Beverly, Mass.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

POOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.

Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart 's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes.

'T is November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons: —
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes.

Lucy Larcom.

SKIPPER BEN.

SAILING away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and gray!
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;
For a vision comes on the rising wind,
Of a gentle face, that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on the dangerous island height,
That bars the harbor he loves from sight.
And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a wakeful night among spectres grim, —
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo!
Here 's the Bank where the fishermen go.
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple-trees;
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!
"Steady! we 'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!"
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,

Into thoughts that grapple, and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain!
Never again shall he walk at ease,
Under his blossoming apple-trees,
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
Never was known in the still old town.
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night, —
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon-light
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells,
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells, —
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells.
But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

Lucy Larcom.

THE LIGHT-HOUSES.

BAKER'S ISLAND.

TWO pale sisters, all alone,
On an island bleak and bare,
Listening to the breakers' moan,
Shivering in the chilly air;
Looking inland towards a hill,
On whose top one aged tree
Wrestles with the storm-wind's will,
Rushing, wrathful, from the sea.

Two dim ghosts at dusk they seem,
Side by side, so white and tall,
Sending one long, hopeless gleam
Down the horizon's darkened wall.
Spectres, strayed from plank or spar,
With a tale none lives to tell,
Gazing at the town afar,
Where unconscious widows dwell.

Two white angels of the sea,
Guiding wave-worn wanderers home;
Sentinels of hope they be,
Drenched with sleet, and dashed with foam,
Standing there in loneliness,
Fireside joys for men to keep;
Through the midnight slumberless
That the quiet shore may sleep.

Two bright eyes awake all night
To the fierce moods of the sea;
Eyes that only close when light
Dawns on lonely hill and tree.
O kind watchers! teach us, too,
Steadfast courage, sufferance long!
Where an eye is turned to you,
Should a human heart grow strong.

Lucy Larcom.

BEVERLY SHORE IN WINTER.

THE bittern hies,
In lazy flight,
Where star-shine lies
O'er moorlands white,
And shakes new fear from ghostly night.

The reeds hang stiff
By many a stream,
The sailing skiff
Sails like a dream,
And prayers go up beneath the gleam.

Rude falls the wave
On shingle cold,
And foam-beads lave
The forests old,
And break and die on their dark mould.

In pools like stone,
So still and bright,

The stork alone,
As an anchorite,
Tells to himself his dreary rite.

No cloud is strewn
O'er the frozen sky;
To a spirit tune
Their lullaby
The oaks around chant dismally.

Not a living man
Moves on the moor;
No soul that can
Opes now the door,
But silent fear haunts the wild shore.

Bad spirits sail
On the cloudy rack,
The dark turns pale
In their blasting track,
Where they touch the frost is sooty black.

The marsh grass thin
Shivers in fear,
Thistle-downs spin
From the thistle sere,
And shadows race o'er the levels drear.

Like silver shines
Each sea-shell worn.
The ridged sand-lines
By surges torn
Seem faery ramparts left and lorn.

A star down drops
From the sea on high,
Past the forest tops
To the lower sky,
Like a tear from a suffering angel's eye.

Icicles hoar
Split and descend;
On the freezing shore
The frost kings rend
Their sheeny jewelry evermore.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

Birch Stream, Me.

BIRCH STREAM.

AT noon, within the dusty town,
Where the wild river rushes down,
And thunders hoarsely all day long,
I think of thee, my hermit stream,
Low singing in thy summer dream,
Thine idle, sweet, old, tranquil song.

Northward, Katahdin's chasmed pile
Looms through thy low, long, leafy aisle;
Eastward, Olamon's summit shines;
And I upon thy grassy shore,
The dreamful, happy child of yore,
Worship before mine olden shrines.

Again the sultry noontide hush
Is sweetly broken by the thrush,
  Whose clear bell rings and dies away
Beside thy banks, in coverts deep,
Where nodding buds of orchis sleep
  In dusk, and dream not it is day.

Again the wild cow-lily floats
Her golden-freighted, tented boats,
  In thy cool coves of softened gloom,
O'ershadowed by the whispering reed,
And purple plumes of pickerel-weed,
  And meadow-sweet in tangled bloom.

The startled minnows dart in flocks
Beneath thy glimmering amber rocks,
  If but a zephyr stirs the brake;
The silent swallow swoops, a flash
Of light, and leaves, with dainty plash,
  A ring of ripples in her wake.

Without, the land is hot and dim;
The level fields in languor swim,
  Their stubble-grasses brown as dust;
And all along the upland lanes,
Where shadeless noon oppressive reigns,
  Dead roses wear their crowns of rust.

Within, is neither blight nor death,
The fierce sun wooes with ardent breath,
  But cannot win thy sylvan heart.
Only the child who loves thee long,

With faithful worship pure and strong,
Can know how dear and sweet thou art.

So loved I thee in days gone by,
So love I yet, though leagues may lie
Between us, and the years divide; —
A breath of coolness, dawn, and dew, —
A joy forever fresh and true,
Thy memory doth with me abide.

Anna Boynton Averill.

Block Island (Manisees), R. I.

THE ISLAND.

THE island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently,
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

Richard Henry Dana.

THE PALATINE.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat!

But in summer time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond;

When the hills are sweet with the brier-rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
Flowers the mainland rarely knows;

When boats to their morning fishing go,
And, held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small sails show, —

Then is that lonely island fair;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white!

There, circling ever their narrow range,
Quaint tradition and legend strange
Live on unchallenged, and know no change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,
Or rocking weirdly to and fro
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,
Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship Palatine, —

The ship that, a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove right on!

Into the teeth of death she sped:
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were there!
White upturned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
"The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said:
"There 'll be no reckoning with the dead."

But the year went round, and when once more
Along their foam-white curves of shore
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold! again, with shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

So, haply in fitter words than these,
Mending their nets on their patient knees,
They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray;
"It is known to us all," they quietly say;
"We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken?
Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken?

Do the elements subtle reflections give?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,
She shows at times, with shudder or laugh,
Phantom and shadow in photograph?

For still, on many a moonless night,
From Kingston Head and from Montauk light
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Blue Mountains, Me.

THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN-RANGE.

THEY beckon from their sunset domes afar,
Light's royal priesthood, the eternal hills:
Though born of earth, robed of the sky they are;
And the anointing radiance heaven distils
On their high brows, the air with glory fills.
The portals of the west are opened wide;
And lifted up, absolved from earthly ills,
All thoughts, a reverent throng, to worship glide.
The hills interpret heavenly mysteries,
The mysteries of Light, — an open book
Of Revelation: see, its leaves unfold
With crimson borderings, and lines of gold!
Where the rapt reader, though soul-deep his look,
Dreams of a glory deeper than he sees.

Lucy Larcom.

THE PRESENCE.

THE mountain statelier lifts his blue-veiled head,
While, drawing near, we meet him face to face.
Here, as on holy ground, we softly tread;
Yet, with a tender and paternal grace,
He gives the wild-flowers in his lap a place:
They climb his sides, as fondled infants might,
And wind around him, in a light embrace,
Their summer drapery, pink and clinging white.
Great hearts have largest room to bless the small;
Strong natures give the weaker home and rest:
So Christ took little children to his breast,
And, with a reverence more profound, we fall
In the majestic presence that can give
Truth's simplest message: "'T is by love ye live."

Lucy Larcom.

Boone Island, Me.

THE WATCH OF BOONE ISLAND.

THEY crossed the lonely and lamenting sea;
Its moaning seemed but singing. "Wilt thou dare,"
He asked her, "brave the loneliness with me?"
"What loneliness," she said, "if thou art there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall lighthouse, like a ghostly sign;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the lighthouse sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
"Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light!"

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
"Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they cried;
"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love, — wife, mother, sister, bride!"

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm
Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray;
No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I no chill could find them? There is one
Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,
With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,
And turns the happy heart of youth to stone;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest
At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee

All joys, who rules the earth, and, without rest,
Roams the vast shuddering spaces of the sea;

Death found them; turned his face and passed her by,
But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?
Still like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,
Dragging her slow weight up the winding stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard;
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam,
Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
A radiant star of hope, you could not dream
What misery there sat cherishing that spark!

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,
For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
For pity ready, search in vain the night,
And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
"Now what, think you, can ail Boon Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed;
They found her watching, silent, by her dead,
A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,
But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy
She turned, and backward gazed across the bay,—
Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

Celia Thaxter.

Boston, Mass.

THE HARBOR.

SCATTERED within the peaceful bay
Many a fair isle and islet lay,
And rocks and banks which threatened there
No peril to the mariner.
The shores which bent around were gay
With maizals, and with pastures green,
And rails and hedge-row trees between,
And fields for harvest white,
And dwellings sprinkled up and down;

And round about the clustered town,
Which rose in sunshine bright,
Was many a sheltered garden spot,
And many a sunny orchard plot,
And bowers which might invite
The studious man to take his seat
Within their quiet, cool retreat,
When noon was at its height.
No heart that was at ease, I ween,
Could gaze on that surrounding scene
Without a calm delight.

Robert Southey.

BOSTON.

THE rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms;
The men of yore were stout and poor,
And sailed for bread to every shore.

And where they went on trade intent
They did what freemen can,
Their dauntless ways did all men praise,
The merchant was a man.
The world was made for honest trade, —
To plant and eat be none afraid.

The waves that rocked them on the deep
To them their secret told:

Said the winds that sung the lads to sleep,
"Like us be free and bold!"
The honest waves refuse to slaves
The empire of the ocean caves.

Old Europe groans with palaces,
Has lords enough and more;—
We plant and build by foaming seas
A city of the poor;—
For day by day could Boston Bay
Their honest labor overpay.

We grant no dukedoms to the few,
We hold like rights and shall;—
Equal on Sunday in the pew,
On Monday in the mall.
For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail?

The noble craftsman we promote,
Disown the knave and fool;
Each honest man shall have his vote,
Each child shall have his school.
A union then of honest men,
Or union nevermore again.

* * *

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CALEF IN BOSTON.

1692.

IN the solemn days of old,
Two men met in Boston town,
One a tradesman frank and bold,
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone, —
"Poisoner of the wells of truth!
Satan's hireling, thou hast sown
With his tares the heart of youth!"

Spake the simple tradesman then, —
"God be judge 'twixt thou and I;
All thou knowest of truth hath been
Unto men like thee a lie.

"Falsehoods which we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago;
Let the dead boughs fall away,
Fresher shall the living grow.

"God is good and God is light,
In this faith I rest secure;
Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure.

"Of your spectral puppet play
I have traced the cunning wires;
Come what will, I needs must say,
God is true, and ye are liars."

When the thought of man is free,
Error fears its lightest tones;
So the priest cried, "Sadducee!"
And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,
Side by side the twain now lie,—
One with humble grassy mound,
One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blest the seed
Which that tradesman scattered then,
And the preacher's spectral creed
Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known
Perfect love which casts out fear,
While the other's joys atone
For the wrong he suffered here.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur.*

A FLEET with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal: "Steer southwest."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown

To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French Fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,

And I cried: "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

1677.

SHE came and stood in the Old South Church,
A wonder and a sign,
With a look the old-time sibyls wore,
Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound,
Unclothed as the primal mother,
With limbs that trembled, and eyes that blazed
With a fire she dare not smother.

Loose on her shoulder fell her hair,
With sprinkled ashes gray;
She stood in the broad aisle, strange and weird
As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,
And the people held their breath,
For these were the words the maiden said
Through lips as pale as death: —

"Thus saith the Lord: 'With equal feet
All men my courts shall tread,
And priest and ruler no more shall eat
My people up like bread!'

"Repent, repent! — ere the Lord shall speak
In thunder, and breaking seals!
Let all souls worship him in the way
His light within reveals!"

She shook the dust from her naked feet,
And her sackcloth closely drew,
And into the porch of the awe-hushed church
She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o' the cart;
(Small blame to the angry town!)

But the words she uttered that day nor fire
Could burn nor water drown.

For now the aisles of the ancient church
By equal feet are trod;
And the bell that swings in its belfry rings
Freedom to worship God!

And now, whenever a wrong is done,
It thrills the conscious walls;
The stone from the basement cries aloud,
And the beam from the timber calls!

There are steeple-houses on every hand,
And pulpits that bless and ban;
And the Lord will not grudge the single church
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law
And the prophets under the sun;
And the first is last, and the last is first,
And the twain are verily one.

So long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay-tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the Old South Church,
And plead for the rights of all!

John Greenleaf Whittier

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,

Out and in with the morning air;
I love to see him track the street
With his wary eye and active feet,
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There 's a human look in its swelling breast
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel, —
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell, —
Chime or the hour or funeral knell, —
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer, —
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filméd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!

With wings to fly to wood and glen:
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart upfold,
And, while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And only sad with others' sadness,
And only glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapt in quiet, bide my time.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

MARY CHILSON.

FAIR beams that kiss the sparkling bay,
Rest warmest o'er her tranquil sleep;
Sweet exile! love enticed away, —
The first on Plymouth Rock to leap!
Among the timid flock she stood,
Rare figure near the May-Flower's prow,
With heart of Christian fortitude,
And light heroic on her brow!

O ye who round King's Chapel stray,
  Forget the turmoil of the street;
Though loftier names are round her, lay
  A wreath of flowers at Mary's feet!
Though gallant Winslows slumber here,
  E'en worthy Lady Andros too,
Her memory is still as dear,
  And poets' praise to Mary due.

* * *

George Bancroft Griffith.

CHRIST CHURCH.

GRAY spire, that from the ancient street
  The eyes of reverent pilgrims greet,
  As by thy bells their steps are led,
Thou liftest up thy voice to-day,
Silvery and sweet, yet strong as aye,
  Above the living and the dead.

Beneath thy tower, how vast the throng
That moved through porch and aisle along
  The holy fane, the galleried height;
As years came in, and years went out,
With sob of woe, or joyful shout;
  With requiem rest, or anthem bright.

Old faces haunt the ancient pew,
And in the organ loft renew

The sacred strain of earlier times,
When knight and dame in worship bent,
And from their lips the homage sent
That mingled with the answering chimes.

And here the patriot hung his light,
Which shone through all that anxious night,
To eager eyes of Paul Revere.
There, in the dark churchyard below,
The dead Past wakened not, to know
How changed the world, that night of fear.

The angels on thy gallery soar,
The Saviour's face thine altar o'er
Is there, as in the elder day.
The royal silver yet doth shine,
And holds the pledge of love divine,
That cannot change, nor pass away.

* * *

Edwin B. Russell.

BOSTON COMMON.—THREE PICTURES.

1630.

ALL overgrown with bush and fern,
And straggling clumps of tangled trees,
With trunks that lean and boughs that turn,
Bent eastward by the mastering breeze,—
With spongy bogs that drip and fill
A yellow pond with muddy rain,
Beneath the shaggy southern hill
Lies wet and low the Shawmut plain.

And hark! the trodden branches crack;
A crow flaps off with startled scream;
A straying woodchuck canters back;
A bittern rises from the stream;
Leaps from his lair a frightened deer;
An otter plunges in the pool;—
Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,
The parson on his brindled bull!

1774.

THE streets are thronged with trampling feet,
The northern hill is ridged with graves,
But night and morn the drum is beat
To frighten down the "rebel knaves."
The stones of King Street still are red,
And yet the bloody red-coats come:
I hear their pacing sentry's tread,
The click of steel, the tap of drum,
And over all the open green,
Where grazed of late the harmless kine,
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets shine.
The clouds are dark with crimson rain
Above the murderous hirelings' den,
And soon their whistling showers shall stain
The pipe-clayed belts of Gage's men.

1869.

AROUND the green, in morning light,
The spired and palaced summits blaze,

And, sunlike, from her Beacon-height
The dome-crowned city spreads her rays;
They span the waves, they belt the plains,
They skirt the roads with bands of white,
Till with a flash of gilded panes
Yon farthest hillside bounds the sight.
Peace, Freedom, Wealth! no fairer view,
Though with the wild-bird's restless wings
We sailed beneath the noontide's blue
Or chased the moonlight's endless rings!
Here, fitly raised by grateful hands
His holiest memory to recall,
The Hero's, Patriot's image stands;
He led our sires who won them all!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TRI-MOUNTAIN.

THROUGH Time's dim atmosphere, behold
Those ancient hills again,
Rising to Fancy's eager view
In solitude, as when
Beneath the summer firmament,
So silently of yore,
The shadow of each passing cloud
Their rugged bosoms bore!

They sloped in pathless grandeur then
Down to the murmuring sea,
And rose upon the woodland plain
In lonely majesty.

The breeze, at noontide, whispered soft
Their emerald knolls among,
And midnight's wind, amid their heights,
Its wildest dirges sung.

As on their brow the forest-king
Paused in his weary way,
From far below his quick ear caught
The moaning of the bay;
The dry leaves, fanned by autumn's breath,
Along their ridges crept;
And snow-wreaths, like storm-whitened waves,
Around them rudely swept.

For ages, o'er their swelling sides,
Grew the wild flowers of spring,
And stars smiled down, and dew-founts poured
Their gentle offering.
The moonbeams played upon their peaks,
And at their feet the tide;
And thus, like altar-mounts, they stood,
By nature sanctified.

Now, when to mark their beacon-forms
The seaman turns his gaze,
It quails, as roof and spire and dome
Flash in the sun's bright rays.
On those wild hills a thousand homes
Are reared in proud array,
And argosies float safely o'er
That lone and isle-gemmed bay.

Those shadowy mounds, so long untrod,
By countless feet are pressed;
And hosts of loved ones meekly sleep
Below their teeming breast.
A world's unnumbered voices float
Within their narrow bound;
Love's gentle tone, and traffic's hum,
And music's thrilling sound.

There Liberty first found a tongue
Beneath New England's sky,
And there her earliest martyrs stood,
And nerved themselves to die.
And long upon these ancient hills,
By glory's light enshrined,
May rise the dwellings of the free,
The city of the mind.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

CHURCH BELLS.

THE churches referred to in these lines are King's Chapel; the Old South; Park Street Church; Christ Church, and the church in Brattle Square.

THE air is hushed; the street is holy ground;
Hark! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound;
As one by one awakes each silent tongue,
It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

The Chapel, last of sublunary things
That shocks our echoes with the name of Kings,
Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,

Rolled its proud requiem for the second George,
Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,
Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang; —
The simpler pile, that, mindful of the hour
When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower,
Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
The iron breastpin which the "Rebels" threw,
Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering thrill
Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill; —
Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,
Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern spire; —
The Giant, standing by the elm-clad green,
His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,
Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,
Swings from its brim the swollen floods of sound; —
While, sad with memories of the olden time,
The Northern Minstrel pours her tender chime,
Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient song,
But tears still follow as they breathe along.

Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to range
Where man and nature, faith and customs change,
Borne in thy memory, each familiar tone
Mourns on the winds that sigh in every zone.
When Ceylon sweeps thee with her perfumed breeze
Through the warm billows of the Indian seas;
When — ship and shadow blended both in one —
Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,
From sparkling midnight to refulgent noon
Thy canvas swelling with the still monsoon;
When through thy shrouds the wild tornado sings,

And thy poor seabird folds her tattered wings, —
Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,
And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal!
Then, dim with grateful tears, in long array
Rise the fair town, the island-studded bay,
Home, with its smiling board, its cheering fire,
The half-choked welcome of the expecting sire,
The mother's kiss, and, still if aught remain,
Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent strain.
Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean
To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen;
Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's chills,
His heart lies warm among his triple hills!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

O BROAD-BREASTED Queen among Nations!
O Mother, so strong in thy youth!
Has the Lord looked upon thee in ire,
And willed thou be chastened by fire,
Without any ruth?

Has the Merciful tired of his mercy,
And turned from thy sinning in wrath,
That the world with raised hands sees and pities
Thy desolate daughters, thy cities,
Despoiled on their path?

One year since thy youngest was stricken:
Thy eldest lies stricken to-day.
Ah! God, was thy wrath without pity,

To tear the strong heart from our city,
And cast it away?

O Father! forgive us our doubting;
The stain from our weak souls efface;
Thou rebukest, we know, but to chasten;
Thy hand has but fallen to hasten
Return to thy grace.

Let us rise purified from our ashes
As sinners have risen who grieved;
Let us show that twice-sent desolation
On every true heart in the nation
Has conquest achieved.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE:

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

'T IS like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the times that tried men's souls";
When I talk of Whig and Tory, when I tell the Rebel story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they 're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running battle;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still;

But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up
before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of
Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first
thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the
shore:
"Child," says grandma, "what 's the matter, what is
all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us
once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of
all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to
roar:
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and
the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets
through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret
and worry any,
For I 'll soon come back and tell you whether this is
work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a
minute"—
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong
day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there 's blood around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky I had found him, —
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old soldier and his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair.
Just across the narrow river — oh, so close it made me shiver!
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb:

Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon
each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said,
"The hour has come!"

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons'
deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode
sedately;
It was Prescott, one since told me; he commanded on
the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his
manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so
straight and tall;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for
pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked
around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats'
ranks were forming;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the
piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked
far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted
grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed
faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on
their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's
slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood
along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they
formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers,
soldiers still:
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and
fasting, —
At last they 're moving, marching, marching proudly
up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines
advancing, —
Now the front rank fires a volley, — they have thrown
away their shot;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above
them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer
not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear
sometimes and tipple), —
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French
war) before, —

Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing, —
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry floor: —

"Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's shillin's,
But ye 'll waste a ton of powder before a 'rebel' falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they 're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you 've splintered with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are wellnigh breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry railing,
We are crowding up against them like the waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer, — nearer, — nearer,
When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath — then a crash — the steeple shakes —
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it breaks!

Oh the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke blows over!
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his hay;

Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat — it can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim old soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly speak, we shook so;)
"Are they beaten? Are they beaten? Are they beaten?" "Wait a while."

Oh the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw our error:
They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round the colors that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs of Charlestown blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will be down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and brimstone round them, —
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see each
massive column
As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless
haste departed?
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied
or asleep?

Now! the walls they 're almost under! scarce a rod
the foes asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork
they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the
ominous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance
of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards
to the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves
of Howe;
And we shout, "At last they 're done for, it 's their
barges they have run for:
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle 's over
now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old
soldier's features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we
would ask:

"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, — once more, I
guess, they 'll try it —
Here 's damnation to the cut-throats!" —— then he
handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you 're looking shaky; have a drop of
old Jamaiky;
I'm afeard there 'll be more trouble afore the job is done":
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt
and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was
begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm
clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were
creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They 're forming with their
bagonets fixed for storming:
It 's the death-grip that 's a coming, — they will try
the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them
glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold un-
coiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating
drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful
story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks
over a deck;

How driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swim-
mers from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say
I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me
down the stair.
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps
were lighted, —
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast
was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for Warren!
hurry! hurry!
Tell him here 's a soldier bleeding, and he 'll come and
dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death
and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and
bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the
place from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him
at our door,
He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our
brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying
soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered
round him crying, —
And they said, "Oh, how they 'll miss him!" and,
"What will his mother do?"
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has
been dozing,
He faintly murmured, "Mother!" —— and — I saw his
eyes were blue.

— "Why, grandma, how you 're winking!" — Ah, my
child, it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived
along;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him
like a — mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked,
and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant
summer weather;
— "Please to tell us what his name was?" — Just
your own, my little dear, —
There 's his picture Copley painted: we became so well
acquainted,
That — in short, that 's why I 'm grandma, and you
children all are here!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he:
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king;
The people were not democrats then;
They did not talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three
And fastened them in the pen;
The children roared; quoth the giant, "Be still!"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with plums,
As big as the State House dome;
Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat;
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away;
The boys and their mother set up a shout;

Said he, "You 're in and you can't get out,
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along;
'T is said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story 's true or not,
It is not for me to show;
There is many a thing that 's twice as queer,
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true, you know.

What are those loved ones doing now,
The wife and children sad?
Oh, they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming and throwing their pudding about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw,
They tumbled as thick as rain.

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
For ages have floated by;
The suet is hard as a marrow bone,
And every plum is turned to stone,
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
You 'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you may see where the puddings fell,
And pay for the punch beside.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Brookfield, Mass.

THE OLD BRIDGE.

DOWN by the river, on this rustic bridge,
I love to while these sunny hours away.
The low wind o'er the meadows breathes a song
That lulls the ear and steals upon the soul
Like voices of the past; the delicate blue
Of the horizon gleams with snowy clouds,
So moveless in the distance that they seem
The peaks of fairy-land, and, oceanwards,
Beneath me, glides the river with a strain
Of music as it laps the rough-hewn piers
Of the old bridge, and winds among the flats
Now golden where the sun strikes through, and gilds
The yellow sand below, or lucent green,
Where verdure clothes the marge, or with the hue
Of heaven on its bosom, till it hides
Among the hills, that spread their friendly arms
To welcome it. Anon a rippling breeze
Skims on the surface, and a deeper blue

Enchants the eye. There leaps a perch, and leaves
A silver circle curling to the shore;
And here the minnows gather, where the bridge
Throws a brown shadow on the stream. A flock
Of wild-fowl, bearing northward, sail o'erhead, —
Specks on the azure. In the languid air,
Before me darts the swallow, and I hear
The meadow-lark, the catbird, and the jay
Afar and near. O songsters of the spring,
Ye seem to bring us health and happiness
Upon your wings, for your wild warbling fills
The weary soul with unaccustomed joy,
With ecstasy that language cannot tell!

* * *

Seymour Green Wheeler Benjamin.

Brookline, Mass.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
  There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
  O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees
  Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
  A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
  And thy heart as pure as they:
One of God's holy messengers
  Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
  Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
  Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
  Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
  On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
  Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
  By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
  Sweet-scented with the hay,

Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Brunswick, Me.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

O YE familiar scenes, — ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine, —
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen, —
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished, — we who are about to die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us, — alas! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?

They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows, — all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth:
"Oh, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PARKER CLEAVELAND.

AMONG the many lives that I have known,
None I remember more serene and sweet,
More rounded in itself and more complete,
Than his, who lies beneath this funeral stone.
These pines, that murmur in low monotone,
These walks frequented by scholastic feet,
Were all his world; but in this calm retreat
For him the teacher's chair became a throne.
With fond affection memory loves to dwell
On the old days, when his example made

A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen;
And now, amid the groves he loved so well
That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said,
Amen!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Cambridge, Mass.

THE WASHINGTON ELM.

BENEATH our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm: —
From colleges, where now the gown
To arms had yielded, from the town,
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
To bridle others' clamors and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

A motley rout was that which came to stare,
In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,

Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and there;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,
Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
But largely liberal to its private moods;
Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or pen,
Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen,
Nor much fastidious as to how and when:
Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
A thought-staid army or a lasting state:
Haughty they said he was, at first; severe;
But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem to see
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue,
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead.
O man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,

Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
The wingéd years, that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out: they but fan to flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

James Russell Lowell.

MEMORIAL HALL.

AMID the elms that interlace
Round Harvard's grounds their branches tall,
We greet no walls of statelier grace
Than thine, our proud Memorial Hall.

Through arching boughs and roofs of green,
Whose dappled lights and shadows lie
Along the turf and road, is seen
Thy noble form against the sky.

And miles away on fields and streams,
Or where the woods the hill-tops crown,
The monumental temple gleams,
A landmark to each neighboring town.

Nor this alone. New England knows
A deeper meaning in the pride
Whose stately architecture shows
How Harvard's children fought and died.

Therefore this hallowed pile recalls
The heroes young and true and brave,
Who gave their memories to these walls,
Their lives to fill the soldier's grave.

The farmer, as he drives his team
To market in the morn, afar
Beholds the golden sunrise gleam
Upon thee, like a glistening star.

And gazing, he remembers well
Why stands yon tower so fair and tall;
His sons, perhaps, in battle fell:
For him, too, shines Memorial Hall.

And sometimes as the student glides
Along the winding Charles, and sees
Across the flats thy glowing sides
Above the elms and willow-trees,

Upon his oar he 'll turn and pause,
Remembering the heroic aims
Of those who linked their country's cause
In deathless glory with their names.

* * *

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.

OUR ancient church! its lowly tower,
Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadowed when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire;
It sinks beyond the distant eye,
Long ere the glittering vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
Has faded o'er the plain.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
The dead that lie between;
And both roll out, so full and near,
Their music's mingling waves,
They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear
Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,
Whose seeds the winds have strown
So thick beneath the line he reads,
They shade the sculptured stone;
The child unveils his clustered brow,
And ponders for a while
The graven willow's pendent bough,
Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell?
These were the mourner's share;—
The sullen clang, whose heavy swell
Throbbed through the beating air;—
The rattling cord,—the rolling stone,—
The shelving sand that slid,
And, far beneath, with hollow tone,
Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and green,
Then slowly disappears;
The mosses creep, the gray stones lean,
Earth hides his date and years;

But, long before the once-loved name
Is sunk or worn away,
No lip the silent dust may claim,
That pressed the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,
The patriarchs of the town;
Hast thou a tear for buried love?
A sigh for transient power?
All that a century left above,
Go, read it in an hour!

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
The sabre's thirsting edge,
The hot shell, shattering in its fall,
The bayonet's rending wedge, —
Here scattered death; yet, seek the spot,
No trace thine eye can see,
No altar, — and they need it not
Who leave their children free!

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand
In many a chiselled square,
The knightly crest, the shield, the brand
Of honored names were there;
Alas! for every tear is dried
Those blazoned tablets knew,
Save when the icy marble's side
Drips with the evening dew.

Or gaze upon yon pillared stone,
The empty urn of pride;
There stand the Goblet and the Sun, —
What need of more beside?
Where lives the memory of the dead,
Who made their tomb a toy?
Whose ashes press that nameless bed?
Go, ask the village boy!

Lean o'er the slender western wall,
Ye ever-roaming girls;
The breath that bids the blossom fall
May lift your floating curls,
To sweep the simple lines that tell
An exile's date and doom;
And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
They wreathe the stranger's tomb.

And one amid these shades was born,
Beneath this turf who lies,
Once beaming as the summer's morn,
That closed her gentle eyes; —
If sinless angels love as we,
Who stood thy grave beside,
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
The daughter, sister, bride!

I wandered to thy buried mound
When earth was hid below
The level of the glaring ground,
Choked to its gates with snow,

And when with summer's flowery waves
The lake of verdure rolled,
As if a Sultan's white-robed slaves
Had scattered pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
That lift this trembling tone,
Its breath of love may almost bear,
To kiss thy funeral stone;—
And, now thy smiles have passed away,
For all the joy they gave,
May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thine early grave!

When damps beneath, and storms above,
Have bowed these fragile towers,
Still o'er the graves yon locust-grove
Shall swing its Orient flowers;—
And I would ask no mouldering bust,
If e'er this humble line,
Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,
Might call a tear on mine.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

IN the village churchyard she lies,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
So much in love with the vanity
And foolish pomp of this world of ours?
Or was it Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;
No color shoots into those cheeks,
Either of anger or of pride,
At the rude question we have asked;
Nor will the mystery be unmasked
By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter? — And do you think to look
On the terrible pages of that Book
To find her failings, faults, and errors?
Ah, you will then have other cares,
In your own shortcomings and despairs,
In your own secret sins and terrors!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.

I STAND beneath the tree whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!
And hear its leaves repeat their benison
On him whose hand thy stones memorial laid;
Then I remember one of whom was said,
In the world's darkest hour, "Behold thy son!"
And see him living still, and wandering on

And waiting for the advent long delayed.
Not only tongues of the apostles teach
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
And say in language clear as human speech,
"The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
Be and abide with you forevermore!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WARM and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking;
For only a sound of lament we discern,
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold you;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns and rivers and desert places;
And the splendor of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;

And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,

And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FELTON AND SUMNER.

IN Attica thy birthplace should have been,
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the seas
Encircle in their arms the Cyclades,
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene
And childlike joy of life, O Philhellene!
Around thee would have swarmed the Attic bees;
Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates,
And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne.
For thee old legends breathed historic breath;
Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea,
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold!
O, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!

River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good night! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;

I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

The doors are all wide open; at the gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze,
And seem to warm the air; a dreamy haze
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,
And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.
I also wait; but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me!
They have forgotten the pathway to my door!
Something is gone from nature since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MOUNT AUBURN.

AUBURN! sweet Auburn! lovely and beloved!
Peace real, peace lasting, soul-enamoured peace,
The low soft-breathing dreaminess of death
Is in thee and around thee; yea, thou art
The type of that which only death can bring,
Quiet forgetfulness and long repose.

Sweetness is thine ineffable; the dead
Repose as if in palaces; their sleep
So beauteous seems, so chaste, so calm, so still,
That one might almost envy them the bliss

Of such pure slumber; freed, forever freed,
From all the bitter grief of this cold world,
Its void pretences, shallow sympathies,
And crumbling friendships comfortless and cold.
What love betrayed — how many a broken heart,
What misery — what degradation sleeps
Beneath thy beauteous bosom! now at rest,
Where pain can weary not, nor passion enter in.

* * *

William Winter.

MOUNT AUBURN.

SWEET Auburn! o'er thy rolling slopes
The sparkling winter snows are spread;
Fast, fast the feathery flakes descend
O'er these calm dwellings of the dead;
And evening with its thickening glooms,
Enshrouds the city of the tombs!

Yet ere the latest flame of day
Along these devious walks shall fade,
Let me across the breezy height
Still press, and through each sombrous glade,
And commune with this silent crowd,
In stony cell and swathing shroud.

Twilight enkindles with its blaze
White columns, glimmering all around;
High soaring obelisks, that throw
Their lengthening shadows o'er the ground;
And tapering shafts, and gleaming urns
Whereon day's latest incense burns.

Isaac McLellan.

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

THE grave is clad in beauty! Nature's hand
Profuse hath scattered of her gifts around;
Here to the eye of day fair flowers expand,
Perfume the glade, and gem the broken ground.
Here forest trees arise, a varied band,
And waters still by willowy margins bound;
Here weep the dews, and through the bosky dell
The breezes come with greeting and farewell.

The grave is clad in beauty! Art hath given
Her aid to those who mourn, and mid the shade
Gleams emblematic sculpture, — columns riven,
Lamps shattered, rosebuds broken and decayed;
Pale crosses pointing through the trees to heaven,
And infant forms in graceful slumber laid;
And massive doors against the green hill's side,
Sealed till the angel's voice those bonds divide.

The grave is clad in beauty! It is well;
Why should we burden more the weary heart,
Or add still deeper pangs to those that swell
The weeping eyes, or causelessly impart
External gloom, where all should kindly tell
Of better joys than such as thus depart;
Of hope beyond the marble and the sod,
And blessings for the dead who die in God?

Be reverent here, and think of Him whose tomb
Was in a garden laid; who bore away

From death the sting, the terror, and the gloom
That, mingled in his cup of trembling, lay;
Who sanctified our universal doom,
And gladness gave to it for chill dismay,
And beautified the place of man's repose,
When from its gloom a conqueror he rose.

Jane Rebecca Thomas.

THE SPHINX AT MOUNT AUBURN.

HOW grand she is enthroned among the dead,
The graves like trophies all about her spread!
Have these not perished as in fable old
With some unfathomed riddle in their hold?

But what the riddle that she now doth ask,
The might of man so fatally to task?
Well may we fancy "What are Life and Death?"
To be the question that has hushed their breath.

Sphinx! Life and Death in thee their type have found,
For so are they in mystic oneness bound;
Fruitful as woman, beautiful as she,
Dread as the lion in his majesty.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Cape Ann, Mass.

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

WHERE the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching north, —
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together, — talked of wizards
Satan-sold;
Of all ghostly sights and noises, — signs and wonders
manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her
shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning
clouds;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of Glouces-
ter woods,
Full of plants that love the summer, — blooms of warmer
latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery
vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight of
the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones
of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil
near;
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of
gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mor-
tals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the
midnight wood they came, —
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed,
its volleyed flame;

Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth
or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands
lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky
mass that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching
in the moon.
"Ghosts or witches," said the captain, "thus I foil
the Evil One!"
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet,
down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall
about;
Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades
flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might
not shun
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing
to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower
of lead.
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phan-
toms fled;
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moon-
light lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly
down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the captain; "never mortal
foes were there;
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power
of the air!
Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and prowess
naught avail;
They who do the Devil's service wear their master's
coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a
warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the
dusky hall:
And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed
for break of day;
But the captain closed his Bible: "Let us cease from
man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers
seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots
in holy fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed
and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as the captain
led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres
round the wall,
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and
hearts of all, —

Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house of Cape Ann.

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Cape Arundel, Me.

THE OLD LOBSTERMAN.

JUST back from a beach of sand and shells,
And shingle the tides leave oozy and dank,
Summer and winter the old man dwells
In his low brown house on the river bank.
Tempest and sea-fog sweep the hoar
And wrinkled sand-drifts round his door,
Where often I see him sit, as gray
And weather-beaten and lonely as they.

Coarse grasses wave on the arid swells
In the wind; and two dwarf poplar-trees
Seem hung all over with silver bells
That tinkle and twinkle in sun and breeze.
All else is desolate sand and stone:
And here the old lobsterman lives alone:
Nor other companionship has he
But to sit in his house and gaze at the sea.

A furlong or more away to the south,
On the bar beyond the huge sea-walls
That keep the channel and guard its mouth,
The high, curved billow whitens and falls;
And the racing tides through the granite gate,
On their wild errands that will not wait,
Forever, unresting, to and fro,
Course with impetuous ebb and flow.

They bury the barnacled ledge, and make
Into every inlet and crooked creek,
And flood the flats with a shining lake,
Which the proud ship ploughs with foam at her beak;
The ships go up to yonder town,
Or over the sea their hulls sink down,
And many a pleasure pinnace rides
On the restless backs of the rushing tides.

I try to fathom the gazer's dreams,
But little I gain from his gruff replies;
Far off, far off the spirit seems,
As he looks at me with those strange, gray eyes;
Never a hail from the shipwrecked heart!
Mysterious oceans seem to part
The desolate man from all his kind —
The Selkirk of his lonely mind.

* * *

Solace he finds in the sea, no doubt:
To catch the ebb he is up and away:
I see him silently pushing out
On the broad, bright gleam, at break of day;

And watch his lessening dory toss
On the purple crests as he pulls across,
Round reefs where silvery surges leap,
And meets the dawn on the rosy deep.

His soul, is it open to sea and sky?
His spirit, alive to sound and sight?
What wondrous tints on the water lie,—
Wild, wavering, liquid realm of light!
Between two glories looms the shape
Of yon wood-crested, cool green cape,
Sloping all round to foam-laced ledge,
And cavern and cove, at the bright sea's edge.

He makes for the floats that mark the spots,
And rises and falls on the sweeping swells,
Ships oars, and pulls his lobster-pots,
And tumbles the tangled claws and shells
In the leaky bottom; and bails his skiff;
While the slow waves thunder along the cliff,
And foam far away where sun and mist
Edge all the region with amethyst;

I watch him, and fancy how, a boy,
Round these same reefs, in the rising sun,
He rowed and rocked, and shouted for joy,
As over the boat-side, one by one,
He lifted and launched his lobster-traps,
And reckoned his gains, and dreamed, perhaps,
Of a future as glorious, vast, and bright
As the ocean, unrolled in the morning light.

* * *

John Townsend Trowbridge.

Cape Cod, Mass.

FIRST LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

DAYS pass, winds veer, and favoring skies
Change like the face of fortune; storms arise;
Safely, but not within her port desired,
The good ship lies.
Where the long sandy Cape
Bends and embraces round,
As with a lover's arm, the sheltered sea,
A haven she hath found
From adverse gales and boisterous billows free.

Now strike your sails,
Ye toilworn mariners, and take your rest
Long as the fierce northwest
In that wild fit prevails,
Tossing the waves uptorn with frantic sway.
Keep ye within the bay,
Contented to delay
Your course till the elemental madness cease,
And heaven and ocean are again at peace.

How gladly there,
Sick of the uncomfortable ocean,
The impatient passengers approach the shore;
Escaping from the sense of endless motion,
To feel firm earth beneath their feet once more,
To breathe again the air

With taint of bilge and cordage undefiled,
And drink of living springs, if there they may,
And with fresh fruits and wholesome food repair
Their spirits, weary of the watery way.

And oh! how beautiful
The things of earth appear
To eyes that far and near
For many a week have seen
Only the circle of the restless sea!
With what a fresh delight
They gaze again on fields and forests green,
Hovel, or whatsoe'er
May bear the trace of man's industrious hand;
How grateful to their sight
The shore of shelving sand,
As the light boat moves joyfully to land!

Woods they beheld, and huts, and piles of wood,
And many a trace of toil,
But not green fields or pastures. 'T was a land
Of pines and sand;
Dark pines, that from the loose and sparkling soil
Rose in their strength aspiring: far and wide
They sent their searching roots on every side,
And thus, by depth and long extension, found
Firm hold and grasp within that treacherous ground:
So had they risen and flourished; till the earth,
Unstable as its neighboring ocean there,
Like an unnatural mother, heaped around
Their trunks its wavy furrows white and high;
And stifled thus the living things it bore.

Half buried thus they stand,
Their summits sere and dry,
Marking, like monuments, the funeral mound;
As when the masts of some tall vessel show
Where, on the fatal shoals, the wreck lies whelmed below.

Robert Southey.

Casco Bay, Me.

CASCO BAY.

NOWHERE fairer, sweeter, rarer,
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
Through his painted woodlands stray,
Than where hillside oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay;
Nowhere day, for delay,
With a tenderer look beseeches,
"Let me with my charmed earth stay."

On the grainlands of the mainlands
Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
Plume and pennon rustling gay;
Out at sea, the islands wooded,
Silver birches, golden-hooded,
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
Stretch away, far away.

Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
By the hazy autumn day.

Gayly chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
Leap the squirrels, red and gray.
On the grass-land, on the fallow,
Drop the apples, red and yellow;
Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day,
And away, swift away,
Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
Chasing, weave their web of play.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

WHITE HEAD.

FROM the pleasant paths I used to tread
Full many a mile away,
I dream of the rocks of old White Head,
And the billows of Casco Bay.
I sit once more on the island beach,
Where the waves dash glad and high,
And listen again their mystic speech,
As the murmurous ranks go by;
While, lying here on my tiresome bed,
I cheat the dreary day
By fondly picturing old White Head
And the waters of Casco Bay.

Beyond it the laden ships go out,
Out into the open sea,

To battle with danger, and storm, and doubt,
And the ocean's treachery;
And the homeward vessels, which long have sped
Through tempest and spray and foam,
Catch first a glimmer of old White Head,
And are sure they are almost home;
And many a homesick tear is shed
By wanderers miles away,
As memory whispers of old White Head,
And the islands of Casco Bay.

Ah, rarest mosses that ever were seen
Grow brightly on old White Head;
Orange, and russet, and emerald green
Wide over the rocks are spread;
And when the sweet June sunlight shines,
The gossiping zephyr tells
Where ruby and golden columbines
Are swinging their myriad bells.
Ah, thus, as I lie on my tiresome bed,
I cheat the dreary day
By summer pictures of old White Head,
And the billows of Casco Bay.

Did I forget? It is winter now
On the islands and old White Head.
The snow lies deep on the cliff's high brow,
And the lichens and blooms are dead;
Under the ice, with sob and sigh,
The prisoned billows heave,

And the clouds hang dark, and the sea-bird's cry,
And the winds complain and grieve, —
Yet, lying here on my tiresome bed,
It cheers me to think alway
That the summer is shining on old White Head,
And the islands of Casco Bay!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Charles, the River, Mass.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this; — thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

'T is for this, thou Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CHARLES RIVER MARSHES.

BELOW, the Charles — a stripe of nether sky,
Now hid by rounded apple-trees between,
Whose gaps the misplaced sail sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a woodland screen,
Then spreading out, at his next turn beyond,
A silver circle like an inland pond —
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green.

Dear marshes! vain to him the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light,
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare;
Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still works her wonders rare.

In Spring they lie one broad expanse of green,
O'er which the light winds run with glimmering feet:
Here, yellower stripes track out the creek unseen,
There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches meet;
And purpler stains show where the blossoms crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the next breath to fleet.

All round, upon the river's slippery edge,
Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze-entangling sedge;

Through emerald glooms the lingering waters slide,
Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the sun,
And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run
Of dimpling light, and with the current seem to glide.

In Summer 't is a blithesome sight to see,
As, step by step, with measured swing, they pass,
The wide-ranked mowers wading to the knee,
Their sharp scythes panting through the thick-set grass;
Then, stretched beneath a rick's shade in a ring,
Their nooning take, while one begins to sing
A stave that droops and dies 'neath the close sky of brass.

Meanwhile that devil-may-care, the bobolink,
Remembering duty, in mid quaver stops
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,
And 'twixt the windrows most demurely drops,
A decorous bird of business, who provides
For his brown mate and fledglings six besides,
And looks from right to left, a farmer mid his crops.

Another change subdues them in the Fall,
But saddens not; they still show merrier tints,
Though sober russet seems to cover all;
When the first sunshine through their dew-drops glints,
Look how the yellow clearness, streamed across,
Redeems with rarer hues the season's loss,
As Dawn's feet there had touched and left their rosy prints.

Or come when sunset gives its freshened zest,
Lean o'er the bridge and let the ruddy thrill,
While the shorn sun swells down the hazy west,
Glow opposite; — the marshes drink their fill
And swoon with purple veins, then slowly fade
Through pink to brown, as eastward moves the shade,
Lengthening with stealthy creep, of Simond's darkening hill.

Later, and yet ere Winter wholly shuts,
Ere through the first dry snow the runner grates,
And the loath cart-wheel screams in slippery ruts,
While firmer ice the eager boy awaits,
Trying each buckle and strap beside the fire,
And until bedtime plays with his desire,
Twenty times putting on and off his new-bought skates; —

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine bright
With smooth plate-armor, treacherous and frail,
By the frost's clinking hammers forged at night,
'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,
Giving a pretty emblem of the day
When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,
And states shall move free-limbed, loosed from war's cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls the ebbing river
Twice every day creates on either side
Tinkle, as through their fresh-sparred grots they shiver

In grass-arched channels to the sun denied;
High flaps in sparkling blue the far-heard crow,
The silvered flats gleam frostily below,
Suddenly drops the gull and breaks the glassy tide.

But crowned in turn by vying seasons three,
Their winter halo hath a fuller ring;
This glory seems to rest immovably, —
The others were too fleet and vanishing;
When the hid tide is at its highest flow,
O'er marsh and stream one breathless trance of snow
With brooding fulness awes and hushes everything.

The sunshine seems blown off by the bleak wind,
As pale as formal candles lit by day;
Gropes to the sea the river dumb and blind;
The brown ricks, snow-thatched by the storm in play,
Show pearly breakers combing o'er their lee,
White crests as of some just enchanted sea,
Checked in their maddest leap and hanging poised midway.

But when the eastern blow, with rain aslant,
From mid-sea's prairies green and rolling plains
Drives in his wallowing herds of billows gaunt,
And the roused Charles remembers in his veins
Old Ocean's blood and snaps his gyves of frost,
That tyrannous silence on the shores is tost
In dreary wreck, and crumbling desolation reigns.

* * *

James Russell Lowell.

Concord (Musketaquid), Mass.

MUSKETAQUID.

BECAUSE I was content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
And granted me the freedom of their state,
And in their secret senate have prevailed
With the dear, dangerous lords that rule our life,
Made moon and planets parties to their bond,
And through my rock-like, solitary wont
Shot million rays of thought and tenderness.
For me, in showers, in sweeping showers, the spring
Visits the valley; break away the clouds, —
I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air,
And loiter willing by yon loitering stream.
Sparrows far off, and nearer, April's bird,
Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree,
Courageous, sing a delicate overture
To lead the tardy concert of the year.
Onward and nearer rides the sun of May;
And wide around, the marriage of the plants
Is sweetly solemnized. Then flows amain
The surge of summer's beauty; dell and crag,
Hollow and lake, hillside, and pine arcade,
Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged cliff
Has thousand faces in a thousand hours.

Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds mindful still of sannup and of squaw,
Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough unburies,
Here in pine houses built of new-fallen trees,
Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers dwell.
Traveller, to thee, perchance, a tedious road,
Or, it may be, a picture; to these men,
The landscape is an armory of powers,
Which, one by one, they know to draw and use.
They harness beast, bird, insect, to their work;
They prove the virtues of each bed of rock,
And, like the chemist mid his loaded jars,
Draw from each stratum its adapted use
To drug their crops or weapon their arts withal.
They turn the frost upon their chemic heap,
They set the wind to winnow pulse and grain,
They thank the spring-flood for its fertile slime,
Earlier, on cheap summit-levels of the snow,
Slide with the sledge to inaccessible woods
O'er meadows bottomless. So, year by year,
They fight the elements with elements,
(That one would say, meadow and forest walked,
Transmuted in these men to rule their like,)
And by the order in the field disclose
The order regnant in the yeoman's brain.

What these strong masters wrote at large in miles
I followed in small copy in my acre;
For there 's no rood has not a star above it;
The cordial quality of pear or plum

Ascends as gladly in a single tree
As in broad orchards resonant with bees;
And every atom poises for itself,
And for the whole. The gentle deities
Showed me the lore of colors and of sounds,
The innumerable tenements of beauty,
The miracle of generative force,
Far-reaching concords of astronomy
Felt in the plants, and in the punctual birds:
Better, the linked purpose of the whole,
And, chiefest prize, found I true liberty
In the glad home plain-dealing nature gave.
The polite found me impolite; the great
Would mortify me, but in vain; for still
I am a willow of the wilderness,
Loving the wind that bent me. All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river-grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild-rose, or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds.
For thus the wood-gods murmured in my ear:
"Dost love our manners? Canst thou silent lie?
Canst thou, thy pride forgot, like nature pass
Into the winter night's extinguished mood?
Canst thou shine now, then darkle,
And being latent feel thyself no less?
As when the all-worshipped moon attracts the eye,
The river, hill, stems, foliage are obscure,
Yet envies none, none are unenviable."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CONCORD FIGHT.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE GRAVES OF TWO ENGLISH SOLDIERS ON CONCORD BATTLE-GROUND.

THE same good blood that now refills
The dotard Orient's shrunken veins,
The same whose vigor westward thrills,
Bursting Nevada's silver chains,
Poured here upon the April grass,

Freckled with red the herbage new;
On reeled the battle's trampling mass,
Back to the ash the bluebird flew.

Poured here in vain; — that sturdy blood
Was meant to make the earth more green,
But in a higher, gentler mood
Than broke this April noon serene;
Two graves are here: to mark the place,
At head and foot, an unhewn stone,
O'er which the herald lichens trace
The blazon of Oblivion.

These men were brave enough, and true
To the hired soldier's bull-dog creed;
What brought them here they never knew,
They fought as suits the English breed:
They came three thousand miles, and died,
To keep the Past upon its throne;
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,
Their English mother made her moan.

The turf that covers them no thrill
Sends up to fire the heart and brain;
No stronger purpose nerves the will,
No hope renews its youth again:
From farm to farm the Concord glides,
And trails my fancy with its flow;
O'erhead the balanced hen-hawk slides,
Twinned in the river's heaven below.
But go, whose Bay State bosom stirs,
Proud of thy birth and neighbor's right,

Where sleep the heroic villagers
Borne red and stiff from Concord fight;
Thought Reuben, snatching down his gun,
Or Seth, as ebbed the life away,
What earthquake rifts would shoot and run
World-wide from that short April fray?

What then? With heart and hand they wrought,
According to their village light;
'T was for the Future that they fought,
Their rustic faith in what was right.
Upon earth's tragic stage they burst
Unsummoned, in the humble sock;
Theirs the fifth act; the curtain first
Rose long ago on Charles's block.

Their graves have voices: if they threw
Dice charged with fates beyond their ken,
Yet to their instincts they were true,
And had the genius to be men.
Fine privilege of Freedom's host,
Of even foot-soldiers for the Right! —
For centuries dead, ye are not lost,
Your graves send courage forth, and might.

James Russell Lowell.

HAWTHORNE.

HOW beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendor could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed;
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see — a dream within a dream —
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,

Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AT HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE.

The place is marked by the one word "Hawthorne."

CAN any famous marble whose broad shaft
Is lettered full with words of life and death,
Whose base and cap assert the sculptor's craft
In some device that reins the rapid breath;
Can any meet the eye with such a power
As just this fragrant word of simple place?
Had ever small, white stone so rich a dower?
Ever such sovereignty, so little space
As this? Yet best befitted in a word;
Naught would one add for majesty of Fame,
Yet standing here the fancy in me stirred
To hedge his rest with that which bears his name,
That Nature might in his memorial share,
Divulging, with her blossoms, who lies there.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE.

TALL pines like sentinels by night and day
Keep watch and ward above his place of rest,
And when the sun has vanished down the west,
And night and darkness hold their mystic sway;
When the pale moon looks down through clouds of gray
On the white city where to sleep addressed
Naught can disturb the dwellers, naught molest;
When all is still, so still that one may pray, —
Then, then those forest veterans, those old trees
Standing on guard for many a long, long year,
Clasp hands, and, pointing where the genius lies
And has so long lain undisturbed at ease,
They say, "Does not the time at length draw near?
Long have we watched; when will the sleeper rise?"

Frank Dexter Mason.

DIRGE.

KNOWS he who tills this lonely field,
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon
The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone, — the holy ones
Who trod with me this lovely vale;
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place!

They took this valley for their toy,
They played with it in every mood;
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy, —
They treated nature as they would.

They colored the horizon round;
Stars flamed and faded as they bade;
All echoes hearkened for their sound, —
They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf,
Which once our childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine-warbler
Singing aloft in the tree!
Hearest thou, O traveller,
What he singeth to me?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
Its heavy tale divine.

"Go, lonely man," it saith;
"They loved thee from their birth;
Their hands were pure, and pure their faith,—
There are no such hearts on earth.

"Ye drew one mother's milk,
One chamber held ye all;
A very tender history
Did in your childhood fall.

"Ye cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them;
The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THOREAU'S FLUTE.

WE, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;—
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him;—
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
"For such as he there is no death; —
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man's aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine, —
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
'Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

"To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen, —
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him, — he is with thee."

Anonymous.

WALDEN LAKE.

IT is not far beyond the village church,
After we pass the wood that skirts the road,
A lake, — the blue-eyed Walden, that doth smile
Most tenderly upon its neighbor pines;
And they, as if to recompense this love,
In double beauty spread their branches forth.
This lake has tranquil loveliness and breadth,
And, of late years, has added to its charms;
For one attracted to its pleasant edge
Has built himself a little hermitage,
Where with much piety he passes life.

More fitting place I cannot fancy now,
For such a man to let the line run off
The mortal reel, — such patience hath the lake,
Such gratitude and cheer is in the pines.
But more than either lake or forest's depths
This man has in himself: a tranquil man,
With sunny sides where well the fruit is ripe,
Good front and resolute bearing to this life,
And some serener virtues, which control
This rich exterior prudence, — virtues high,
That in the principles of things are set,
Great by their nature, and consigned to him,
Who, like a faithful merchant, does account
To God for what he spends, and in what way.
Thrice happy art thou, Walden, in thyself!
Such purity is in thy limpid springs, —

In those green shores which do reflect in thee,
And in this man who dwells upon thy edge,
A holy man within a hermitage.
May all good showers fall gently into thee,
May thy surrounding forests long be spared,
And may the dweller on thy tranquil marge
There lead a life of deep tranquillity,
Pure as thy waters, handsome as thy shores,
And with those virtues which are like the stars!

William Ellery Channing.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

NO abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops,
No winding torches paint the midnight air;
Here the green pines delight, the aspen droops
Along the modest pathways, and those fair
Pale asters of the season spread their plumes
Around this field, fit garden for our tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some funeral bell
Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this calm place,
Not with a throb of pain, a feverish knell,
But in its kind and supplicating grace,
It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march, be more
Friend to the friendless than thou wast before;

Learn from the loved one's rest serenity;
To-morrow that soft bell for thee shall sound,
And thou repose beneath the whispering tree,
One tribute more to this submissive ground; —

Prison thy soul from malice, bar out pride,
Nor these pale flowers nor this still field deride:

Rather to those ascents of being turn,
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumes the year
Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires burn,
Of unspent holiness and goodness clear, —
Forget man's littleness, deserve the best,
God's mercy in thy thought and life confest.

William Ellery Channing.

Concord, the River.

TWO RIVERS.

THY summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

Thou in thy narrow banks art pent:
The stream I love unbounded goes
Through flood and sea and firmament;
Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
Through love and thought, through power and dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;

They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream, —
Who drink it shall not thirst again;
No darkness stains its equal gleam,
And ages drop in it like rain.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FAIRHAVEN BAY.

I PUSH on through the shaggy wood,
I round the hill: 't is here it stood;
And there, beyond the crumbled walls,
The shining Concord slowly crawls,

Yet seems to make a passing stay,
And gently spreads its lilied bay,
Curbed by this green and reedy shore,
Up toward the ancient homestead's door.

But dumbly sits the shattered house,
And makes no answer: man and mouse
Long since forsook it, and decay
Chokes its deep heart with ashes gray.

On what was once a garden-ground
Dull red-bloomed sorrels now abound;
And boldly whistles the shy quail
Within the vacant pasture's pale.

Ah, strange and savage, where he shines,
The sun seems staring through those pines

That once the vanished home could bless
With intimate, sweet loneliness.

The ignorant, elastic sod
The feet of them that daily trod
Its roods hath utterly forgot:
The very fireplace knows them not.

For, in the weedy cellar, thick
The ruined chimney's mass of brick
Lies strown. Wide heaven, with such an ease
Dost thou, too, lose the thought of these?

Yet I, although I know not who
Lived here, in years that voiceless grew
Ere I was born, — and never can, —
Am moved, because I am a man.

O glorious gift of brotherhood!
O sweet elixir in the blood,
That makes us live with those long dead,
Or hope for those that shall be bred

Hereafter! No regret can rob
My heart of this delicious throb;
No thought of fortunes haply wrecked,
Nor pang for nature's wild neglect.

And, though the hearth be cracked and cold,
Though ruin all the place enfold,
These ashes that have lost their name
Shall warm my life with lasting flame!

George Parsons Lathrop.

Connecticut, the River.

TO CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FROM that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
That links the mountain to the mighty main,
Fresh from the rock and welling by the tree,
Rushing to meet and dare and breast the sea,
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar,
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore;
The promontories love thee, and for this
Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.
Stern, at thy source, thy northern guardians stand,
Rude rulers of the solitary land,
Wild dwellers by thy cold sequestered springs,
Of earth the feathers and of air the wings;
Their blasts have rocked thy cradle, and in storm
Covered thy couch and swathed in snow thy form;
Yet, blessed by all the elements that sweep
The clouds above, or the unfathomed deep,
The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,
The gentlest dews drop on thy eddying rills,
By the mossed bank and by the aged tree
The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee,
The young oak greets thee at the waters' edge,
Wet by the wave, though anchored in the ledge.
'T is there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,

Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds,
And there the wild-cat purs amid her brood,
And trains them, in the sylvan solitude,
To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
Paddling the water by thy quiet brink,
Or to outgaze the gray owl in the dark,
Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

* * *

Thou didst not shake, thou didst not shrink, when late
The mountain-top shut down its ponderous gate,
Tumbling its tree-grown ruins to thy side,
An avalanche of acres at a slide.
Nor dost thou stay when winter's coldest breath
Howls through the woods and sweeps along the heath, —
One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast,
And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.

Down sweeps the torrent ice, — it may not stay
By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay;
Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes,
And leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.
Yet, as the unharmed swallow skims his way,
And lightly drops his pinions in thy spray,
So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,
New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
Feather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.

Thy noble shores! where the tall steeple shines,
At midday, higher than thy mountain pines;
Where the white school-house, with its daily drill

Of sunburnt children, smiles upon the hill;
Where the neat village grows upon the eye,
Decked forth in nature's sweet simplicity;
Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,
Gains merit honor, and gives labor health;
Where Goldsmith's self might send his exiled band
To find a new "Sweet Auburn" in our land.

What art can execute or taste devise,
Decks thy fair course and gladdens in thine eyes,
As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,
To meet the southern sun's more constant beam.
Here cities rise, and sea-washed commerce hails
Thy shores and winds, with all her flapping sails,
From tropic isles, or from the torrid main,
Where grows the grape or sprouts the sugar-cane,
Or from the haunts where the striped haddock play,
By each cold northern bank and frozen bay.
Here, safe returned from every stormy sea,
Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free,—
That starlit flag, by all the breezes curled
Of yon vast deep whose waters grasp the world.

* * *

John Gardner Calkins Brainard.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FAIR river! not unknown to classic song,
Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
Where first thy infant fount is faintly seen,
A line of silver mid a fringe of green;

Or where near towering rocks thy bolder tide,
To win the giant-guarded pass, doth glide;
Or where in azure mantle pure and free
Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the waiting sea.

Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,
Herculean cities, and a prouder coast,
Yet from the bound where hoarse St. Lawrence roars,
To where La Plata rocks resounding shores,
From where the arms of slimy Nilus shine,
To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine,
Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,
Or sacred Ganges whelms her votaries dark,
No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.

See! where amid their cultured vales they stand,
The generous offspring of a simple land;
Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,
King, priest, and prophet mid the homes they love, —
On equal laws their anchored hopes are stayed,
By all interpreted and all obeyed;
Alike the despot and the slave they hate,
And rise, firm columns of a happy state.
To them content is bliss, and labor health,
And knowledge power, and pure religion wealth.

The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees
His orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,
His bleating flocks the shearer's care that need,
His waving woods the wintry hearth that feed,

His hardy steers that break the yielding soil,
His patient sons who aid their father's toil,
The ripening fields for joyous harvest drest,
And the white spire that points a world of rest.

* * *

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Cummington, Mass.

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever restless feet of one, who, now,
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains, — to behold
With deep affection the pure ample sky,
And clouds along its blue abysses rolled, —

To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charméd ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird, and sound of running stream,
Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun! thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take,
From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind! most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows; when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime!
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew

My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave

The winding of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run;
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted watercress:
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not, — but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past, —
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I 've tried the world, — it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised in my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date),
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favorite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep — and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

William Cullen Bryant.

BRYANT'S BIRTHPLACE.

AMID these haunts a poet's boyhood drew
The inspiring breath of Nature and of God;
On his young vision broke divinely true,

While through these very woodland ways he trod,
That view of death that soothes the spirit so,
That perfect work of life's imperfect age;
In this doth Genius clearly, grandly show
How soon her own may claim their heritage.
Here myriad thought-tones swept his being through,
Which, linked and blended in some after time
Midst the world's noise, to finished music grew,
Rolling forth chords, now tender, now sublime.
Here the fringed gentian of the poet blows;
Yielding dim odor, yellow violets still
Jewel Spring's naked bosom till it glows,
While yet the air holds fast its wintry chill.
Nature, as grateful for her true son's love,
At his return seems pouring out her joy;
Shows him new blossoms in some leafy cove,
Yet shares with him far memories of the boy;
And here the laurelled poet loves to come,
And finds his soul, despite the years, at home.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Dover (Cocheco), N. H.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stone,
When Captain Underhill, bearing scars
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,

Left three-hilled Boston and wandered down,
East by north, to Cocheco town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel sweet,
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,
And, when the bolt of banishment fell
On the head of his saintly oracle,
He had shared her ill as her good report,
And braved the wrath of the General Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.
The world might bless and the world might ban,
What did it matter the perfect man,
To whom the freedom of earth was given,
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven?

He cheered his heart as he rode along
With screed of Scripture and holy song,
Or thought how he rode with his lances free
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-Zee,
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

He saw the church with the block-house nigh,
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank;
And he rose in his stirrups and looked abroad
Over land and water, and praised the Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,
Into the clearing's space rode he,

With the sun on the hilt of his sword in sheath,
And his silver buckles and spurs beneath,
And the settlers welcomed him, one and all,
From swift Quampeagan to Gonic Fall.

And he said to the elders: "Lo, I come
As the way seemed open to seek a home.
Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my hands
In the Narragansett and Netherlands,
And if here ye have work for a Christian man,
I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

"I boast not of gifts, but fain would own
The wonderful favor God hath shown,
The special mercy vouchsafed one day
On the shore of Narragansett Bay,
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp aside,
And mused like Isaac at eventide.

"A sudden sweetness of peace I found,
A garment of gladness wrapped me round;
I felt from the law of works released,
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,
My faith to a full assurance grew,
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

"Now, as God appointeth, I keep my way,
I shall not stumble, I shall not stray;
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,
I wear the robe of his righteousness;
And the shafts of Satan no more avail
Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail."

"Tarry with us," the settlers cried,
"Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide."
And Captain Underhill bowed his head.
"The will of the Lord be done!" he said.
And the morrow beheld him sitting down
In the ruler's seat in Cocheco town.

And he judged therein as a just man should;
His words were wise and his rule was good;
He coveted not his neighbor's land,
From the holding of bribes he shook his hand;
And through the camps of the heathen ran
A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book saith,
And life hath ever a savor of death.
Through hymns of triumph the tempter calls,
And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.
Alas! ere their round the seasons ran,
There was grief in the soul of the saintly man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail
Had found the joints of his spiritual mail;
And men took note of his gloomy air,
The shame in his eye, the halt in his prayer,
The signs of a battle lost within,
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his name
With broken vows and a life of blame;
And the people looked askance on him
As he walked among them sullen and grim,

Ill at ease, and bitter of word,
And prompt of quarrel with hand or sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fasting still,
He strove in the bonds of his evil will;
But he shook himself like Samson at length,
And girded anew his loins of strength,
And bade the crier go up and down
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head
Ceased as he rose in his place and said:
"Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye know
How I came among you a year ago,
Strong in the faith that my soul was freed
From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

"I have sinned, I own it with grief and shame,
But not with a lie on my lips I came.
In my blindness I verily thought my heart
Swept and garnished in every part.
He chargeth His angels with folly; He sees
The heavens unclean. Was I more than these?

"I urge no plea. At your feet I lay
The trust you gave me, and go my way.
Hate me or pity me, as you will,
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still;
And I, who am chiefest, say to all,
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall."

No voice made answer: a sob so low
That only his quickened ear could know

Smote his heart with a bitter pain,
As into the forest he rode again,
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut down
On his latest glimpse of Cocheco town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin
The streams flashed up, and the sky shone in;
On his cheek of fever the cool wind blew,
The leaves dropped on him their tears of dew,
And angels of God, in the pure, sweet guise
Of flowers, looked on him with sad surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze
Sang in their saddest of minor keys?
What was it the mournful wood-thrush said?
What whispered the pine-trees overhead?
Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way
That Adam heard in the cool of day?

Into the desert alone rode he,
Alone with the Infinite Purity;
And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,
As Peter did to the Master's look,
He measured his path with prayers of pain
For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Cocheco came
The bruit of a once familiar name;
How among the Dutch of New Netherlands,
From wild Danskamer to Haarlem sands,
A penitent soldier preached the Word,
And smote the heathen with Gideon's sword!

And the heart of Boston was glad to hear
How he harried the foe on the long frontier,
And heaped on the land against him barred
The coals of his generous watch and ward.
Frailest and bravest! the Bay State still
Counts with her worthies John Underhill.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Ellis, the River, Me.

ELLIS RIVER.

IN hidden caverns, within the mountains,
Cold, crystal fountains, so clear and bright,
Well upward, sparkling, and downward, foaming
Rush onward, roaming, to find a light.

Off on the hillside a brook is dashing;
In splendor flashing its waters run.
Out from the woodland, out from the bushes,
It gayly rushes to meet the sun.

Down in the valley, two streamlets, meeting
In quiet greeting, together flow;
By pools and eddies, where trout are rising,
With snares enticing the anglers go.

Here in thy intervale, sweet river Ellis,
In brimming chalice, emerald green,
Flowing past farmhouse, elms, corn and clover,
All through Andover gleams thy bright sheen.

Sweet river Ellis, thy calm way keeping,
In meadows sleeping, I will not sing
Of swollen torrents, in fury raging,
Destruction waging, in stormy Spring.

* * *

Bright river Ellis, flowing through meadows,
I love thy shadows and golden sands,
Where light through tremulous foliage shimmers,
Dances and glimmers in waving bands.

Pure river Ellis, through meadows winding,
Haymakers finding ere dews are gone;
Where blades are whetted, with music ringing,
And scythes are swinging at early dawn.

Sweet river Ellis, through meadows gliding,
By thee abiding I fain would stray,
The peace of Nature my heart divining,
All care resigning this happy day!

* * *

Anonymous.

Enfield, Conn.

THE CAPTAIN'S DRUM.

APRIL, 1775.

IN Pilgrim land, one Sabbath-day,
The winter lay like sheep about
The ragged pastures mullein gray;
The April sun shone in and out,

The showers swept by in fitful flocks,
And eaves ticked fast like mantel clocks;

And now and then a wealthy cloud
Would wear a ribbon broad and bright,
And now and then a wingéd crowd
Of shivering azure flash in sight.
So rainbows bend, and bluebirds fly,
And violets show their bits of sky.

To Enfield church throng all the town,
In quilted hood and bombazine,
In beaver hat with flaring crown,
And quaint vandyke and victorine;
And buttoned boys in roundabout
From calyx collars blossom out;

Bandannas wave their feeble fire,
And foot-stoves tinkle up the aisle;
A gray-haired elder leads the choir,
And girls in linsey-woolsey smile.
So back to life the beings glide
Whose very graves had ebbed and died.

One hundred years have waned, and yet
We call the roll, and not in vain,
For one whose flintlock musket set
The echoes wild round Fort Duquesne,
And smelled the battle's powder smoke
Ere Revolution's thunders woke.

Lo, Thomas Abbe answers, "Here!"
Within the dull long-metre place.

That day, upon the parson's ear,
And trampling down his words of grace,
A horseman's gallop rudely beat
Along the splashed and empty street.

The rider drew his dripping rein,
And then a letter, wasp-nest gray,
That ran: "The Concord minute-men
And red-coats had a fight to-day!
To Captain Abbe this with speed."
Twelve little words to tell the deed.

The captain read, struck out for home
The old quickstep of battle born,
Slung on once more a battered drum
That bore a painted unicorn,
Then right-about, as whirls a torch,
He stood before the sacred porch.

And then a murmuring of bees
Broke in upon the house of prayer;
And then a wind-song swept the trees,
And then a snarl from wolfish lair;
And then a charge of grenadiers,
And then a flight of drum-beat cheers.

So drum and doctrine rudely blent,
The casements rattled strange accord;
No mortal knew what either meant;
'T was double-drag and Holy Word,
Thus saith the drum, and thus the Lord.
The captain raised so wild a rout
He drummed the congregation out.

The people gathered round amazed;
The soldier bared his head and spoke,
And every sentence burned and blazed,
As trenchant as a sabre stroke:
"'T is time to pick the flint to-day,
To sling the knapsack, and away!

"The green of Lexington is red
With British red-coats, brothers' blood!
In rightful cause the earliest dead
Are always best beloved of God.
Mark time! Now let the march begin!
All bound for Boston fall right in!"

Then rub-a-dub the drum jarred on,
The throbbing roll of battle beat;
"Fall in, my men!" and one by one
They rhymed the tune with heart and feet.
And so they made a Sabbath march
To glory 'neath the elm-tree arch.

The Continental line unwound
Along the churchyard's breathless sod,
And holier grew the hallowed ground
Where Virtue slept and Valor trod.
Two hundred strong that April day
They rallied out and marched away.

Brigaded there at Bunker Hill,
Their names are writ on Glory's page.
The brave old captain's Sunday drill
Has drummed its way across the age.

Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

Gloucester, Mass.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,

The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hand, and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE PHANTOM BOAT.

THE tide comes in, and the tide goes out,
And the rollers break on the harbor bar,
And up from the distance comes a sail,
Gleaming white, 'neath the morning star.

Fishing tackle and boats on deck,
Running rigging, belayed and trim;
Raking spars, — 't is no battered wreck
Sailing out in the distance dim.

It draws not near, though the wind is fair,
The sheets are free, but it comes not nigh,

But hangs, a point on the morning air,
A pictured sail, 'twixt the sea and sky.

"Fisherman, tell me why yonder boat
Sails, and no nearer comes to shore;
Nor in the distance grows remote,
Nor a ripple her bow breaks o'er."

"Stranger, I reckon you are n't here long:
Many a year her pennant flew.
Old is the story; a worn-out song,
But her deck is trod by no mortal crew.

"Look a moment, and see the flame
Gleaming white over mast and spar;
Here, take my glass; you can read the name
Under her starn; 't is the Alice Marr.

"Alice Marr was a fair young girl,
Long ago in Glos'ter town;
Rippling tresses and sunny curl,
Rare red lips, and a cheek of brown.

"That was Alice, the fisher's pride;
Lovers sought her from near and far;
She was John Ackman's promised bride:
He named his vessel the Alice Marr.

"Thar 's nothing sartin, stranger, in life;
We 're gone to-morrow, though here to-day:
Another v'yage she would be his wife,
At least so I 've hearn the gossips say.

"Pork, potatoes, and hard-tack stowed,
Water in barrels, and water in tanks,
Nicely fixed for a three months' cruise,
He sailed away for the fishing-banks.

* * *

"Months rolled on, and never a word;
Six months, twelve months: on the day
That finished the year was a rumor heard
Of the Alice Marr in the outer bay.

"Boats put out, but they drew not near,
Slowly, silently, on she steered:
'Skipper Ackman! ho! what cheer!'
She had vanished, had disappeared.

"Ever, as rolls the year around
Bringing again her sailing day,
Rises her hull from the depths profound,
And slowly cruises the outer bay.

"Not a word of her master's fate;
Only a glimmer of sail and spar;
Not a word of her crew or mate, —
This is the ghost of the Alice Marr.

"Still she watched down the peaceful bay,
Still her eye scanned each gathering cloud:
Years receded, and, worn and gray,
Her wedding dress was her funeral shroud."

E. Norman Gunnison.

MIDSUMMER IN THE CITY.

O YE keen breezes from the salt Atlantic,
Which to the beach, where memory loves to wander,
On your strong pinions waft reviving coolness,
Bend your course hither!

For in the surf ye scattered to the sunshine
Did we not sport together in my boyhood,
Screaming for joy amid the flashing breakers,
O rude companions?

Then to the meadows beautiful and fragrant,
Where the coy Spring beholds her earliest verdure
Brighten with smiles that rugged seaside hamlet,
How would we hasten!

There under elm-trees affluent in foliage,
High o'er whose summit hovered the sea-eagle,
Through the hot, glaring noontide have we rested,
After our gambols.

Vainly the sailor called you from your slumber:
Like a glazed pavement shone the level ocean;
While, with their snow-white canvas idly drooping,
Stood the tall vessels.

And when at length exulting ye awakened,
Rushed to the beach, and ploughed the liquid acres,
How have I chased you through the shivered billows,
In my frail shallop!

Playmates, old playmates, hear my invocation!
In the close town I waste this golden summer,
Where piercing cries and sounds of wheels in motion
Ceaselessly mingle.

When shall I feel your breath upon my forehead?
When shall I hear you in the elm-trees' branches?
When shall we wrestle in the briny surges,
Friends of my boyhood?

Epes Sargent.

A WAIF.

THE autumn day
Rich in its regal beauty lay
Over headland and beach and sea,
And the voice of the waves sang dreamily
A sweet, low tale to the listening ear;
A tale, as if never a breath of fear
Or shadow of sorrow could cloud the blue,
Or darken the sunlight glinting through
The mellow air. It was fair, I ween,
That autumn sunlight, that harbor scene,
As over the waves, that golden day,
A trim bark sailed on its voyage away.

Gloucester town
Lies where the winter sunbeams down
On its roofs and spires are shining bright,
On the tall masts showing slim and bare,
On Stage Head Battery, and where
Gleams the tower of Ten Pound Island light;

But never again to Gloucester town,
Around the Point and up to the town,
Will the good bark glide, that sailed away
In the dreamy hush of that autumn day.
There are those who 'll wait and watch and weep,
And gaze afar o'er the heaving deep,
And wish for the loved to come once more, —
For the bark to sail for Cape Ann's shore.

Ah! none may know in the sea-girt town
How or when that stanch bark went down;
For those who within her sailed the main
Never will come to port again.
Father of goodness and mercy, be
With those who mourn for the lost at sea.

H. C. L. Haskell.

IN THE SEA.

THE salt wind blows upon my cheek
As it blew a year ago,
When twenty boats were crushed among
The rocks of Norman's Woe.
'T was dark then; 't is light now,
And the sails are leaning low.

In dreams I pull the sea-weed o'er,
And find a face not his,
And hope another tide will be
More pitying than this.
The wind turns; the tide turns:
They take what hope there is.

My life goes on as thine would go
With all its sweetness spilled:
My God! why should one heart of two
Beat on, when one is stilled?
Through heart-wreck or home-wreck
Thy happy sparrows build.

Though boats go down, men build anew,
Whatever winds may blow;
If blight be in the wheat one year,
We trust again, and sow,
Though grief comes, and changes
The sunshine into snow.

Some have their dead, where, sweet and soon,
The summers bloom and go.
The sea withholds my dead: I walk
The bar, when tides are low,
And wonder the grave-grass
Can have the heart to grow.

Flow on, O unconsenting sea!
And keep my dead below:
Though night, O utter night! my soul,
Delude thee long, I know,
Or Life comes, or Death comes,
God leads the eternal flow.

Hiram Rich.

Great Barrington, Mass.

GREEN RIVER.

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters, — its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely, save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still, save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur or fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks, in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud, —
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

William Cullen Bryant.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN.

THOU who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes

That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs, —
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain columns with which earth props heaven.

* * *

William Cullen Bryant.

Green Mountains, Vt.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

YE mountains, that far off lift up your heads,
Seen dimly through their canopies of blue,
The shade of my unrestful spirit sheds
Distance-created beauty over you;
I am not well content with this far view;
How may I know what foot of loved one treads
Your rocks moss-grown and sun-dried torrent beds?
We should love all things better, if we knew
What claims the meanest have upon our hearts;
Perchance even now some eye, that would be bright
To meet my own, looks on your mist-robed forms;
Perchance your grandeur a deep joy imparts
To souls that have encircled mine with light, —
O brother-heart, with thee my spirit warms!

James Russell Lowell.

Hampton, N. H.

HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On — on — we tread with loose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust-spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life, — the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-by to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day:
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath — I seem
Like all I see —

Waves in the sun — the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam —
And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand

From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind,
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer! — wave and shore
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once more
To where, my native hill-tops o'er,
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the Sea.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH.

RIVERMOUTH Rocks are fair to see,
By dawn or sunset shone across,
When the ebb of the sea has left them free,
To dry their fringes of gold-green moss:
For there the river comes winding down
From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,

And waves on the outer rocks afoam
Shout to its waters, "Welcome home!"

And fair are the sunny isles in view
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamenticus lifts its blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;
And southerly, when the tide is down,
'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel
Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,
Two hundred years ago and more,
A boat sailed down through the winding ways
Of Hampton River to that low shore,
Full of a goodly company
Sailing out on the summer sea,
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,
With the Boar to left and the Rocks to right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid
Their scythes to the swaths of salted grass,
"Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be made!"
A young man sighed, who saw them pass.
Loud laughed his fellows to see him stand
Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,
Watching a white hand beckoning long.

"Fie on the witch!" cried a merry girl,
As they rounded the point where Goody Cole

Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.
"Oho!" she muttered, "ye're brave to-day!
But I hear the little waves laugh and say,
'The broth will be cold that waits at home;
For it's one to go, but another to come!'"

"She's cursed," said the skipper; "speak her fair:
I'm scary always to see her shake
Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,
And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake."
But merrily still, with laugh and shout,
From Hampton River the boat sailed out,
Till the huts and the flakes on Star seemed nigh,
And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy tide,
Drawing up haddock and mottled cod;
They saw not the Shadow that walked beside,
They heard not the feet with silence shod.
But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,
Shot by the lightnings through and through;
And muffled growls, like the growl of a beast,
Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the darkening sea
Up to the dimmed and wading sun;
But he spake like a brave man cheerily,
"Yet there is time for our homeward run."
Veering and tacking, they backward wore;
And just as a breath from the woods ashore

Blew out to whisper of danger past,
The wrath of the storm came down at last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail:
"God be our help!" he only cried,
As the roaring gale, like the stroke of a flail,
Smote the boat on its starboard side.
The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone
Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise blown,
Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's glare,
The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door:
The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone,
Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar
Toss the foam from tusks of stone.
She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,
The tear on her cheek was not of rain:
"They are lost," she muttered, "boat and crew!
Lord, forgive me! my words were true!"

Suddenly seaward swept the squall;
The low sun smote through cloudy rack;
The Shoals stood clear in the light, and all
The trend of the coast lay hard and black.
But far and wide as eye could reach,
No life was seen upon wave or beach;
The boat that went out at morning never
Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,
Look from the meadows green and low:

The wind of the sea is a waft of death,
The waves are singing a song of woe!
By silent river, by moaning sea,
Long and vain shall thy watching be:
Never again shall the sweet voice call,
Never the white hand rise and fall!

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight
Ye saw in the light of breaking day!
Dead faces looking up cold and white
From sand and seaweed where they lay.
The mad old witch-wife wailed and wept,
And cursed the tide as it backward crept:
"Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-snake!
Leave your dead for the hearts that break!"

Solemn it was in that old day
In Hampton town and its log-built church,
Where side by side the coffins lay
And the mourners stood in aisle and porch.
In the singing-seats young eyes were dim,
The voices faltered that raised the hymn
And Father Dalton, grave and stern,
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray,
Because of his sin at fourscore years:
He stood apart, with the iron-gray
Of his strong brows knitted to hide his tears.
And a wretched woman, holding her breath
In the awful presence of sin and death,

Cowered and shrank, while her neighbors thronged
To look on the dead her shame had wronged.

Apart with them, like them forbid,
Old Goody Cole looked drearily round,
As, two by two, with their faces hid,
The mourners walked to the burying-ground.
She let the staff from her clasped hands fall:
"Lord, forgive us! we 're sinners all!"
And the voice of the old man answered her:
"Amen!" said Father Bachiler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore
In the calm of a closing summer day,
And the broken lines of Hampton shore
In purple mist of cloudland lay,
The Rivermouth Rocks their story told;
And waves aglow with sunset gold,
Rising and breaking in steady chime,
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed once more
With a softer, tenderer after-glow;
In the east was moonrise, with boats off-shore
And sails in the distance drifting slow.
The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,
The White Isle kindled its great red star;
And life and death in my old-time lay
Mingled in peace like the night and day!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE CHANGELING.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
They needed not to search,
Who saw young Anna Favor
Come walking into church, —

Or bringing from the meadows,
At set of harvest-day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two-years bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband,
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman, —
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
And both up chimney fly.

"It 's never my own little daughter,
It 's never my own," she said;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

* * *

"She 'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she 'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind."

* * *

Then into the face of its mother
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin,
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,

But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.
"Blessed be God!" she said;
"For I see, who once was blinded, —
I live, who once was dead.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul!
Woe 's me, if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he, —
Now through the great black woodland
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newbury town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice
(Upon whose soul be peace!)
Set his name to the jailer's warrant
For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail;
And Goody Cole at cockcrow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Harpswell, Me.

THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL.

WHAT flecks the outer gray beyond
The sundown's golden trail?
The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,
Or gleam of slanting sail?
Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point,
And sea-worn elders pray, —
The ghost of what was once a ship
Is sailing up the bay!

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
O hundred-harbored Maine!
But many a keel shall seaward turn,
And many a sail outstand,

When, tall and white, the Dead Ship looms
Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling pines;
She threads the isle-set bay;
No spur of breeze can speed her on,
Nor ebb of tide delay.
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and name,
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land!

For never comes the ship to port,
Howe'er the breeze may be;
Just when she nears the waiting shore
She drifts again to sea.
No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,
Nor sheer of veering side;
Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,
Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star
Of evening guides her in;

In vain for her the lamps are lit
Within thy tower, Seguin!
In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,
In vain the pilot call;
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,
Your gray-head hints of ill;
And, over sick-beds whispering low,
Your prophecies fulfil.
Some home amid yon birchen trees
Shall drape its door with woe;
And slowly where the Dead Ship sails,
The burial boat shall row!

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,
From island and from main,
From sheltered cove and tided creek,
Shall glide the funeral train.
The dead-boat with the bearers four,
The mourners at her stern, —
And one shall go the silent way
Who shall no more return!

And men shall sigh, and women weep,
Whose dear ones pale and pine,
And sadly over sunset seas
Await the ghostly sign.
They know not that its sails are filled
By pity's tender breath,
Nor see the Angel at the helm
Who steers the Ship of Death!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Hartford, Conn.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

IN the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp

To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So at the post
Where he hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face, —
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,

Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Haverhill (Pentucket), Mass.

PENTUCKET

1708.

HOW sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretched up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blackened stumps between.
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravelled forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary laborer left his plough, —
The milkmaid carolled by her cow, —
From cottage door and household hearth
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay, —
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate !

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimac along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hushed grouping of a dream.

Yet on the still air crept a sound, —
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hillside beat?
What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood? —
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No, — through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and clear, —
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock, —
Then rang the rifle-shot, — and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men, —
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain, —
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat filled the air, —

No shout was heard, — nor gunshot there:
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
And on the greensward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak,
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare, —
Whose hideous head, in death still feared,
Bore not a trace of hair or beard, —
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

OUR vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple-crowned;
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart;

With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost-flung and broken, lines
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows
Its drooped and tasselled head;
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows,
Fern-leafed, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighboring plain
Like white ghosts come and go,
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,
The distant pines reply;
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,
Unchecked the winter blast;
The school-girl learns the place to shun,
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified —
That he might read who ran —
The emptiness of human pride,
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with flowers,
Nor dress the funeral sod,
Where, with a love as deep as ours,
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept
From beauty turned aside;
Nor missed they over those who slept
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,
The golden leaves would fall,
The seasons come, the seasons go,
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung
In bloom and green its wreath,
And harebells swung as if they rung
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,
The gifts she hath for all,
The common light, the common air,
O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,
The sunrise and the noon,
And glorified and sanctified
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,
Around the seasons ran,

And evermore the love of God
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand,
Within a daily strife,
And spectral problems waiting stand
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,
The truths we know, are one;
The known and nameless stars revolve
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,
And take the dole we deal,
The law of pain is love alone,
The wounding is to heal.

Unharmed from change to change we glide,
We fall as in our dreams;
The far-off terror at our side
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart
Alike rest great and small;
Why fear to lose our little part,
When he is pledged for all?

O fearful heart and troubled brain!
Take hope and strength from this, —
That Nature never hints in vain,
Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,
  Her lights and airs are given
Alike to playground and the grave;
  And over both is Heaven.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE SYCAMORES.

IN the outskirts of the village,
  On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
  Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,
  And another half-way told,
Since the rustic Irish gleeman
  Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,
  At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eves of summer,
  Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant!
  Pass in jerkin green along,
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,
  And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
  With his fiddle and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
  Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied,
And a heart forever light, —

Still the gay tradition mingles
With a record grave and drear,
Like the rolic air of Cluny,
With the solemn march of Mear.

* * *

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;
But if yet his spirit walks,
'T is beneath the trees he planted,
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks;

Green memorials of the gleeman!
Linking still the river-shores,
With their shadows cast by sunset,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores!

When the Father of his Country
Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim, —

When each war-scarred Continental,
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,

Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
And shot off his old king's arm, —

Slowly passed that august Presence
Down the thronged and shouting street;
Village girls as white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew:
On his stately head, uncovered,
Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down
On the hills of Gold and Silver
Rimming round the little town, —

On the river, full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales
Winding down from wooded headlands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
"I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
Stirred to life the cavalcade;
And that head, so bare and stately,
Vanished down the depths of shade.

* * *

All the pastoral lanes so grassy
Now are Traffic's dusty streets;
From the village, grown a city,
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Highgate, Vt.

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

BENEATH the hill you may see the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!"—'t was all the same,—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name,
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'T was, "Little Jerry, come grind my rye";
And, "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat";
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'T was "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And so the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

Always busy, and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was Little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came,
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 't was whispered, mournfully,
The leech had come, and he was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see:
"Poor little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed,—
His miller's coat his only shroud;

"Dust to dust," the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

John Godfrey Saxe.

Hingham, Mass.

PAIN IN AUTUMN.

A DROWSY pain, a dull, dead pain,
Preys on my heart, and clouds my brain;
And shadows brood above my dreams,
Like spectral mists o'er haunted streams.

There is no fire within the grate;
The room is cold and desolate,
And dampness on the window-panes
Foretells the equinoctial rains.
The stony road runs past the door,
Dry and dusty evermore;
Up and down the people go,

Shadowy figures, sad and slow:
And the strange houses lie below.

Across the road the dark elms wait,
Ranged in a row before the gate,
Giving their voices to the wind,
And their sorrows to my mind.

Behind the house the river flows,
Half unrest and half repose;
Ships lie below with mildewed sails,
Tattered in forgotten gales;
Along each hulk a whitish line,
The dashing of the ancient brine:
Beyond, the spaces of the sea,
Which old Ocean's portals be:
The land runs out its horns of sand,
And the sea comes in to meet the land.

Sky sinks to sea, sea swells to sky,
Till they meet, and mock the eye;
And where they meet the sand hills lie;
No cattle in their pastures seen,
For the yellow grass was never green:
With a calm and solemn stare
They look to heaven in blank despair;
And heaven, with pity dumb the while,
Looks down again with a sickly smile.

The sky is gray, half dark, half bright,
Swimming in dim, uncertain light,
Something between the day and night.

And the winds blow, but soft and low,
Unheard, unheeded in their woe;
Like some sick heart, too near o'erthrown
To vent its grief by sigh or moan,
Some heart that breaks, like mine, alone!

And here I dwell, condemned to see,
And be what all these phantoms be,
Within this realm of penal pain,
Beside the melancholy main;
The waste which lies, as legend saith,
Between the worlds of Life and Death;
A soul from Life to Death betrayed,
A Shadow in the World of Shade!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Holyoke, the Mountain, Mass.

SUNDAY ON MOUNT HOLYOKE.

I'VE climbed, with slippery, toiling feet,
The cliff, beneath whose verge,
Far down, wide-waving woodlands beat
Their greenly rippling surge.

With rustling skirts the zephyr treads
The undulating trees,
And azure harebells nod their heads,
Rung by the passing breeze.

Mid fields of variegated grain
The river lies asleep,
While the stern mountains to the plain
With softened outline sweep.

And, hand in hand, around the vale,
Clad in blue autumn-mist,
They stand, that naught the spot assail
The loving sun hath kissed.

On the green hillside lowing kine
Are heard, and bleating flocks,
And, where the farmyard roofings shine,
The shrilly crowing cocks.

But naught of sight or sound doth mar
The holy Sabbath-time,
Where the white belfry gleams afar
Whispers the village-chime.

Like a fond mother's kiss, the scene
Soothes the unrestful brain;
Earth's love, so smilingly serene,
Wins the sick soul from pain.

Here are no traces to record
Man's crimes or his distress;
The brooding spirit looks abroad
In happy loneliness.

How spiritual seems the place!
The blue, unclouded skies

Look down, as when a thoughtful face
To yearning dreams replies.

'T is well to kneel in pillared aisle,
And swell prayer's choral tone;
But holiest feelings crave awhile
To find themselves alone.

And as the landscape, viewed from hence,
Dwindles in sight and sound,
While heaven, in still magnificence,
Spreads broader arms around;

So, from this lofty mountain-goal
To which my feet have trod,
Life's objects lessen, — and the soul
Seemeth more near to God.

James Freeman Colman.

Hopkinton, Mass.

THE FRANKLAND MANSION.

ONE hour we rumble on the rail,
One half-hour guide the rein,
We reach at last, o'er hill and dale,
The village on the plain.

With blackening wall and mossy roof,
With stained and warping floor,

A stately mansion stands aloof,
And bars its haughty door.

This lowlier portal may be tried,
That breaks the gable wall;
And lo! with arches opening wide,
Sir Harry Frankland's hall!

'T was in the second George's day
They sought the forest shade,
The knotted trunks they cleared away,
The massive beams they laid,

They piled the rock-hewn chimney tall,
They smoothed the terraced ground,
They reared the marble-pillared wall
That fenced the mansion round.

Far stretched beyond the village bound
The Master's broad domain;
With page and valet, horse and hound,
He kept a goodly train.

And, all the midland county through,
The ploughman stopped to gaze
Whene'er his chariot swept in view
Behind the shining bays,

With mute obeisance, grave and slow,
Repaid by nod polite, —
For such the way with high and low
Till after Concord fight.

* * *

I tell you, as my tale began,
The Hall is standing still;
And you, kind listener, maid or man,
May see it if you will.

The box is glistening huge and green,
Like trees the lilacs grow,
Three elms high-arching still are seen,
And one lies stretched below.

The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,
Flap on the latticed wall;
And o'er the mossy ridge-pole towers
The rock-hewn chimney tall.

Thus Agnes won her noble name,
Her lawless lover's hand;
The lowly maiden so became
A lady in the land!

The tale is done; it little needs
To track their after ways,
And string again the golden beads
Of love's uncounted days.

They leave the fair ancestral isle
For bleak New England's shore;
How gracious is the courtly smile
Of all who frowned before!

Again through Lisbon's orange bowers
They watch the river's gleam,

And shudder as her shadowy towers
Shake in the trembling stream.

Fate parts at length the fondest pair;
His cheek, alas! grows pale;
The breast that trampling death could spare
His noiseless shafts assail.

He longs to change the heaven of blue
For England's clouded sky, —
To breathe the air his boyhood knew;
He seeks them but to die.

The doors on mighty hinges clash
With massive bolt and bar,
The heavy English-moulded sash
Scarce can the night-winds jar.

* * *

A graded terrace yet remains;
If on its turf you stand
And look along the wooded plains
That stretch on either hand,

The broken forest walls define
A dim, receding view,
Where, on the far horizon's line,
He cut his vista through.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Housatonic, the River.

BENNETT'S BRIDGE.

THOU beautiful, romantic dell!
Thy banks of hemlock highlands swell,
Like huge sea billows, o'er the isles
Round which the branching river smiles.
Look up! how sombre and how vast
The shadows those dark mountains cast,
Making noon twilight; or look down
The giddy depths, so steep and brown,
Where claret waters foam and play
A tinkling tune, then dance away.

Oft, with my oak-leaf basket green,
On summer holidays serene,
Along your hillsides have I strayed,
And on the ground, all scarlet made,
Picked in full stems, as low I kneeled,
Strawberries, rubies of the field,
Coming late home; or in the flood
Cooled the warm current of my blood,
While swam the house-dog after me,
With long red tongue lapt out in glee.

'T is glorious, here, at breaking day,
To watch the orient clouds of gray
Blush crimson, as the yellow sun
Walks up to take his purple throne,

And melts to snowy mists the dew
That kissed, all night, each blossom's hue,
Till, like a tumbling ocean spread,
They hide low vale and tall cliff's head,
And many a tree's fantastic form
Looks like some tossed ship in a storm.

How still the scene! yet here war's hum
Once echoed wildly from the drum,
When waved the lily flower's gay bloom
O'er glittering troops with sword and plume,
Who, on the clover meadows round,
Their white tents pitched, while music's sound,
From horn and cymbal, played some strain
That oft had charmed the banks of Seine,
And village girls came down to dance
At evening with the youths of France.

Fair was the hour, secluded dell!
When last I taught my listening shell
Sweet notes of thee. The bright moon shone,
As on the shore I mused alone,
And frosted rocks, and streams, and tree,
With rays that beamed like eyes on me.
A silver robe the mountain's hung,
A silver song the waters sung,
And many a pine was heard to quiver
Along my own blue flowing river.

Joseph H. Nichols.

Ipswich, Mass.

IPSWICH TOWN.

I LOVE to think of old Ipswich town,
Old Ipswich town in the East countree,
Whence, on the tide, you can float down
Through the long salt grass to the wailing sea,
Where the Mayflower drifted off the bar,
Sea-worn and weary, long years ago,
And dared not enter, but sailed away
Till she landed her boats in Plymouth Bay.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
Where Whitfield preached in the church on the hill,
Driving out the devil till he leaped down
From the steeple's top, where they show you still,
Imbedded deep in the solid rock,
The indelible print of his cloven hoof,
And tell you the devil has never shown
Face or hoof since that day in the honest town.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
Where they shut up the witches until the day
When they should be roasted so thoroughly brown,
In Salem village, twelve miles away;
They've moved it off for a stable now;
But there are the holes where the stout jail stood,
And at night, they say, that over the holes
You can see the ghost of Goody Coles.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
That house to your right, a rod or more,
Where the stern old elm-trees seem to frown
If you peer too hard through the open door,
Sheltered the regicide judges three
When the royal sheriffs were after them,
And a queer old villager once I met,
Who says in the cellar they 're living yet.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
Harry Main — you have heard the tale — lived there:
He blasphemed God, so they put him down
With an iron shovel, at Ipswich Bar;
They chained him there for a thousand years,
As the sea rolls up to shovel it back;
So, when the sea cries, the goodwives say
"Harry Main growls at his work to-day."

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
There 's a graveyard up on the old High Street,
Where ten generations are looking down
On the one that is toiling at their feet:
Where the stones stand shoulder to shoulder, like troops
Drawn up to receive a cavalry charge,
And graves have been dug in graves, till the sod
Is the mould of good men gone to God.

I love to think of old Ipswich town,
Old Ipswich town in the East countree,
Whence, on the tide, you can float down
Through the long salt grass to the wailing sea,

And lie all day on the glassy beach,
And learn the lesson the green waves teach,
Till at sunset, from surf and seaweed brown,
You are pulling back to Ipswich town.

James Appleton Morgan.

HEARTBREAK HILL.

IN Ipswich town, not far from the sea,
Rises a hill which the people call
Heartbreak Hill, and its history
Is an old, old legend, known to all.

The selfsame dreary, worn-out tale
Told by all peoples in every clime,
Still to be told till the ages fail,
And there comes a pause in the march of Time.

It was a sailor who won the heart
Of an Indian maiden, lithe and young;
And she saw him over the sea depart,
While sweet in her ear his promise rung;

For he cried, as he kissed her wet eyes dry,
"I'll come back, sweetheart; keep your faith!"
She said, "I will watch while the moons go by":
Her love was stronger than life or death.

So this poor dusk Ariadne kept
Her watch from the hill-top rugged and steep;
Slowly the empty moments crept
While she studied the changing face of the deep,

Fastening her eyes upon every speck
That crossed the ocean within her ken;
Might not her lover be walking the deck,
Surely and swiftly returning again?

The Isles of Shoals loomed, lonely and dim,
In the northeast distance far and gray,
And on the horizon's uttermost rim
The low rock heap of Boone Island lay.

And north and south and west and east
Stretched sea and land in the blinding light,
Till evening fell, and her vigil ceased,
And many a hearth-glow lit the night,

To mock those set and glittering eyes
Fast growing wild as her hope went out.
Hateful seemed earth, and the hollow skies,
Like her own heart, empty of aught but doubt.

Oh, but the weary, merciless days,
With the sun above, with the sea afar, —
No change in her fixed and wistful gaze
From the morning-red to the evening star!

Oh, the winds that blew, and the birds that sang,
The calms that smiled, and the storms that rolled,
The bells from the town beneath, that rang
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold!

The flash of the plunging surges white,
The soaring gull's wild boding cry,

She was weary of all; there was no delight
In heaven or earth, and she longed to die.

What was it to her though the Dawn should paint
With delicate beauty skies and seas?
But the sweet, sad sunset splendors faint
Made her soul sick with memories:

Drowning in sorrowful purple a sail
In the distant east, where shadows grew,
Till the twilight shrouded it, cold and pale,
And the tide of her anguish rose anew.

Like a slender statue carved of stone
She sat, with hardly motion or breath.
She wept no tears and she made no moan,
But her love was stronger than life or death.

He never came back! Yet faithful still,
She watched from the hill-top her life away.
And the townsfolk christened it Heartbreak Hill,
And it bears the name to this very day.

Celia Thaxter.

Isles of Shoals, N. H.

PICTURES FROM APPLEDORE.

I.

A HEAP of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags,

That wait and growl for a ship to be lost;
No island, but rather the skeleton
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten one,
Where, æons ago, with half-shut eye,
The sluggish saurian crawled to die,
Gasping under titanic ferns;
Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,
Round which, though the winds in heaven be shut,
The nightmared ocean murmurs and yearns,
Welters, and swashes, and tosses, and turns,
And the dreary black seaweed lolls and wags;
Only rock from shore to shore,
Only a moan through the bleak clefts blown,
With sobs in the rifts where the coarse kelp shifts,
Falling and lifting, tossing and drifting,
And under all a deep, dull roar,
Dying and swelling, forevermore, —
Rock and moan and roar alone,
And the dread of some nameless thing unknown,
These make Appledore.

These make Appledore by night:
Then there are monsters left and right;
Every rock is a different monster;
All you have read of, fancied, dreamed,
When you waked at night because you screamed,
There they lie for half a mile,
Jumbled together in a pile,
And (though you know they never once stir),
If you look long, they seem to be moving

Just as plainly as plain can be,
Crushing and crowding, wading and shoving
Out into the awful sea,
Where you can hear them snort and spout
With pauses between, as if they were listening,
Then tumult anon when the surf breaks glistening
In the blackness where they wallow about.

II.

All this you would scarcely comprehend,
Should you see the isle on a sunny day;
Then it is simple enough in its way, —
Two rocky bulges, one at each end,
With a smaller bulge and a hollow between;
Patches of whortleberry and bay;
Accidents of open green,
Sprinkled with loose slabs square and gray,
Like graveyards for ages deserted; a few
Unsocial thistles; an elder or two,
Foamed over with blossoms white as spray;
And on the whole island never a tree
Save a score of sumachs, high as your knee,
That crouch in hollows where they may,
(The cellars where once stood a village, men say,)
Huddling for warmth, and never grew
Tall enough for a peep at the sea;
A general dazzle of open blue;
A breeze always blowing and playing rat-tat
With the bow of the ribbon round your hat;
A score of sheep that do nothing but stare

Up and down at you everywhere;
Three or four cattle that chew the cud
Lying about in a listless despair;
A medrick that makes you look overhead
With short, sharp scream, as he sights his prey,
And, dropping straight and swift as lead,
Splits the water with sudden thud;—
This is Appledore by day.

* * *

III.

Away northeast is Boone Island light;
You might mistake it for a ship,
Only it stands too plumb upright,
And like the others does not slip
Behind the sea's unsteady brink;
Though, if a cloud-shade chance to dip
Upon it a moment, 't will suddenly sink,
Levelled and lost in the darkened main,
Till the sun builds it suddenly up again,
As if with a rub of Aladdin's lamp.
On the mainland you see a misty camp
Of mountains pitched tumultuously:
That one looming so long and large
Is Saddleback, and that point you see
Over yon low and rounded marge,
Like the boss of a sleeping giant's targe
Laid over his breast, is Ossipee;
That shadow there may be Kearsarge;
That must be Great Haystack; I love these names,
Wherewith the lonely farmer tames

Nature to mute companionship
With his own mind's domestic mood,
And strives the surly world to clip
In the arms of familiar habitude.
'T is well he could not contrive to make
A Saxon of Agamenticus:
He glowers there to the north of us,
Wrapt in his blanket of blue haze,
Unconvertibly savage, and scorns to take
The white man's baptism or his ways.
Him first on shore the coaster divines
Through the early gray, and sees him shake
The morning mist from his scalp-lock of pines;
Him first the skipper makes out in the west,
Ere the earliest sunstreak shoots tremulous,
Plashing with orange the palpitant lines
Of mutable billow, crest after crest,
And murmurs Agamenticus!
As if it were the name of a saint.
But is that a mountain playing cloud,
Or a cloud playing mountain, just there, so faint?
Look along over the low right shoulder
Of Agamenticus into that crowd
Of brassy thunderheads behind it;
Now you have caught it, but, ere you are older
By half an hour, you will lose it and find it
A score of times; while you look 't is gone,
And, just as you 've given it up, anon
It is there again, till your weary eyes
Fancy they see it waver and rise,
With its brother clouds; it is Agiochook,

There if you seek not, and gone if you look,
Ninety miles off as the eagle flies.

* * *

V.

How looks Appledore in a storm?
I have seen it when its crags seemed frantic,
Butting against the mad Atlantic,
When surge on surge would heap enorme,
Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted, and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder,
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
Monadnock might have trembled under;
And the island, whose rock-roots pierce below
To where they are warmed with the central fire,
You could feel its granite fibres racked,
As it seemed to plunge with a shudder and thrill
Right at the breast of the swooping hill,
And to rise again snorting a cataract
Of rage-froth from every cranny and ledge,
While the sea drew its breath in hoarse and deep,
And the next vast breaker curled its edge,
Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

North, east, and south there are reefs and breakers
You would never dream of in smooth weather,
That toss and gore the sea for acres,
Bellowing and gnashing and snarling together;
Look northward, where Duck Island lies,
And over its crown you will see arise,

Against a background of slaty skies,
A row of pillars still and white,
That glimmer, and then are out of sight,
As if the moon should suddenly kiss,
While you crossed the gusty desert by night,
The long colonnades of Persepolis;
Look southward for White Island light,
The lantern stands ninety feet o'er the tide;
There is first a half-mile of tumult and fight,
Of dash and roar and tumble and fright,
And surging bewilderment wild and wide,
Where the breakers struggle left and right,
Then a mile or more of rushing sea,
And then the lighthouse slim and lone;
And whenever the weight of ocean is thrown
Full and fair on White Island head,
A great mist-jotun you will see
Lifting himself up silently
High and huge o'er the lighthouse top,
With hands of wavering spray outspread,
Groping after the little tower,
That seems to shrink and shorten and cower,
Till the monster's arms of a sudden drop,
And silently and fruitlessly
He sinks again into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched you stand,
Awaken once more to the rush and roar,
And on the rock-point tighten your hand,
As you turn and see a valley deep,
That was not there a moment before,

Suck rattling down between you and a heap
Of toppling billow, whose instant fall
Must sink the whole island once for all,
Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas
Feeling their way to you more and more;
If they once should clutch you high as the knees,
They would whirl you down like a sprig of kelp,
Beyond all reach of hope or help; —
And such in a storm is Appledore.

James Russell Lowell.

THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS.

I LIT the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower, —
Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
The lights sprang out at its edge, — almost
They seemed to answer me!

O warning lights! burn bright and clear,
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away
It moans and thunders low and drear, —
Burn till the break of day!

Good-night! I called to the gulls that sailed
Slow past me through the evening sky;
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow,
  Weird music it drew through the iron bars,
The sullen billows boiled below,
  And dimly peered the stars;

The sails that flecked the ocean floor
  From east to west leaned low and fled;
They knew what came in the distant roar
  That filled the air with dread!

Flung by a fitful gust, there beat
  Against the window a dash of rain;—
Steady as tramp of marching feet
  Strode on the hurricane.

It smote the waves for a moment still,
  Level and deadly white for fear;
The bare rock shuddered,—an awful thrill
  Shook even my tower of cheer.

Like all the demons loosed at last,
  Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,
The mad wind raged, while strong and fast
  Rolled in the rising tide.

And soon in ponderous showers the spray,
  Struck from the granite, reared and sprung
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,
  Where overwhelmed they clung

Half drowning to the naked rock;
  But still burned on the faithful light,

Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,
  Through all the fearful night.

Was it in vain? That knew not we.
  We seemed, in that confusion vast
Of rushing wind and roaring sea,
  One point whereon was cast

The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.
  Heaven help the ship should drift our way!
No matter how the light might shine
  Far on into the day.

When morning dawned, above the din
  Of gale and breaker boomed a gun!
Another! We who sat within
  Answered with cries each one.

Into each other's eyes with fear,
  We looked through helpless tears, as still,
One after one, near and more near,
  The signals pealed, until

The thick storm seemed to break apart
  To show us, staggering to her grave,
The fated brig. We had no heart
  To look, for naught could save.

One glimpse of black hull heaving slow,
  Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn
And tangled ropes swept to and fro
  From masts that raked forlorn.

Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,
Our island lay, and none might land;
Though blue the waters of the bay
Stretched calm on either hand.

And when at last from the distant shore
A little boat stole out, to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
Fresh human thought and speech,

We told our tale, and the boatmen cried:
"'T was the Pocahontas, — all were lost!
For miles along the coast the tide
Her shattered timbers tossed."

Then I looked the whole horizon round, —
So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o'er those sailors drowned!
"Father in heaven," I said, —

A child's grief struggling in my breast, —
"Do purposeless thy children meet
Such bitter death? How was it best
These hearts should cease to beat?

"O wherefore! Are we naught to thee?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more then, after all?"

And I shut the beauty from my sight,
For I thought of the dead that lay below;
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,
There came a chill like snow.

Then I heard the far-off rote resound,
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtile sense of Thought profound
Touched me with power untold.

And like a voice eternal spake
That wondrous rhythm, and, "Peace, be still!"
It murmured, "bow thy head and take
Life's rapture and life's ill,

"And wait. At last all shall be clear."
The long, low, mellow music rose
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
With infinite repose.

Sighing I climbed the lighthouse stair,
Half forgetting my grief and pain;
And while the day died, sweet and fair,
I lit the lamps again.

Celia Thaxter.

THE SPANIARDS' GRAVES AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

O SAILORS, did sweet eyes look after you,
The day you sailed away from sunny Spain?
Bright eyes that followed fading ship and crew,
Melting in tender rain?

Did no one dream of that drear night to be,
Wild with the wind, fierce with the stinging snow,
When, on yon granite point that frets the sea,
The ship met her death-blow?

Fifty long years ago these sailors died:
None know how many sleep beneath the waves;
Fourteen gray headstones, rising side by side,
Point out their nameless graves, —

Lonely, unknown, deserted, but for me,
And the wild birds that flit with mournful cry,
And sadder winds, and voices of the sea
That moans perpetually.

Wives, mothers, maidens, wistfully, in vain
Questioned the distance for the yearning sail,
That, leaning landward, should have stretched again
White arms wide on the gale,

To bring back their beloved. Year by year,
Weary they watched, till youth and beauty passed,
And lustrous eyes grew dim, and age drew near,
And hope was dead at last.

Still summer broods o'er that delicious land,
Rich, fragrant, warm with skies of golden glow:
Live any yet of that forsaken band
Who loved so long ago?

O Spanish women, over the far seas,
Could I but show you where your dead repose!
Could I send tidings on this northern breeze,
That strong and steady blows!

Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet
These you have lost, but you can never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes are wet
With thinking of your woe!

Celia Thaxter

NEW ENGLAND.

PART II.

NEW ENGLAND.

Katahdin, the Mountain, Me.

TO A PINE-TREE.

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and vast;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop valeward.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
Like an old king led forth from his palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the slumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
Till he longs to be swung mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finned isles are their cattle.

For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,
Preying thence on the continent under;
Like a lion, crouched close on his haunches,
There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,
Growling low with impatience.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number!
The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter,
Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,

On thy subjects that send a proud murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

James Russell Lowell.

Kearsarge, the Mountain, N. H.

MOUNT KEARSARGE.

KEARSARGE, the mountain which gave its name to the ship that sank the Alabama, is a noble granite peak in Merrimack County, New Hampshire, rising alone, more than two thousand feet above the sea.

OH, lift thy head, thou mountain lone,
And mate thee with the sun!
Thy rosy clouds are valeward blown,
Thy stars that near at midnight shone
Gone heavenward one by one,
And half of earth, and half of air,
Thou risest vast, and gray, and bare,

And crowned with glory. Far southwest
Monadnock sinks to see,—
For all its trees and towering crest,
And clear Contoocook from its breast
Poured down for wood and lea,—
How statelier still, through frost and dew,
Thy granite cleaves the distant blue.

And high to north, from fainter sky,
Franconia's cliffs look down;

Home to their crags the eagles fly,
Deep in their caves the echoes die,
The sparkling waters frown,
And the Great Face that guards the glen
Pales with the pride of mortal men.

Nay, from their silent, crystal seat
The White Hills scan the plain;
Nor Saco's leaping, lightsome feet,
Nor Ammonoosuc wild to greet
The meadows and the main,
Nor snows nor thunders can atone
For splendor thou hast made thine own.

For thou hast joined the immortal band
Of hills and streams and plains,
Shrined in the songs of native land, —
Linked with the deeds of valor grand
Told when the bright day wanes, —
Part of the nation's life art thou,
O mountain of the granite brow!

Not Pelion when the Argo rose,
Grace of its goodliest trees;
Nor Norway hills when woodman's blows
Their pines sent crashing through the snows
That kings might rove the seas;
Nor heights that gave the Armada's line,
Thrilled with a joy as pure as thine.

Bold was the ship thy name that bore;
Strength of the hills was hers;

Heart of the oaks thy pastures store,
The pines that hear the north-wind roar,
The dark and tapering firs;
Nor Argonaut nor Viking knew
Sublimer daring than her crew.

And long as Freedom fires the soul
Or mountains pierce the air,
Her fame shall shine on honor's scroll;
Thy brow shall be the pilgrim's goal
Uplifted broad and fair;
And, from thy skies, inspiring gales
O'er future seas shall sweep our sails.

Still summer keep thy pastures green,
And clothe thy oaks and pines;
Brooks laugh thy rifted rocks between;
Snows fall serenely o'er the scene
And veil thy lofty lines;
While crowned and peerless thou dost stand,
The monarch of our mountain-land.

Edna Dean Proctor.

Kennebec, the River, Me.

THE KENNEBEC.

THERE is a hill o'erlooking Norridgewock
Whose summit is a crown of mossy rock,
Whereon the daylight lingers ere it dies,

When the broad valley in the gloaming lies.
Around you are the everlasting hills,
Whose presence all your soul with worship fills.
The distant mountains, purple clad, are grouped
Like monarchs, when the golden sun has stooped
Down toward his journey's ending in the west,
The amaranthine palace of his rest.
Below, the river, like a sheet of glass,
Reflects the glories of the clouds which pass
In slow procession, waiting for the day
To change her regal raiment for the gray —
The gleaming river, winding slowly down
Beneath its shady banks from town to town,
With here a wide stretch, like a lake, revealed
By the low level of a fertile field,
And here but hinted at, or half concealed
Behind the clustering maples of a grove
Where all the day the mocking echoes rove.
You look upon a range of intervales
Where the abundant harvest never fails.
You see the milkmaid drive the loitering line
Of solemn-minded, melancholy kine.
Perhaps a solitary crow flaps by,
With heavy wing and hoarse, defiant cry,
And settles on the summit of the pine,
Waiting in patience till the friendly shade
Shall shield the purport of his nightly raid.
Then, as the sun sinks in a cloud of fire,
The bell, which consecrates the chapel spire,
Rising amid a perfect bower of trees,
Sends forth its evening message on the breeze,

And from the hills which girt the town around
Return the answers of its silver sound;
And o'er the misty river and the meadows
Creep slowly, slowly, the long, sombre shadows.

Anonymous.

Killingworth, Conn.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

IT was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,

The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow:

There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!

And when you think of this, remember too
'T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
They are the wingéd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;

As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, o'erarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Lexington, Mass.

LEXINGTON.

1775.

NO Berserk thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs, who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid:
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
The plough mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
  They scarcely asked the reason why;
  They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
  All that was theirs to give they gave.
  The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
  And shattered slavery's chain as well;
  On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
  The nations listening to its sound
  Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
  The gladness of the world's release,
  When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove!—

The golden age of brotherhood
  Unknown to other rivalries
  Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
  Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
  The eagle of our mountain-crags,
The lion of our Motherland!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Lynn, Mass.

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

HEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening-wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,

Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!
And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HIGH ROCK.

OVERLOOKING the town of Lynn,
So far above that the city's din
Mingles and blends with the heavy roar
Of the breakers along the curving shore,
Scarred and furrowed and glacier-seamed,
Back in the ages so long ago,
The boldest philosopher never dreamed
To count the centuries' ebb and flow,
Stands a rock with its gray old face
Eastward, ever turned to the place
Where first the rim of the sun is seen, —
Whenever the morning sky is bright, —
Cleaving the glistening, glancing sheen
Of the sea with disk of insufferable light.
Down in the earth his roots strike deep;
Up to his breast the houses creep,
Climbing e'en to his rugged face,
Or nestling lovingly at his base.

Stand on his forehead, bare and brown,
Send your gaze o'er the roofs of the town,
Away to the line so faint and dim,

Where the sky stoops down to the crystal rim
Of the broad Atlantic whose billows toss,
Wrestling and weltering and hurrying on
With awful fury whenever across
His broad, bright surface with howl and moan,
The Tempest wheels, with black wing bowed
To the yielding waters which fly to the cloud,
Or hurry along with thunderous shocks
To break on the ragged and riven rocks.

When the tide comes in on a sunny day,
You can see the waves beat back in spray
From the splintered spurs of Phillips Head,
Or tripping along with dainty tread,
As of a million glancing feet
Shake out the light in a quick retreat,
Or along the smooth curve of the beach,
Snowy and curling, in long lines reach.

An islet anchored and held to land
By a glistening, foam-fringed ribbon of sand;
That is Nahant, and that hoary ledge
To the left is Egg Rock, like a blunted wedge,
Cleaving the restless ocean's breast,
And bearing the lighthouse on its crest.

All these things and a hundred more,
Hill and meadow and marsh and shore,
Your eye o'erlooks from the gray bluff's brow;
And I sometimes wonder what, if now
The old rock had a voice, 't would say
Of the countless years it has gazed afar

Over the sea as it looks to-day;
Gazed unmoved, though with furrow and scar
The sculptor ages have wrought his face,
While centuries came and went apace,
Just like the ceaseless ebb and flow
Of the restless hurrying tides below.

Elizabeth F. Merrill

Marblehead, Mass.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,

Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay, —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.

Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried, —
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me, — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! — why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A PLEA FOR FLOOD IRESON.

In the spring of the year 1808 the schooner Betsy of Marblehead commanded by "Skipper Ireson," passing Cape Cod on her way home from the West Indies, sighted a wreck; but as it was dark and the sea was running high at the time, she was unable to render any assistance. Soon after another vessel rescued the people on the wreck, who reached shore in season for the news to be carried to Marblehead before the Betsy's arrival. The sailors, being called to account by the crowd on the wharf, protested that Ireson would not let them go to the relief of the wrecked vessel. This was the spark needed to fire the train, and the infuriated mob seized Ireson, put him into an old dory, and dragged him toward Salem, intending, it seems, to carry him to Beverly, where they said he belonged, and show him to his own people.

OLD Flood Ireson! all too long
Have jeer and jibe and ribald song
Done thy memory cruel wrong.

Old Flood Ireson, bending low
Under the weight of years and woe,
Crept to his refuge long ago.

Old Flood Ireson sleeps in his grave;
Howls of a mad mob, worse than the wave,
Now no more in his ear shall rave!

* * *

Gone is the pack and gone the prey,
Yet old Flood Ireson's ghost to-day
Is hunted still down Time's highway.

Old wife Fame, with a fish-horn's blare
Hooting and tooting the same old air,
Drags him along the old thoroughfare,

Mocked evermore with the old refrain,
Skilfully wrought to a tuneful strain,
Jingling and jolting he comes again

Over that road of old renown,
Fair broad avenue, leading down
Through South Fields to Salem town,

Scourged and stung by the Muses' thong,
Mounted high on the car of song,
Sight that cries, O Lord! how long

Shall heaven look on and not take part
With the poor old man and his fluttering heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart?

Old Flood Ireson, now when Fame
Wipes away with tears of shame
Stains from many an injured name,

Shall not, in the tuneful line,
Beams of truth and mercy shine
Through the clouds that darken thine?

Take henceforth, perturbéd sprite,
From the fever and the fright,
Take the rest, — thy well-earned right.

Along the track of that hard ride
The form of Penitence oft shall glide,
With tender Pity by her side;

And their tears, that mingling fall
On the dark record they recall,
Shall cleanse the stain and expiate all.

Charles Timothy Brooks.

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop "Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-morn,
With the newly planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green; —
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed: at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied!

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock
and wood and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his
hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what
was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round
him, weeping sore:
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on
before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be
no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn
aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far
and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the
tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and
man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and
bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's
prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves
and the blast,

On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of wave and wind:
"All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find!"

* * *

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead;
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read;
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery's Fall!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

THE curvéd strand
Of cool, gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
The tide is low,
But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet,
With twinkling feet,
Hurry and scurry to and fro,
And sip, and chat
Of this and that
Which you and I may never know.

The runlets gay,
That haste away
To meet each snowy-bosomed crest,
Enrich the shore
With fleeting store
Of art-defying arabesque.

Each higher wave
Doth touch and lave
A million pebbles smooth and bright;
Straightway they grow
A beauteous show,
With hues unknown before bedight.

High up the beach,
Far out of reach
Of common tides that ebb and flow,
The drift-wood's heap
Doth record keep
Of storms that perished long ago.

Nor storms alone:
I hear the moan
Of voices choked by dashing brine,
When sunken rock
Or tempest shock
Crushed the good vessel's oaken spine.

Where ends the beach,
The cliffs upreach
Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old;
And here I rest,
While all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

Far out at sea,
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep,
As 't were asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs,

Its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

O peace and rest!
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean,
No break, no bar
Of sun or star:
Just God and I, with naught between.

Oh, when some day
In vain I pray
For days like this to come again,
I shall rejoice
With heart and voice
That one such day has ever been.

John White Chadwick.

CAPTAIN MORROW'S THANKSGIVING.

OVER the waves the Petrel sped,
(Captain Morrow of Marblehead,)
And one fine day the sailors said,
"Thanksgiving, sir, to-morrow."

"Well, lads, we owe the Lord our lives,
Our happy homes and loving wives,
And we 'll win home, if each one strives,
And tell him so, to-morrow."

Then all the day was sound of song,
Work with laughter went along,

Every heart held promise strong
Of Thanksgiving on the morrow.

The daylight faded into night,
The trig ship was a pleasant sight;
On the horizon burst a light:
"What's that?" said Captain Morrow.

A moment's space of silence dire,
And then the cry, "A ship on fire!"
"Set sails, my lads, we must go nigher
Though we should lose to-morrow!"

He scarce had spoke when, sound of fear,
The minute-gun smote every ear;
Then broke the men into a cheer,
"Good boys!" said Captain Morrow.

They turned the Petrel round about;
They backward turned with prayer and shout;
That pleading gun had driven out
All thoughts of their to-morrow.

And forty souls, with weary pain,
The Petrel brought to life again,
From out of whelming wave and flame.
"Thank God!" said Captain Morrow.

"Good comrades, we have made no slip
Between the promised cup and lip;
We'll hold 'Thanksgiving' in the ship,
And then again to-morrow."

Be sure the Petrel's half-fed throng
Kept good Thanksgiving all day long,
In grateful prayer and happy song,
Well led by Captain Morrow.

Lillie E. Barr.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been and might have been,
And who was changed and who was dead,

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,

Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Marshfield, Mass.

WEBSTER.

A CLOUD is over Marshfield, and the wail
Of a vast empire floats upon the gale;
One without peer has shaken hands with death,
And yielded to the elements his breath:
Admonished that the last great change was nigh,
Majestic in decline, he came to die
Back to the rural scenes he loved so well,
Cheered by the low of kine, and pastoral bell, —
Back, where his ear once more might catch the roll
Of the roused Ocean, — symbol of his soul!

The agony is o'er, — the goal is won, —
Earth opens to receive her greatest son!
The world seems poorer now, the sky less fair,
And reigns a brooding sadness everywhere!
Mourn, stern New England! mother of the dead!
Bow to the dust thy richly laurelled head!
He was thy pride, the prop of thy renown,
The brightest jewel in thy dazzling crown;

Thy battle-fields of liberty he trod,
Holding thy soil in reverence next to God,
And the proud triumphs of his matchless mind
Are closely with thy heart-strings intertwined.

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

THE BELLS OF EDGARTOWN.

BUT one day more, and, O happy bells!
Your peals shall ring in old Edgartown,
With music that rises and falls and swells,
Over the village and past the down,
Music that tells of two lives made one,
Past Katama and Roaring-Brook,
Out by Gay Head, where, at set of sun,
The lighthouse gleams over hill and nook.

And now for one last sail on the sea,
Another morn they will take their way
To his city home: they must say good by
In a pleasant sail from the peaceful bay:
They near the boat and they spread the sail,
And merrily laugh in their careless glee,
Though the wind is blowing half a gale,
For an old, old friend is the bounding sea.

Beyond the point where no shelter lies,
The wild waves break in a blinding spray,

And the dark squall gathers in angry skies,
And roars and whistles across their way:
Down with your helm! let go the sheet!
Too late! too late! for the boat goes o'er,
And lies on the water a wreck complete,
And miles away is the nearest shore.

E. Norman Gunnison.

Mattapoisett, Mass.

A SEA-SIDE IDYL.

I WANDERED to the shore, nor knew I then
What my desire, — whether for wild lament,
Or sweet regret, to fill the idle pause
Of twilight, melancholy in my house,
And watch the flowing tide, the passing sails;
Or to implore the air and sea and sky
For that eternal passion in their power
Which souls like mine who ponder on their fate
May feel, and be as they, — gods to themselves.
Thither I went, whatever was my mood.
The sands, the rocks, the beds of sedge, and waves.
Impelled to leave soft foam, compelled away, —
I saw alone. Between the east and west,
Along the beach no creature moved besides.
High on the eastern point a lighthouse shone;
Steered by its lamp a ship stood out to sea,
And vanished from its rays towards the deep,

While in the west, above a wooded isle,
An island-cloud hung in the emerald sky,
Hiding pale Venus in its sombre shade.
I wandered up and down the sands, I loitered
Among the rocks, and trampled through the sedge;
But I grew weary of the stocks and stones.
"I will go hence," I thought; "the Elements
Have lost their charm; my soul is dead to-night.
O passive, creeping Sea, and stagnant Air,
Farewell! dull sands, and rocks, and sedge, farewell."

Elizabeth Stoddard.

THE HOUSE OF YOUTH.

THE rough north-winds have left their icy caves
To growl and group for prey
Upon the murky sea;
The lonely sea-gull skims the sullen waves
All the gray winter day.

The mottled sand-bird runneth up and down,
Amongst the creaking sedge,
Along the crusted beach;
The time-stained houses of the sea-walled town
Are tottering on its edge.

An ancient dwelling, in this ancient place,
Stands in a garden drear,
A wreck with other wrecks;
The past is there, but no one sees a face
Within, from year to year.

The wiry rose-trees scratch the window-pane,
The window rattles loud;
The wind beats at the door,
But never gets an answer back again,
The silence is so proud.

The last that lived there was an evil man;
A child the last that died
Upon the mother's breast.
It seemed to die by some mysterious ban;
Its grave is by the side

Of an old tree, whose notched and scanty leaves
Repeat the tale of woe,
And quiver day and night,
Till the snow cometh, and a cold shroud weaves,
Whiter than that below.

This time of year a woman wanders there —
They say from distant lands:
She wears a foreign dress,
With jewels on her breast, and her fair hair
In braided coils and bands.

The ancient dwelling and the garden drear
At night know something more:
Without her foreign dress
Or blazing gems, this woman stealeth near
The threshold of the door.

The shadow strikes against the window-pane;
She thrusts the thorns away:

Her eyes peer through the glass,
And down the glass her great tears drip, like rain,
In the gray winter day.

The moon shines down the dismal garden track,
And lights the little mound;
But when she ventures there,
The black and threatening branches wave her back,
And guard the ghastly ground.

What is the story of this buried past?
Were all its doors flung wide,
For us to search its rooms,
And we to see the race, from first to last,
And how they lived and died: —

Still would it baffle and perplex the brain,
But teach this bitter truth:
Man lives not in the past:
None but a woman ever comes again
Back to the house of Youth!

* * *

Elizabeth Stoddard.

Melvin, the River, N. H.

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

WHERE the Great Lake's sunny smiles
Dimple round its hundred isles,
And the mountain's granite ledge
Cleaves the water like a wedge,

Ringed about with smooth, gray stones,
Rest the giant's mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,
Laughs and ripples Melvin stream;
Melvin water, mountain-born,
All fair flowers its banks adorn;
All the woodland's voices meet,
Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,
Over waters island-strown,
Over silver-sanded beach,
Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,
Melvin stream and burial-heap,
Watch and ward the mountains keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills?
Forest-kaiser, lord o' the hills?
Knight who on the birchen tree
Carved his savage heraldry?
Priest o' the pine-wood temples dim,
Prophet, sage, or wizard grim?

* * *

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake!
Moss-grown rocks, your silence break!
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree!
Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee!
Speak, and tell us how and when
Lived and died this king of men!

Wordless moans the ancient pine;
Lake and mountain give no sign;

Vain to trace this ring of stones;
Vain the search of crumbling bones:
Deepest of all mysteries,
And the saddest, silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay
Mingles slowly day by day;
But somewhere, for good or ill,
That dark soul is living still;
Somewhere yet that atom's force
Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial-sod
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod,
While the soul's dark horoscope
Holds no starry sign of hope!
Is the Unseen with sight at odds?
Nature's pity more than God's?

Thus I mused by Melvin's side,
While the summer eventide
Made the woods and inland sea
And the mountains mystery;
And the hush of earth and air
Seemed the pause before a prayer,—

Prayer for him, for all who rest,
Mother Earth, upon thy breast,—
Lapped on Christian turf, or hid
In rock-cave or pyramid:
All who sleep, as all who live,
Well may need the prayer, "Forgive!"

Desert-smothered caravan,
Knee-deep dust that once was man,
Battle-trenches ghastly piled,
Ocean-floors with white bones tiled,
Crowded tomb and mounded sod,
Dumbly crave that prayer to God.

Oh the generations old
Over whom no church-bells tolled,
Christless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies!
For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts?
Where the camping-ground of ghosts?
Where the spectral conscripts led
To the white tents of the dead?
What strange shore or chartless sea
Holds the awful mystery?

Then the warm sky stooped to make
Double sunset in the lake;
While above I saw with it,
Range on range, the mountains lit;
And the calm and splendor stole
Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,
What to thee the mountain saith,
What is whispered by the trees? —
"Cast on God thy care for these;

Trust him, if thy sight be dim:
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut eyes
Where like night the sunshine lies,
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain
Binding ever sin to pain,
Strong their prison-house of will,
But without He waiteth still.

"Not with hatred's undertow
Doth the Love Eternal flow;
Every chain that spirits wear
Crumbles in the breath of prayer;
And the penitent's desire
Opens every gate of fire.

"Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach these souls in prison!
Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of Thy cross!
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound!"

Therefore well may Nature keep
Equal faith with all who sleep,
Set her watch of hills around
Christian grave and heathen mound,
And to cairn and kirkyard send
Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,
Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam!

On the Indian's grassy tomb
Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom!
Deep below, as high above,
Sweeps the circle of God's love.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Memphremagog, the Lake, Vt.

A LAY OF MEMPHREMAGOG.

NOT as when, in summer days,
Wove illusive sunset haze
Round the mountain, bald and grim;
Watching at the rocking rim
Of the cradled lake, whose isles
Are the toys at which it smiles, —
And when day, but half awake,
Saw the roe stoop to the lake,
And its silver waters sip,
With his image, lip to lip;
Listening close, with tremulous ear,
To ten thousand warblers clear,
Up the greenwood steep so far;
Which was dew-drop, which was star,
Glimmering near the gates ajar, —
What was bird-voice, what was psalm,
Stealing through the radiant balm,
Out the changeless, God-lit sphere,
Sense said not, nor eye nor ear.

Dash the canvas, — white for green;
Summer's gone, — a winter scene.

Owl's Head wears its coil of snow,
Memphremagog hides below;
Crisp the air, with frost and sleet
Folding, in the mountain dim,
As his wings the seraphim, —
Twain his face and twain his feet.
Mirroring waves no more declare
Passing thought of sky and air.
Moon, or stars, or bird, or cloud,
Nor to winds confess aloud,
Conscience troubled, heart and head;
Ice-incrusted, deep snow-spread,
Nothing stirs a conscience dead.

On the fir-tree's outstretched palms
Lie the bounteous angel alms;
League on league of untrod white,
Save the squirrel's footmarks slight;
And the red fox's deeper trail,
Where he roamed the moonlit vale;
Ay, and slant the frozen wave,
Past the smuggler's island cave;
One great furrow, roughly ploughed,
By a preying wolf-pack loud,
Fierce and lean and devil-browed.
By their lair, 'neath Eagles' Cliff,
Oft the covetous white man's skiff
Chased and lost the birch canoe,

When some rock-gate let it through,
Bearing to the mountain's bed.
Of his tribe the guardian red,
Over a mysterious mine,
Where the silver nuggets shine —
Hidden still; there are who say,
Guards his ghost the place, to-day.

Deep within the solitude
Of the winter-girded wood,
Where no foot of man comes near,
Is a herd of gentle deer.
Six brave stags, with each a mate,
In a city of whose gate
Spring, incoming, holds the key, —
City walled with porphyry.
Busy workers wrought betimes,
Hearing naught of Christmas chimes,
Heeding naught of glad New Year,
Daily, nightly, building here.
Noiseless workers, — trowel's fray,
Chisel's twang, nor mattock's sway
Tempted Echo from her haunt;
Scaffold high, nor ladder gaunt,
Stayed them up, or aided down,
While was reared that forest town.
Silence, save when tone severe,
As of tyrant overseer, —
Was it but the hoarse wind's call?
"Clouds and Cold and Snowflakes, all,
Idlers, haste, — build, build your wall!"

L. S. Goodwin.

Merrimac, the River.

THE MERRIMAC.

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There 's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,

And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;[1]
And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
As brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
Breaking the dull continuous wood,
The Merrimac rolled down his flood;
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,
Which channels vast Agiochook,
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
The frozen fountains of the rock,
And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven,"[2]
Tributes from vale and mountain-side, —
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory

[1] Captain Smith.

[2] Lake Winnipisaukee.

The sweetest name in all his story;[3]
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters, —
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look! — the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;
And clearly on the calm air swells
The twilight voice of distant bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mists come slowly rolling in;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light, set
Within its wave-washed minaret,
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Home of my fathers! — I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;

[3] Captain Smith gave to the promontory now called Cape Ann the name of Tragabizanda.

Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore;
And saw, amidst the curtained gloom
And quiet of his lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before him pass;
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view,
Remembered groves in greenness grew,
Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,
Along whose bowers of beauty swept
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;
And while the gazer leaned to trace,
More near, some dear familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown,—
A phantom and a dream alone!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE MERRIMAC REVISITED.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's wailing
Vex the air of our vales no more;
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,
The share is the sword the soldier wore!

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom;
Softly and sweet, as the hour beseemeth,
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature
Temper the triumph and chasten mirth,
Full of the infinite love and pity
For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for ashes,
And the oil of joy for mourning long,
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy waters
Break into jubilant waves of song!

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north-wind laden
With sweetbrier odors and breath of kine!

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows,
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,
And Winnipisaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall;
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains
Here in thy glory and strength repeat;
Give us a taste of thy upland music,
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses
Pour the music and weave the flowers;
With the song of birds and bloom of meadows
Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,
The breath of the woodlands, bear with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,
Mirth and labor shall hold their truce;
Dance of water and mill of grinding,
Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and glory,
Pride and hope of our home and race, —

Freedom lending to rugged labor
Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,
Hear our greetings and take our thanks;
Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims
Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet untrodden,
Though never his word has stilled thy waves,
Well for us may thy shores be holy,
With Christian altars and saintly graves.

And well may we own thy hint and token
Of fairer valleys and streams than these,
Where the rivers of God are full of water,
And full of sap are his healing trees!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

OUR RIVER.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT "THE LAURELS" ON THE MERRIMAC.

ONCE more on yonder laurelled height
The summer flowers have budded;
Once more with summer's golden light
The vales of home are flooded;
And once more, by the grace of Him
Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
The praises of our river:

Its pines above, its waves below,
The west-wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot
Beheld it seaward flowing, —
And bore its memory o'er the deep,
To soothe a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams
Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
Of human love and glory;
We know that Arno's banks are fair,
And Rhine has castled shadows,
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung
By painter or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
And cunning hand to show it, —
We only know the fond skies lean
Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks
That graze its shores in keeping;
No icy kiss of Dian mocks
The youth beside it sleeping:

Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human;
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
The ripple we are hearing;
It whispers soft to homesick ears
Around the settler's clearing:
In Sacramento's vales of corn,
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by its valley-born
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud, — the bugle fills
The summer air with clangor;
The war-storm shakes the solid hills
Beneath its tread of anger;
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
Now point the rifle's barrel,
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing, —
The dear God still his rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
His flowers are prophesying
That all we dread of change or fall
His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born! — no more
We ask the wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water,
The cheerful lights that overlay
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day
And make a joy of duty.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Middlesex County, Mass.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still

That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Milton, Mass.

SUNDAY ON THE HILL-TOP.

ONLY ten miles from the city, —
And how I am lifted away
To the peace that passeth knowing,
And the light that is not of day!

All alone on the hill-top!
Nothing but God and me,
And the spring-time's resurrection,
Far shinings of the sea,

The river's laugh in the valley,
Hills dreaming of their past;
And all things silently opening,
Opening into the vast!

Eternities past and future
Seem clinging to all I see,
And things immortal cluster
Around my bended knee.

That pebble — is older than Adam!
Secrets it hath to tell;
These rocks — they cry out history,
Could I but listen well.

That pool knows the ocean-feeling
Of storm and moon-led tide;

The sun finds its east and west therein,
And the stars find room to glide.

That lichen's crinkled circle
Still creeps with the Life Divine,
Where the Holy Spirit loitered
On its way to this face of mine, —

On its way to the shining faces
Where angel-lives are led;
And I am the lichen's circle,
That creeps with tiny tread.

I can hear these violets chorus
To the sky's benediction above;
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite Love.

I — I am a part of the poem,
Of its every sight and sound,
For my heart beats inward rhymings
To the Sabbath that lies around.

Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature!
Oh, the light that is not of day!
Why seek it afar forever,
When it cannot be lifted away?

William Channing Gannett.

Minot's Ledge, Mass.

MINOT'S LEDGE.

LIKE spectral hounds across the sky,
The white clouds scud before the storm;
And naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
The waves with slippery fingers clutch
The massive tower, and climb and fall,
And, muttering, growl with baffled rage
Their curses on the sturdy wall.

Up in the lonely tower he sits,
The keeper of the crimson light:
Silent and awestruck does he hear
The imprecations of the night.
The white spray beats against the panes
Like some wet ghost that down the air
Is hunted by a troop of fiends,
And seeks a shelter anywhere.

He prays aloud, the lonely man,
For every soul that night at sea,
But more than all for that brave boy
Who used to gayly climb his knee, —
Young Charlie, with his chestnut hair
And hazel eyes and laughing lip.
"May Heaven look down," the old man cries,
"Upon my son, and on his ship!"

While thus with pious heart he prays,
Far in the distance sounds a boom:
He pauses; and again there rings
That sullen thunder through the room.
A ship upon the shoals to-night!
She cannot hold for one half-hour;
But clear the ropes and grappling-hooks,
And trust in the Almighty Power!

On the drenched gallery he stands,
Striving to pierce the solid night:
Across the sea the red eye throws
A steady crimson wake of light;
And, where it falls upon the waves,
He sees a human head float by,
With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,
And wild but fearless hazel eye.

Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
Adown the wind the long rope curls.
Oh, will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!
While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
A steady pull; it tightens now:
Oh! his old heart will burst with joy,
As on the slippery rocks he pulls
The breathing body of his boy.

Still sweep the spectres through the sky;
Still scud the clouds before the storm;
Still naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.

Without, the world is wild with rage;
Unkennelled demons are abroad:
But with the father and the son
Within, there is the peace of God.

Fitz-James O'Brien.

Monadnock, the Mountain, N. H.

MONADNOCK.

THOUSAND minstrels woke within me,
"Our music 's in the hills":—
Gayest pictures rose to win me,
Leopard-colored rills.
"Up! If thou knew'st who calls
To twilight parks of beech and pine,
High over the river intervals,
Above the ploughman's highest line,
Over the owner's farthest walls!
Up! where the airy citadel
O'erlooks the surging landscape's swell!
Let not unto the stones the Day
Her lily and rose, her sea and land display;
Read the celestial sign!
Lo! the south answers to the north;
Bookworm, break this sloth urbane;
A greater spirit bids thee forth
Than the gay dreams which thee detain.
Mark how the climbing Oreads

Beckon thee to their arcades!
Youth, for a moment free as they,
Teach thy feet to feel the ground,
Ere yet arrives the wintry day
When Time thy feet has bound.
Take the bounty of thy birth,
Taste the lordship of the earth."

I heard, and I obeyed, —
Assured that he who made the claim,
Well known, but loving not a name,
Was not to be gainsaid.

Ere yet the summoning voice was still,
I turned to Cheshire's haughty hill.
From the fixed cone the cloud-rack flowed
Like ample banner flung abroad
To all the dwellers in the plains
Round about, a hundred miles,
With salutation to the sea, and to the bordering isles.

In his own loom's garment dressed,
By his proper bounty blessed,
Fast abides this constant giver,
Pouring many a cheerful river;
To far eyes, an aerial isle
Unploughed, which finer spirits pile,
Which morn and crimson evening paint
For bard, for lover, and for saint;
The people's pride, the country's core,
Inspirer, prophet evermore;
Pillar which God aloft had set

So that men might it not forget;
It should be their life's ornament,
And mix itself with each event;
Gauge and calendar and dial,
Weatherglass and chemic phial,
Garden of berries, perch of birds,
Pasture of pool-haunting herds.

* * *

On the summit as I stood,
O'er the floor of plain and flood
Seemed to me, the towering hill
Was not altogether still,
But a quiet sense conveyed;
If I err not, thus it said: —

"Many feet in summer seek,
Oft, my far-appearing peak;
In the dreaded winter-time,
None save dappling shadows climb
Under clouds, my lonely head,
Old as the sun, old almost as the shade.
And comest thou
To see strange forests and new snow,
And tread uplifted land?
And leavest thou thy lowland race,
Here amid clouds to stand?
And wouldst be my companion
Where I gaze, and still shall gaze,
Through hoarding nights and spending days,
When forests fall, and man is gone,
Over tribes and over times,

At the burning Lyre,
Nearing me,
With its stars of northern fire,
In many a thousand years?

* * *

"Monadnock is a mountain strong,
Tall and good my kind among;
But well I know, no mountain can,
Zion or Meru, measure with man.
For it is on zodiacs writ,
Adamant is soft to wit:
And when the greater comes again
With my secret in his brain,
I shall pass, as glides my shadow
Daily over hill and meadow.

"Through all time, in light, in gloom,
Well I hear the approaching feet
On the flinty pathway beat
Of him that cometh, and shall come;
Of him who shall as lightly bear
My daily load of woods and streams,
As doth this round sky-cleaving boat
Which never strains its rocky beams;
Whose timbers, as they silent float,
Alps and Caucasus uprear,
And the long Alleghanies here,
And all town-sprinkled lands that be,
Sailing through stars with all their history.

"Every morn I lift my head,
See New England underspread,

South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,
From Katskill east to the sea-bound.
Anchored fast for many an age,
I await the bard and sage,
Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnock like a bead.

* * *

He comes, but not of that race bred
Who daily climb my specular head.
Oft as morning wreathes my scarf,
Fled the last plumule of the Dark,
Pants up hither the spruce clerk
From South Cove and City Wharf.
I take him up my rugged sides,
Half-repentant, scant of breath, —
Bead-eyes my granite chaos show,
And my midsummer snow;
Open the daunting map beneath, —
All his county, sea and land,
Dwarfed to measure of his hand;
His day's ride is a furlong space,
His city-tops a glimmering haze.
I plant his eyes on the sky-hoop bounding;
"See there the grim gray rounding
Of the bullet of the earth
Whereon ye sail,
Tumbling steep
In the uncontinented deep."
He looks on that, and he turns pale.
'T is even so, this treacherous kite,
Farm-furrowed, town-incrusted sphere,

Thoughtless of its anxious freight,
Plunges eyeless on forever;
And he, poor parasite,
Cooped in a ship he cannot steer, —
Who is the captain he knows not,
Port or pilot trows not, —
Risk or ruin he must share.
I scowl on him with my cloud,
With my north-wind chill his blood;
I lame him, clattering down the rocks;
And to live he is in fear.
Then, at last, I let him down
Once more into his dapper town,
To chatter, frightened to his clan,
And forget me if he can."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

MONADNOCK.

UPON the far-off mountain's brow
The angry storm has ceased to beat,
And broken clouds are gathering now
In sullen reverence round his feet;
I saw their dark and crowded bands
In thunder on his breast descending;
But there once more redeemed he stands,
And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.

I 've seen him when the morning sun
Burned like a bale-fire on the height;

I 've seen him when the day was done,
Bathed in the evening's crimson light.
I 've seen him at the midnight hour,
When all the world were calmly sleeping,
Like some stern sentry in his tower,
His weary watch in silence keeping.

And there, forever firm and clear,
His lofty turret upward springs;
He owns no rival summit near,
No sovereign but the King of kings.
Thousands of nations have passed by,
Thousands of years unknown to story,
And still his aged walls on high
He rears, in melancholy glory.

The proudest works of human hands
Live but an age before they fall;
While that severe and hoary tower
Outlasts the mightiest of them all.
And man himself, more frail, by far,
Than even the works his hand is raising,
Sinks downward, like the falling star
That flashes, and expires in blazing.

And all the treasures of the heart,
Its loves and sorrows, joys and fears,
Its hopes and memories, must depart
To sleep with unremembered years.
But still that ancient rampart stands
Unchanged, though years are passing o'er him;

And time withdraws his powerless hands,
While ages melt away before him.

So should it be, — for no heart beats
Within his cold and silent breast;
To him no gentle voice repeats
The soothing words that make us blest.
And more than this, — his deep repose
Is troubled by no thoughts of sorrow;
He hath no weary eyes to close,
No cause to hope or fear to-morrow.

Farewell! I go my distant way;
Perchance, in some succeeding years,
The eyes that know no cloud to-day
May gaze upon thee dim with tears.
Then may thy calm, unaltering form
Inspire in me the firm endeavor,
Like thee, to meet each lowering storm,
Till life and sorrow end forever.

William Bourne Oliver Peabody.

Moshassuck, the River, R. I.

A SEPTEMBER EVENING ON THE BANKS OF THE MOSHASSUCK.

AGAIN September's golden day,
Serenely still, intensely bright,
Fades on the umbered hills away,
And melts into the coming night.

Again Moshassuck's silver tide
Reflects each green herb on its side,
Each tasselled wreath and tangling vine
Whose tendrils o'er its margin twine.

And, standing on its velvet shore,
Where yesternight with thee I stood,
I trace its devious course once more,
Far winding on through vale and wood.
Now glimmering through yon golden mist,
By the last glinting sunbeams kissed.
Now lost where lengthening shadows fall
From hazel-copse and moss-fringed wall.

Near where yon rocks the stream inurn
The lonely gentian blossoms still,
Still wave the star-flower and the fern
O'er the soft outline of the hill;
While far aloft, where pine-trees throw
Their shade athwart the sunset glow,
Thin vapors cloud the illumined air,
And parting daylight lingers there.

But, ah, no longer thou art near
This varied loveliness to see,
And I, though fondly lingering here,
To-night can only think on thee;—
The flowers thy gentle hand caressed
Still lie unwithered on my breast,
And still thy footsteps print the shore
Where thou and I may rove no more.

Again I hear the murmuring fall
Of water from some distant dell,
The beetle's hum, the cricket's call,
And, far away, that evening bell, —
Again, again those sounds I hear,
But, oh, how desolate and drear
They seem to-night, — how like a knell
The music of that evening bell!

Again the new moon in the west,
Scarce seen upon yon golden sky,
Hangs o'er the mountain's purple crest
With one pale planet trembling nigh, —
And beautiful her pearly light
As when we blessed its beams last night,
But thou art on the far blue sea,
And I can only think of thee.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

Mount Desert, Me.

ECHO NOTCH.

GRIM mountain Sprite! that, robed in woods,
Dost sit among these hills, their rightful king,
Forgive the wight who rashly dares
To vex thy silence with his questioning.

Adown thy steep and rugged flanks
The black fir glooms and the pale aspens quiver,

And o'er thy glistening, wind-swept cliffs
The mossy, perfumed streamlets leap forever.

We call to thee: our feeble cry
Dies 'gainst the rocky faces of thy throne;
And from thy shaggy bosom comes
Thine answer, deep-voicéd as an organ-tone.

In that broad breast no human heart
To human pulses answereth again:
The wandering wretch, in wood-paths lost,
To thy stern face for pity looks in vain.

Within that sphinx-like face we fain
Would read the riddle of life's fleeting story, —
Thy calm eternal would we grasp,
And gild our gloom with thy far-shining glory.

But thou! thou gazest on the sea,
With fir-crowned, stony brow that changes never:
We leave thee, in dumb mystery,
Dread sprite! to heave that hoary bulk forever.

Anonymous.

GREEN MOUNTAIN.

WITH jocund friends the island's mount I climb
To kindred gladness that, beyond the wood
Whose pines are heavy with the solitude,
Sacks all the space of sea and sky sublime.

Rocks, left austere by winter, laugh again
With sweet and happy hearts at summer-tide;

O'er cliff and ledge and wave goes laughter wide,
As o'er the sea noon's pelting silver rain.

A flock of little sails below appears
To forage all along the shining waste;
Now huddled, and now scattering, without haste,
For morning waifs, like sea-birds, each one steers.

Of all the sails that catch the sun, and smile,
There 's one that takes my own mood out to sea:
Its laughing side is hidden on the lee;
Its shadow tacks to windward all the while.

Mid all the gladness, just a faint reserve
Wafts me apart, but not to scowl and gloom;
The world's wide laughter keeps me in its room, —
My shadow is not sharp enough to swerve.

'T is but the thickness of a sail between.
A cloud has caught its buoyant, gilded woof,
Too thin to keep the sailor's heart aloof:
He 's comrade still of all the happy scene.

John Weiss.

GREAT HEAD.

THE ground-pine flung its carpet on the steep,
As in and out, along the dinted shore
We crept, the surf-beat secrets to explore,
And map the isle for afterthought to keep.

And when we paused, to brood with talk and pipe
Upon the color of the cliffs and sky,

To watch light glooms of breezes scurry by,
And let each new surprise grow fancy-ripe,

Between the rocks we found our carpet spread;
From the far softness, where the sky and sea
In act of perfect marriage seemed to be,
The afternoon along the deep was led.

Against the seaward reefs, from time to time,
Some wave, more bold and eager than its mates,
Runs up, all white with hurrying, and waits,
And clings, as to a rugged verse the rhyme;

And falling back as slowly as a strain
That sings a mood we fear will slip away,
Our eyes, released, toward each other stray,
And climb, and cling, and act the wave again.

In lulls of speech the coast begins to croon:
Our thought and glance the far horizon sip;
And leagues of freshness break upon each lip
In tangled drift of mirth and talk and tune.

Tired lids of distance fall; between, a stripe
Of mornings clear, a memory, remains.
This eve we sit apart; the autumn gains;
The cricket's reverie must share my pipe.

John Weiss.

Mount Hope, R. I.

KING PHILIP.

ON Pokanoket's height
All life is hushed beneath the summer heat;
No human step is heard from morn to night,
And echo can repeat
Naught but the lonely fish-hawk's piercing screams,
As swooping downward to the placid bay,
To touch the water's breast he scarcely seems,
Then slow flies homeward with his struggling prey,
Where mate and clamorous young hang eager o'er
Their nest upon the blasted sycamore.
Yon little grove of trees
Waves soundless in the breeze
That wanders down the slope;
Hushed by the countless memories
Which cluster round thy crest, renowned Mount Hope.

How fair the scene!
The city's gleaming spires, the clustering towns,
The modest villages, half hid in green,
Soft hills and grassy downs,
The dark-blue waves of Narragansett Bay,
Flecked with the snowflakes of an hundred sail,
And, southward, in the distance, cold and gray,
Newport lies sleeping in her foggy veil.

Beyond the eastern waves,
Where Taunton River laves
The harbor's sandy edges,
Queen of a thousand iron slaves,
Fall River nestles in her granite ledges.

* * *

When here King Philip stood,
Or rested in the niche we call his throne,
He looked o'er hill and vale and swelling flood,
Which once were all his own.
Before the white man's footstep, day by day,
As the sea-tides encroach upon the sand,
He saw his proud possessions melt away,
And found himself a king without a land.
Constrained by unknown laws,
Judged guilty without cause,
Maddened by treachery,
What wonder that his tortured spirit rose,
And turned upon his foes,
And told his wrongs in words that still we see
Recorded on the page of history.

Anonymous.

MOUNT HOPE.

THE morning air was freshly breathing,
The morning mists were wildly wreathing;
Day's earliest beams were kindling o'er
The wood-crowned hills and murmuring shore.
'T was summer; and the forests threw

Their checkered shapes of varying hue,
In mingling, changeful shadows seen,
O'er hill and bank, and headland green.
Blithe birds were carolling on high
Their matin music to the sky,
As glanced their brilliant hues along,
Filling the groves with life and song;
All innocent and wild and free
Their sweet, ethereal minstrelsy.
The dew-drop sparkled on the spray,
Danced on the wave the inconstant ray;
And moody grief, with dark control,
There only swayed the human soul!

With equal swell, above the flood,
The forest-cinctured mountain stood;
Its eastward cliffs, a rampart wild,
Rock above rock sublimely piled.
What scenes of beauty met his eye,
The watchful sentinel on high!
With all its isles and inlets lay
Beneath, the calm, majestic bay;
Like molten gold, all glittering spread,
Where the clear sun his influence shed;
In wreathy, crispéd brilliance borne,
While laughed the radiance of the morn.
Round rocks, that from the headlands far
Their barriers reared, with murmuring war,
The chafing stream, in eddying play,
Fretted and dashed its foamy spray;
Along the shelving sands its swell

With hushed and equal cadence fell;
And here, beneath the whispering grove,
Ran rippling in the shadowy cove.
Thy thickets with their liveliest hue,
Aquetnet green! were fair to view;
Far curved the winding shore, where rose
Pocasset's hills in calm repose;
Or where descending rivers gave
Their tribute to the ampler wave.
Emerging frequent from the tide,
Scarce noticed mid its waters wide,
Lay flushed with morning's roseate smile,
The gay bank of some little isle;
Where the lone heron plumed his wing,
Or spread it as in act to spring,
Yet paused, as if delight it gave
To bend above the glorious wave.

James Wallis Eastburn.

MOUNT HOPE.

Mount Hope, the highest headland in Rhode Island, was the ancient seat of Metacomet, — "King Philip," — the indomitable chief of the Wampanoags. When, after a long and bloody war, he was conquered and killed at last, his wife — Queen Wootonekanusky — was dragged from her home on Mount Hope, and sold into slavery in Barbadoes.

I STROLL through verdant fields to-day,
Through waving woods and pastures sweet,
To the red warrior's ancient seat
Where liquid voices of the bay
Babble in tropic tongues around its rocky feet.

I put my lips to Philip's spring;
I sit in Philip's granite chair;
And thence I climb up, stair by stair,
And stand where once the savage king
Stood and with eye of hawk cleft the blue round of air.

On Narragansett's sunny breast
This necklace of fair islands shone,
And Philip, muttering, "All my own!"
Looked north and south and east and west,
And waved his sceptre from this alabaster throne.

His beacon on Pocasset hill,
Lighting the hero's path to fame
Whene'er the crafty Pequot came,
Blazed as the windows of yon mill
Now blaze at set of sun with day's expiring flame.

Always, at midnight, from a cloud,
An eagle swoops, and hovering nigh
This peak, utters one piercing cry
Of wrath and anguish, long and loud,
And plunges once again into the silent sky!

The Wampanoags, long since dead,
Who to these islands used to cling,
Spake of this shrieking midnight thing
With bated breath, and, shuddering, said,
"'T is angry Philip's voice,—the spectre of the king!"

All things are changed. Here Bristol sleeps
And dreams within her emerald tent;
Yonder are picnic tables bent
Beneath their burden; up the steeps
The martial strains arise and songs of merriment.

I pluck an aster on the crest;
It is a child of one, I know,
Plucked here two hundred years ago,
And worn upon the slave-queen's breast, —
O, that this blossom had a tongue to tell its woe!

W. A. Croffut.

Mount Pleasant, Me.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

'TWAS a glorious scene, — the mountain height
Aflame with sunset's colored light.

Even the black pines, grim and old,
Transfigured stood with crowns of gold.

There on a hoary crag we stood
When the tide of glory was at its flood.

Close by our feet, the mountain's child,
The delicate harebell, sweetly smiled,

Lifting its cups of tender blue
From seam and rift where the mosses grew.

The everlasting's mimic snow
Whitened the dry, crisp grass below;

While the yellow flames of golden-rod
Through clumps of starry asters glowed,

And the sumach's ruddy fires burned through
Tangled hazels of tawny hue.

Below stretched wide the skirt of wood
Where the maple's green was dashed with blood;

Where the beech had donned a golden brown,
And the ash was sad in a purple gown,

And the straight birch stems gleamed white between
The sombre spruces, darkly green.

Clasping the mountain's very feet,
The small lake lay, a picture sheet,

Where the pomp of sunset cloud and shine
Glowed in a setting of dark old pine.

Far in the west blue peaks arose, —
One with a crest of glittering snows, —

With hill and valley and wood between,
And lakes transfused with the sunset sheen.

* * *

Rose Sanborn

Nahant, Mass.

PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild-roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists

Could re-create the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom-flower?

"O, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendors,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies forever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WETMORE COTTAGE.

TO G. W. C. AND C. P. C.

THE hours on the old piazza
That overhangs the sea
With a tender and pensive sweetness
At times steal over me;

And again o'er the balcony leaning,
We list to the surf on the beach,
That fills with its solemn warning
The intervals of speech.

We three sit at night in the moonlight,
As we sat in the summer gone,
And we talk of art and nature,
And sing as we sit alone;
We sing the old songs of Sorrento,
Where oranges hang o'er the sea,
And our hearts are tender with dreaming
Of days that no more shall be.

How gayly the hours went with us
In those old days that are gone,
Ah! would we were all together,
Where now I am standing alone.
Could life be again so perfect?
Ah, never! these years so drain
The heart of its freshness of feeling,
But I long, though the longing be vain.

William Wetmore Story.

AGASSIZ.

I STAND again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Nantasket, Mass.

NANTASKET.

FAIR is thy face, Nantasket,
And fair thy curving shores, —
The peering spires of villages,
The boatman's dipping oars,
The lonely ledge of Minot,
Where the watchman tends his light,

And sets his perilous beacon,
A star in the stormiest night.

Over thy vast sea highway
The great ships slide from sight,
And flocks of wingéd phantoms
Flit by, like birds in flight.
Over the toppling sea-wall
The home-bound dories float,
And I watch the patient fisherman
Bend in his anchored boat.

I am alone with Nature;
With the glad September day.
The leaning hills above me
With golden-rod are gay,
Across the fields of ether
Flit butterflies at play,
And cones of garnet sumach
Glow down the country way.

The autumn dandelion
Along the roadside burns;
Down from the lichened bowlders
Quiver the pluméd ferns;
The cream-white silk of the milkweed
Floats from its sea-green pod;
Out from the mossy rock-seams
Flashes the golden-rod.

The woodbine's scarlet banners
Flaunt from their towers of stone;

The wan, wild morning-glory
Dies by the road alone;
By the hill-path to the seaside
Wave myriad azure bells;
And over the grassy ramparts lean
The milky immortelles.

Hosts of gold-hearted daisies
Nod by the wayside bars;
The tangled thicket of green is set
With the aster's purple stars;
Beside the brook the gentian
Closes its fringéd eyes,
And waits the later glory
Of October's yellow skies.

Within the sea-washed meadow
The wild grape climbs the wall,
And from the o'er-ripe chestnuts
The brown burs softly fall.
I see the tall reeds shiver
Beside the salt sea marge;
I see the sea-bird glimmer,
Far out on airy barge.

I hear in the groves of Hingham
The friendly caw of the crow,
Till I sit again in Wachusett's woods,
In August's sumptuous glow.
The tiny boom of the beetle
Strikes the shining rocks below;
The gauzy oar of the dragon-fly
Is beating to and fro.

As the lovely ghost of the thistle
  Goes sailing softly by;
Glad in its second summer
  Hums the awakened fly;
The cumulate cry of the cricket
  Pierces the amber noon;
In from the vast sea-spaces comes
  The clear call of the loon;
Over and through it all I hear
  Ocean's pervasive rune.

Against the warm sea-beaches
  Rush the wavelets' eager lips;
Away o'er the sapphire reaches
  Move on the stately ships.
Peace floats on all their pennons,
  Sailing silently the main,
As if never human anguish,
  As if never human pain,
Sought the healing draught of Lethe,
  Beyond the gleaming plain.

Fair is the earth behind me,
  Vast is the sea before,
Away through the misty dimness
  Glimmers a further shore.
It is no realm enchanted,
  It cannot be more fair
Than this nook of Nature's Kingdom,
  With its spell of space and air.

Mary Clemmer.

Nantucket, Mass.

A SONG OF NANTUCKET.

In the old whaling days, when a ship was homeward bound with a fair wind, it was a common saying among the men that the girls of Nantucket were pulling the rope to draw them home.

THE land breaks out, like a gleam of hope,
Over the ocean foam,
But its daughters no longer are pulling the rope
That 's bringing her sailors home.

Her whalers lie rotting, and lone and drear,
Far in some foreign port:
They have laid there rusting for many a year,
Of water and wind the sport.

The decks are piled with the winter snows,
The men are scattered, — ah me!
No masthead echoes to "There she blows!"
Far out in the Okhotsk Sea.

But her hearts are as tried, and her men as true,
As, when trimming the distant sail,
They passed their lives on the waters blue,
In hunting the Bow Head Whale.

Her daughters are pure and sweet and fair,
And cheerful and kind and good,
And sparkling water and sparkling air
Shine out in their changeful mood.

* * *

E. Norman Gunnison.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.

NARRAGANSETT BAY.

THE sun is sinking from the sky
In calm and cloudless majesty;
And cooler hours, with gentle sway,
Succeed the fiery heat of day.
Forest and shore and rippling tide
Confess the evening's influence wide,
Seen lovelier in that fading light
That heralds the approaching night;
That magic coloring Nature throws,
To deck her beautiful repose,
When floating on the breeze of even,
Long clouds of purple streak the heaven,
With brighter tints of glory blending,
And darker hues of night descending,
While hastening to its shady rest
Each weary songster seeks its nest,
Chanting a last, a farewell lay,
As gloomier falls the parting day.

Broad Narragansett's bosom blue
Has shone with every varying hue;
The mystic alchemy of even
Its rich delusions all has given.
The silvery sheet unbounded spread,
First melting from the waters fled;

Next the wide path of beaten gold
Flashing with fiery sparkles rolled; —
As all its gorgeous glories died,
An amber tinge blushed o'er the tide;
Faint and more faint, as more remote,
The lessening ripples peaceful float;
And now, one ruby line alone
Trembles, is paler, and is gone,
And from the blue wave fades away
The last life-tint of dying day!
In darkness veiled, was seen no more
Canonicut's extended shore;
Each little isle, with bosom green,
Descending mists impervious screen;
One gloomy shade o'er all the woods
Of forest-fringed Aquetnet broods;
Where solemn oak was seen before
Beside the rival sycamore,
Or pine and cedar lined the height,
All in one livery brown were dight.

But lo! with orb serene on high,
The round moon climbs the eastern sky;
The stars all quench their feebler rays
Before her universal blaze.
Round moon! how sweetly dost thou smile
Above that green reposing isle,
Soft cradled in the illumined bay,
Where from its bank the shadows seem
Melting in filmy light away.
Far does thy tempered lustre stream,

Checkering the tufted groves on high,
While glens in gloom beneath them lie.
Oft sheeted with the ghostly beam,
Mid the thick forest's mass of shade,
The shingled roof is gleaming white,
Where labor, in the cultured glade,
Has all the wild a garden made.
And there with silvery tassels bright
The serried maize is waving slow,
While fitful shadows come and go,
Swift o'er its undulating seas,
As gently breathes the evening breeze.

James Wallis Eastburn.

IN NARRAGANSETT CHURCHYARD.

A LONELY slope of fairest green,
Furrowed with ancient, low-ridged graves;
Downward the forest-shadows lean,
And sunlight comes in fitful waves.

So sleeps the scene where, as of old,
Should grief and memory oft repair;
But love has faded and waxed cold, —
How silent broods the breathing air!

'Neath slanting stone or massive tomb
Each churchyard dweller stirless sleeps,
Nor recks of changing frost or bloom,
Or distant cry of ocean deeps.

On throbbing heart and eager brain
Well hath the stern one wrought his spell,

How poor are words, and signs how vain,
The story of one life to tell!

On that high, mossy, crumbling stone,
Washed by a century's dripping showers,
Mid phrases to our fathers known,
The graven death's-head dimly lowers.

And there, on many a weighty shaft,
The last faint glow of knightly fame
Survives in emblems that would waft
To latest days some honored name.

High on the right, with graven stone,
The ashes of the powerful lie;
Low on the left, 'neath turf alone,
Watched by the same eternal sky,

Repose at last the humble throng
Who toiled that those might leisure know;
To these no sculptured signs belong;
No imagery of death and woe

Mars the sweet sense of glad release,
The rest that time and nature yield;
The slave, the poor, the hireling, cease
From labor in this tranquil field.

Not all unheeded fled away
These shadows of the dusky past;
Here in some long-forgotten day
The mourner's tears have fallen fast.

But ere the wanderer's glance may pause
On each neglected, sunken mound,
His pious meed of pity draws
A low response of solemn sound:

"Come not to linger by our graves;
Plant not thy curious footstep here;
The past from thee no memory craves,
No idle tribute of a tear.

"Our names, our lives, why seek to know?
Avails it, then, that thou shouldst learn
Of aught but proud armorial show,
Or brazen pomp of funeral urn?

"See'st thou the glade in verdure drest?
Our strength subdued the stubborn soil:
In fields with golden promise blest
Behold the triumph of our toil!

"Nor we, the mothers of a race,
Less bravely strove, in evil days,
To cope with want, to win a space
For freer life, in broader ways.

"What though beneath no empty show
Of funeral state our relics rest?
Do they the sweeter slumber know
Who long the marble couch have pressed?

"To them their cherished pomp of place,
Their selfish pride of heartless powers;
Be ours the boast of loftier race,—
Manhood and womanhood were ours."

Esther Vernon Carpenter.

Nashua, the River.

NASHUA.

O THOU who journeyest through that Eden-clime,
Winding thy devious way to cheat the time,
Delightful Nashua! beside thy stream,
Fain would I paint thy beauties as they gleam.
Eccentric river! poet of the woods!
Where, in thy far secluded solitudes,
The wood-nymphs sport and naiads plash thy wave,
With charms more sweet than ever Fancy gave;
How oft with Mantua's bard, from school let free,
I 've conned the silver lines that flow like thee,
Couched on thy emerald banks, at full length laid,
Where classic elms grew lavish of their shade,
Or indolently listened, while the throng
Of idler beings woke their summer song;
Or, with rude angling gear, outwatched the sun,
Comparing mine to deeds by Walton done.

Far down the silent stream, where arching trees
Bend their green boughs so gently to the breeze,
One live, broad mass of molten crystal lies,
Clasping the mirrored beauties of the skies!
Look, how the sunshine breaks upon the plains!
So the deep blush their flattered glory stains.

Romantic river! on thy quiet breast,
While flashed the salmon with his lightning crest,
Not long ago, the Indian's thin canoe
Skimmed lightly as the shadow which it threw;

Not long ago, beside thy banks of green,
The night-fire blazed and spread its dismal sheen.
Thou peaceful valley! when I think how fair
Thy various beauty shines, beyond compare,
I cannot choose but own the Power that gave
Amidst thy woes a helping hand to save,
When o'er thy hills the savage war-whoop came,
And desolation raised its funeral flame!

Rufus Dawes.

Natick, Mass.

ELIOT'S OAK.

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Newbury, Mass.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

"Concerning ye Amphisbæna, as soon as I received your commands, I made diligent inquiry: .... he assures me yt had really two heads, one at each end; two mouths, two stings or tongues." — Rev. Christopher Toppan to Cotton Mather.

FAR away in the twilight time
Of every people, in every clime,
Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,
Born of water and air and fire,
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,
Through dusk tradition and ballad age.
So from the childhood of Newbury town
And its time of fable the tale comes down
Of a terror which haunted bush and brake,
The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake!

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary and dark and old,
Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew
When Time was young, and the world was new,
And wove its shadows with sun and moon,
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn.

Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,
Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the North,
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,
And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,
And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified; —
And think, if his lot were now thine own,
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might serve;
And own to thyself the wonder more
That the snake had two heads, and not a score!

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen
Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,
Nothing on record is left to show;
Only the fact that he lived, we know,
And left the cast of a double head
In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.
For he carried a head where his tail should be,
And the two, of course, could never agree,
But wriggled about with main and might,
Now to the left and now to the right;
Pulling and twisting this way and that,
Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near! —
Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear!
Think what ancient gossips might say,
Shaking their heads in their dreary way,
Between the meetings on Sabbath-day!
How urchins, searching at day's decline
The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,
The terrible double-ganger heard
In leafy rustle or whir of bird!
Think what a zest it gave to the sport,
In berry-time, of the younger sort,
As over pastures blackberry-twined,
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,
The maiden clung to her lover's arm;
And how the spark, who was forced to stay,
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of day,
Thanked the snake for the fond delay!

Far and wide the tale was told,
Like a snowball growing while it rolled.
The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry;
And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,
To paint the primitive serpent by.
Cotton Mather came galloping down
All the way to Newbury town,
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;
Stirring the while in the shallow pool
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,
To garnish the story, with here a streak

Of Latin, and there another of Greek:
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,
Behold! are they not in his Wonder-Book?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.
If the snake does not, the tale runs still
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.
And still, whenever husband and wife
Publish the shame of their daily strife,
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain
At either end of the marriage-chain,
The gossips say, with a knowing shake
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!
One in body and two in will,
The Amphisbæna is living still!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

1697.

UP and down the village streets
Strange are the forms my fancy meets,
For the thoughts and things of to-day are hid,
And through the veil of a closéd lid
The ancient worthies I see again:
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
And his awful periwig I see,
And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding his whitened hair,
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.

His face with lines of firmness wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changes not;
Yet, touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness,
The face that a child would climb to kiss!
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust.

* * *

I see, far southward, this quiet day,
The hills of Newbury rolling away,
With the many tints of the season gay,
Dreamily blending in autumn mist
Crimson and gold and amethyst.
Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,
A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
Inland, as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended bow;
A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasycung;
And, round and round, over valley and hill,
Old roads winding, as old roads will,
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill;
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,
Through green elm arches and maple leaves, —
Old homesteads sacred to all that can
Gladden or sadden the heart of man, —
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone
Life and Death have come and gone!
There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,

Great beams sag from the ceiling low,
The dresser glitters with polished wares,
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs,
And the low, broad chimney shows the crack
By the earthquake made a century back.
Up from their midst springs the village spire
With the crest of its cock in the sun afire;
Beyond are orchards and planting lands,
And great salt marshes and glimmering sands,
And, where north and south the coast-lines run,
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun!

I see it all like a chart unrolled,
But my thoughts are full of the past and old;
I hear the tales of my boyhood told,
And the shadows and shapes of early days
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,
With measured movement and rhythmic chime
Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.
I think of the old man wise and good
Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,
(A poet who never measured rhyme,
A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,)
And, propped on his staff of age, looked down,
With his boyhood's love, on his native town,
Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,
His burden of prophecy yet remains,
For the voices of wood and wave and wind
To read in the ear of the musing mind: —

"As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast
As God appointed, shall keep its post;

As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep
Of Merrimac River, or sturgeon leap;
As long as pickerel swift and slim,
Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim;
As long as the annual sea-fowl know
Their time to come and their time to go;
As long as cattle shall roam at will
The green, grass meadows by Turkey Hill;
As long as sheep shall look from the side
Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,
And Parker River, and salt-sea tide;
As long as a wandering pigeon shall search
The fields below from his white-oak perch,
When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,
And the dry husks fall from the standing corn;
As long as Nature shall not grow old,
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,
And her care for the Indian corn forget,
And the yellow rows in pairs to set; —
So long shall Christians here be born,
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn! —
By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost,
Shall never a holy ear be lost,
But, husked by Death in the Planter's sight,
Be sown again in the fields of light!"
The Island still is purple with plums,
Up the river the salmon comes,
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl feeds
On hillside berries and marish seeds, —
All the beautiful signs remain,
From spring-time sowing to autumn rain

The good man's vision returns again!
And let us hope, as well we can,
That the Silent Angel who garners man
May find some grain as of old he found
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,
And the Lord of the Harvest deign to own
The precious seed by the fathers sown!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE OLD ELM OF NEWBURY.

DID ever it come in your way to pass
The silvery pond, with its fringe of grass;
And, threading the lane hard by, to see
The veteran elm of Newbury?

You saw how its roots had grasped the ground,
As if it had felt that the earth went round,
And fastened them down with determined will
To keep it steady, and hold it still.
Its aged trunk, so stately and strong,
Has braved the blasts, as they've rushed along;
Its head has towered, and its arms have spread,
While more than a hundred years have fled!

Well, that old elm, that is now so grand,
Was once a twig in the rustic hand
Of a youthful peasant, who went one night
To visit his love, by the tender light
Of the modest moon and her twinkling host,

While the star that lighted his bosom most,
And gave to his lonely feet their speed,
Abode in a cottage beyond the mead!

* * *

It is not recorded how long he stayed
In the cheerful home of the smiling maid;
But when he came out, it was late and dark,
And silent, — not even a dog would bark,
To take from his feeling of loneliness,
And make the length of his way seem less.
He thought it was strange, that the treacherous moon
Should have given the world the slip so soon;
And, whether the eyes of the girl had made
The stars of the sky in his own to fade,
Or not, it certainly seemed to him
That each grew distant and small and dim;
And he shuddered to think he now was about
To take a long and a lonely route;
For he did not know what fearful sight
Might come to him through the shadows of night!

An elm grew close by the cottage's eaves;
So he plucked him a twig well clothed with leaves,
And sallying forth with the supple arm,
To serve as a talisman parrying harm,
He felt that, though his heart was so big,
'T was even the stouter for having the twig.
For this, he thought, would answer to switch
The horrors away, as he crossed the ditch,
The meadow and copse, wherein, perchance,
Will-o'-the-wisp might wickedly dance;
And, wielding it, keep him from having a chill

At the menacing sound of "Whip-poor-will!"
And his flesh from creeping beside the bog
At the harsh, bass voice of the viewless frog:
In short, he felt that the switch would be
Guard, plaything, business, and company.

When he got safe home, and joyfully found
He still was himself! and living! and sound!
He planted the twig by his family cot,
To stand as a monument, marking the spot
It helped him to reach; and, what was still more,
Because it had grown by his fair one's door.

The twig took root; and as time flew by,
Its boughs spread wide, and its head grew high;
While the priest's good service had long been done,
Which made the youth and the maiden one;
And their young scions arose and played
Around the tree, in its leafy shade.

But many and many a year has fled
Since they were gathered among the dead;
And now their names, with the moss o'ergrown,
Are veiled from sight on the churchyard stone
That leans away, in a lingering fall,
And owns the power that shall level all
The works that the hand of man hath wrought;
Bring him to dust, and his name to naught.
While, near in view, and just beyond
The grassy skirts of the silver pond,
In its "green old age," stands the noble tree,
The veteran elm of Newbury.

Hannah Flagg Gould.

Newburyport, Mass.

THE PREACHER.

ITS windows flashing to the sky,
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
Far down the vale, my friend and I
Beheld the old and quiet town:
The ghostly sails that out at sea
Flapped their white wings of mystery,
The beaches glimmering in the sun,
And the low wooded capes that run
Into the sea-mist north and south;
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
A crimson-tinted shadow lay
Of clouds through which the setting day
Flung a slant glory far away.
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
It flamed upon the city's panes,
Smote the white sails of ships that wore
Outward or in, and glided o'er
The steeples with their veering vanes!

Awhile my friend with rapid search
O'erran the landscape. "Yonder spire
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire;

What is it, pray?" "The Whitefield Church!
Walled about by its basement stones,
There rest the marvellous prophet's bones."
Then as our homeward way we walked,
Of the great preacher's life we talked;
And through the mystery of our theme
The outward glory seemed to stream,
And Nature's self interpreted
The doubtful record of the dead;
And every level beam that smote
The sails upon the dark afloat,
A symbol of the light became
Which touched the shadows of our blame
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

* * *

Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,
And the vanishing town behind him search
For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church;
And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade
And fashion and folly and pleasure laid,

By the thought of that life of pure intent,
That voice of warning yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent.
And if where he labored the flood of sin
Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,
And over a life of time and sense
The church-spires lift their vain defence,
As if to scatter the bolts of God
With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod, —
Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
Precious beyond the world's renown,
His memory hallows the ancient town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Newcastle, N. H.

THE GRAVE OF CHAMPERNOWNE.

FRANCIS CHAMPERNOWNE lies buried on the sea-side of Gerrish Island, his only monument a little pile of small stones. Thomas de Cambernon was the ancestor to whom the Champernownes traced back their descent. "Modbury's blazoned door" alludes to one of his descendants, the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a Champernowne of Modbury.

THOMAS DE CAMBERNON for Hastings' field
Left Normandy; his tower saw him no more!
And no crusader's war-horse plumed and steeled
Paws the grass now at Modbury's blazoned door;
No lettered marble nor ancestral shield, —
Where all the Atlantic shakes the lonesome shore,
Lies ours forgotten; only cobble-stones
To tell us where are Champernowne's poor bones.

John Elwyn.

New Haven, Conn.

THE BURYING-GROUND.

OH, where are they whose all that earth could give
Beneath these senseless marbles disappeared?
Where even they who taught these stones to grieve, —
The hands that hewed them, and the hearts that reared?
Such the poor bounds of all that's hoped or feared
Within the griefs and smiles of this short day.
Here sank the honored, vanished the endeared.
This the last tribute love to love could pay, —
An idle pageant-pile to graces passed away.

Why deck these sculptured trophies of the tomb?
Why, victims, garland thus the spoiler's fane?
Hope ye by these to avert oblivion's doom,
In grief ambitious, and in ashes vain?
Go, rather bid the sand the trace retain
Of all that parted Virtue felt and did!
Yet powerless man revolts from Ruin's reign;
And Pride has gleamed upon the coffin-lid,
And heaped o'er human dust the mountain pyramid.

Sink, mean memorials of what cannot die!
Be lowly as the relics you o'erspread!
Nor lift your funeral forms so gorgeously,

To tell who slumbers in each lowly bed.
I would not honor thus the sainted dead,
Nor to each stranger's careless eye declare
My sacred griefs for joy and friendship fled.
No, let me hide the names of those that were,
Deep in my stricken heart, and shrine them only there.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs
That filled her sails at parting
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure," —
Thus prayed the old divine, —
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and walty,
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered: —
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,

And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

New London, Conn.

NEW LONDON.

WHEN this fair town was Nam-e-aug,
A bleak, rough waste of hill and bog,
In huts of seaweed, thatch, and log,
Our fathers few, but strong and cheery,
Sate down amid these deserts dreary.

'T was all a wild, unchristian wood;
A fearful, boisterous solitude;
A harbor for the wild-fowl's brood,
Where countless flocks of every pinion
Held o'er the shores a bold dominion.

The sea-hawk hung his cumbrous nest,
Oak-propped, on every highland crest;

Cranes through the seedy marshes prest;
The curlew, by the river lying,
Looked on God's image, him defying.

The eagle-king soared high and free,
His shadow on the glassy sea
A sudden ripple seemed to be;
The sunlight in his pinions burning
Shrouded him from eyes upturning.

They came; the weary-footed band,
The paths they cleared, the streams they spanned;
The woodland genius grew more bland;
In haste his tangled vines unweaving,
Them and their hopes with joy receiving.

* * *

Great hearts were those that hither came, —
A Winthrop of undying fame,
A Brewster of an honored name, —
Great hearts, the growth of three great nations,
Laid deep for us these firm foundations.

* * *

Frances M. Caulkins.

PLOWDEN HALSEY.

1812.

LIVE the name of Plowden Halsey!
Honor to his hero soul!
Tell the old and noble story,
Wreathe his name with fresher glory,
As the ages roll.

Off the harbor of New London
Lay a British man-of-war;
By her force our troops annoying,
And our commerce still destroying,
Driving it afar.

Who will, in the dread torpedo
Sinking down her hull beneath,
Screw the magazine tremendous,
Whose explosive force stupendous
Scatters all in death?

"I will go," said Plowden Halsey,
With the red flush on his cheek;
And his slender form grew stately:
All around him wondered greatly,
As they heard him speak.

"I will go," said Plowden Halsey,
"Some heart must the peril brave.
Never say that fear appalls me.
Let me go; my country calls me,
Honored, if I save.

"Let me go; and, safe returning,
Life has higher power to bless.
Let me go; and, even if failing,
Take this comfort mid bewailing, —
Noble failure is success."

* * *

Oh, the night was wild and stormy!
Shrouding mists came closely down;

Thick the murky air was glooming,
And the sullen waves were booming;
Dark the tempest's frown.

Out into the formless darkness
Strong hands bent the springing oar;
Died away the friendly voices,
Hushed were all the murmured noises;
Died the lights on shore.

Underneath the tall mast's shadow
Rowing close, the youth they left;
From the peril still unshrinking,
In the fatal engine sinking,
Under-waves he cleft.

Poured the rain in rushing torrents,
Down the darkness driven aslope;
Comrades, mid the wild commotion,
Watched the deed of stern devotion
Fearful, yet with hope.

Ha! the ship has caught the danger!
Lights are hurrying from below!
Peals the alarm-gun! Men are leaping
Into the boats! With swift oars sweeping
Out, to seize the foe.

Closer round they draw the circle, —
Have they won the fearful prize?
Louder than the pealing thunder,
Bursting all the waves asunder,
Flaming on the skies,

Comes the terrible explosion!
  Vast and hollow is the square
Where the many boats were sailing,
And the awful light is paling,
  And no boats are there!

Reels the ship in foaming waters,
  Lashing furious to the shore;
And the storm-rage grows intenser,
And the darkness gathers denser,
  Denser than before.

Where is noble Plowden Halsey?
  Vainly do his comrades row
All the night. O night appalling!
Irresponsive to their calling,
  Plowden sleeps below.
* * *

Caroline F. Orne.

THE CAPTAIN.

THE Bridgeport paper of March, 1823, said: "Arrived, schooner Fame, from Charleston, via New London. While at anchor in that harbor, during the rain-storm on Thursday evening last, the Fame was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist Meeting-House from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,
And muttered of his hardships: "I have been
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dashed me on the sawyer; I have sailed
In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge

Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast
Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas,
And often in my cold and midnight watch
Have heard the warning voice of the lee shore
Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen
The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows;
And when they made the deep boil like a pot,
Have swung into its vortex; and I know
To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,
And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart:
But never yet upon the stormy wave,
Or where the river mixes with the main,
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
In all my rough experience of harm,
Met I — a Methodist meeting-house!

* * *

Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,
Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern!
It comes in such a "questionable shape,"
I cannot even speak it! Up jib, Josey,
And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford Point,
Long Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,
Are safe from such encounters, we 'll protest!
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale.
That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
Riding at anchor, by a meeting-house.

John Gardner Calkins Brainard.

Newport, R. I.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor, whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,

As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw

Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;

She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

THEY say that she died of a broken heart
(I tell the tale as 't was told to me);
But her spirit lives, and her soul is part
Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French:
It was nearly a hundred years ago
When he sailed away from her arms — poor wench —
With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase
Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,
At what golden-laced speech of those modish days
She listened — the mischief take her!

But she kept the posies of mignonette
That he gave; and ever as their bloom failed
And faded (though with her tears still wet)
Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud
Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
Her soul went up on that lifted cloud
From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled that she passes through
With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way?

* * *

I sit in the sad old house to-night, —
Myself a ghost from a farther sea;

And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from porch and lawn,
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill;
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two;
And there is no sound in the sad old house,
But the long veranda dripping with dew,
And in the wainscot a mouse.

The light of my study-lamp streams out
From the library door, but has gone astray
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a sense o'erwrought
With outward watching and inward fret?
But I swear that the air just now was fraught
With the odor of mignonette!

I open the window, and seem almost —
So still lies the ocean — to hear the beat
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbor's windows the gas-lights flare,
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss;
And I wonder now could I fit that air
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odor of mignonette there is
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn;
And mayhap from causes as slight as this
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtle, sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,
And I see no face at my library door;
For now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,
She is viewless forevermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume,
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel, as I pass from the darkened room,
She has been with my soul to-night!

Bret Harte.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

IT is nearly a hundred years ago,
Since the day that the Count de Rochambeau —
Our ally against the British crown —
Met Washington in Newport town.

'T was the month of March, and the air was chill,
But bareheaded over Aquidneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side was the grand array

Of a gallant army, French and fine,
Ranged three deep in a glittering line;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Canonicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes, that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau;
And the gallant marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back, with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose

In his gold-laced coat; but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night and day after day,
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At feast, or at church, or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, day after day,
Was speeding farther and farther away
From the fatal window, the fatal street,
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
And her dangerous heart and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a curséd Frenchman, high or low;
And so while the Count de Rochambeau
In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
And awaited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
On the little deck of the sloop Delight;
Guarded even in the darkness there
By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck, — 't was the sloop Delight,
Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale;
Then "Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, "so my fine romance
From beginning to end is a rose and a glance."

Nora Perry.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

HOW strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
While underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for he created Death!"
The mourners said, "and Death is rest and peace";
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea — that desert desolate —
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;

Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with Marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE GRAY CLIFF AT NEWPORT.

WHAT strivest thou for, O thou most mighty ocean,
Rolling thy ceaseless sweeping surfs ashore?
Canst thou not stay that restless, wild commotion?
Must that low murmur moan forevermore?
Yet thou art better than our hearts, though yearning
Still for some unattainéd, unknown land;
Thou still art constant, evermore returning,
With each fresh wind, to kiss our waiting strand.
O heart! if restless, like the yearning ocean,
Like it be all thy waves, of one emotion!

Whither, with canvas wings, O ship, art sailing, —
Homeward or outward bound, to shore or sea?
What thought within thy strong sides is prevailing, —
Hope or despair, sorrow or careless glee?
Thou, too, art like our hearts, which gayly seeming,
With hope sails set to catch each freshening breeze,
In truth art sad, with tears and trials teeming, —
Perhaps to sail no more on life's wild seas.
O heart! while sailing, like a ship, remember,
Thou, too, mayst founder in a rough December!

Why your white arms, ye windmills, are ye crossing
In sad succession to the evening breeze,
As though within your gray old heads were tossing
Thoughts of fatigue and longings after ease? —
But ye are better than our hearts, for grieving
Over your cares ye work your destined way,

While they, their solemn duties weakly leaving,
In helpless sorrow weep their lives away.
O heart! if like those hoary giants mourning,
Why not be taught by their instructive warning!

William Croswell Doane.

THE CLIFFS AT NEWPORT.

O NEWPORT! chosen sweetheart of the sea,
Wooed by the waves at each returning tide;
The strong rocks guard thee, lest thou daintily
Shouldst, slipping 'twixt their crags, flee as his bride.

O waves! that beat upon a hopeless shore,
That ask and call, and, weeping, turn again,
So shall you rise and fall forevermore,
Nor even time shall bring you joy for pain.

Within the silent chamber of my heart
It is as with the city and the sea;
For Fate is strong, and holds me still apart
From one who hopes, and, trusting, waits for me.

Ruth Dana.

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

SO the man be a man, let him worship, at will,
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's hill.
When she makes up her jewels, what cares yon good town
For the Baptist of Wayland, the Quaker of Brown?

And this green, favored island, so fresh and sea-blown,
When she counts up the worthies her annals have known,
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of sect
To measure her love and mete out her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem walking her strand,
Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in his hand,—
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and, smiling serene
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Norridgewock, Me.

OLD NORRIDGEWOCK.

THIS is a quiet old town, living more in the past than the present;
Dreamily flows its life, like its dreamy, beautiful river.
Grass grows green in its streets, the streets are still and deserted;
Over them arch the elms, the gothic roof of a temple.
Birds are the only choirs, the wind is a deep-sounding organ,
As it plays on the branches of pines hanging over the river.
Moss is deep on thy roofs, O Norridgewock! old are thy houses!

Past are the palmy days when thy stores were busy with traffic,
And on the green were heard the merry voices of children.
Rarely now the dust of thy street is disturbed by a carriage,
And a stranger passing on foot is regarded with wonder.
But thy beauty remains, thy wooded hills and thy orchards,
And the pastures dotted with sheep or ruminant cattle,
And thy Kennebec, unchanged yet constantly changing,
Varying with the sky, now sombre, now gleefully laughing
As the joyous breeze and the sunbeams play on its waters;
Now reflecting its banks and the old oaks bending above it;
Or golden lights from the clouds, when the wind is still and the sunset
Paints on the western sky the glory of gold and of crimson.

* * *

Sunset Hill looks down on the village, and hither the young folks
Thrice in a summer carry their baskets and lunch on its summit.
There is a lovely view, — the Kennebec valley, the river
Calm as a windless lake, reflecting its banks and its bridges,
Hidden here, and here in sight, till it reaches Skowhegan.

Under us lies the village, but lost mid its elms and its maples.
Watched by the old church tower and the court-house, long since deserted,
And in the west are the mountains, all faint and blue in the distance.

* * *

Nathan Haskell Dole.

AT NORRIDGEWOCK.

'TIS morning over Norridgewock, —
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred
At intervals by breeze and bird,
And wearing all the hues which glow
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,
That glorious picture of the air,
Which summer's light-robed angel forms
On the dark ground of fading storms,
With pencil dipped in sunbeams there, —
And, stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
The aching and the dazzled eye
Rests, gladdened, on the calm blue sky, —
Slumbers the mighty wilderness!
The oak, upon the windy hill,
Its dark green burthen upward heaves;
The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage darker still,

Against the birch's graceful stem,
And the rough walnut-bough receives
The sun upon its crowded leaves,
Each colored like a topaz gem;
And the tall maple wears with them
The coronal, which autumn gives,
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
The hectic of a dying year!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Northampton, Mass.

NORTHAMPTON.

ERE from thy calm seclusion parted,
O fairest village of the plain!
The thoughts that here to life have started
Draw me to Nature's heart again.

The tasselled maize, full grain or clover,
Far o'er the level meadow grows,
And through it, like a wayward rover,
The noble river gently flows.

Majestic elms, with trunks unshaken
By all the storms an age can bring,
Trail sprays whose rest the zephyrs waken,
Yet lithesome with the juice of spring.

By sportive airs the foliage lifted,
Each green leaf shows its white below,

As foam on emerald waves is drifted,
Their tints alternate come and go.

* * *

And when the distant mountain ranges
In moonlight or blue mist are clad,
Oft memory all the landscape changes,
And pensive thoughts are blent with glad.

For then, as in a dream Elysian,
Val d'Arno's fair and loved domain
Seems, to my rapt yet waking vision,
To yield familiar charms again.

Save that for dome and turret hoary,
Amid the central valley lies
A white church-spire unknown to story,
And smoke-wreaths from a cottage rise.

On Holyoke's summit woods are frowning,
No line of cypresses we see,
Nor convent old with beauty crowning
The heights of sweet Fiesole.

* * *

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

HOLYOKE VALLEY.

HOW many years have made their flights,
Northampton, over thee and me,
Since last I scaled those purple heights
That guard the pathway to the sea;

Or climbed, as now, the topmost crown
Of western ridges, whence again
I see, for miles beyond the town,
That sunlit stream divide the plain?

There still the giant warders stand
And watch the current's downward flow,
And northward still, with threatening hand,
The river bends his ancient bow.

I see the hazy lowlands meet
The sky, and count each shining spire,
From those which sparkle at my feet
To distant steeples tipt with fire.

For still, old town, thou art the same:
The redbreasts sing their choral tune,
Within thy mantling elms aflame,
As in that other, dearer June,

When here my footsteps entered first,
And summer perfect beauty wore,
And all thy charms upon me burst,
While Life's whole journey lay before.

Here every fragrant walk remains,
Where happy maidens come and go,
And students saunter in the lanes
And hum the songs I used to know.

I gaze, yet find myself alone,
And walk with solitary feet:

How strange these wonted ways have grown!
Where are the friends I used to meet?

In yonder shaded Academe
The rippling metres flow to-day,
But other boys at sunset dream
Of love, and laurels far away;

And ah! from yonder trellised home,
Less sweet the faces are that peer
Than those of old, and voices come
Less musically to my ear.

Sigh not, ye breezy elms, but give
The murmur of my sweetheart's vows,
When Life was something worth to live,
And Love was young beneath your boughs!

Fade beauty, smiling everywhere,
That can from year to year outlast
Those charms a thousand times more fair,
And, oh, our joys so quickly past!

Or smile to gladden fresher hearts
Henceforth: but they shall yet be led,
Revisiting these ancient parts,
Like me to mourn their glory fled.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Norwich, Conn.

THE INLAND CITY.

GUARDED by circling streams and wooded mountains,
Like sentinels round a queen,
Dotted with groves and musical with fountains,
The city lies serene.

Not far away the Atlantic tide diverges,
And, up the southern shore
Of gray New England, rolls in shortened surges,
That murmur evermore.

The fairy city! not for frowning castle
Do I extol her name,
Not for the gardens and the domes palatial
Of oriental fame;

Yet if there be one man who will not rally,
One man, who sayeth not
That of all cities in the Eastern valley
Ours is the fairest spot;

Then let him roam beneath those elms gigantic,
Or idly wander where
Shetucket flows meandering, where Yantic
Leaps through the cloven air;

Gleaming from rock to rock with sunlit motion,
Then slumbering in the cove;

So sinks the soul, from Passion's wild devotion,
To the deep calm of Love.

And journey with me to the village olden,
Among whose devious ways
Are mossy mansions, rich with legends golden
Of early forest days;

Elysian time! when, by the rippling water,
Or in the woodland groves,
The Indian warrior and the Sachem's daughter
Whispered their artless loves;

Legends of fords, where Uncas made his transit,
Fierce for the border war,
And drove all day the alien Narragansett
Back to his haunts afar;

Tales of the after-time, when scant and humble
Grew the Mohegan band,
And Tracy, Griswold, Huntington, and Trumbull
Were judges in the land.

So let the caviller feast on old tradition,
And then at sunset climb
Up yon green hill, where on his broadened vision
May burst the view sublime!

The city spires, with stately power impelling
The soul to look above,
And peaceful homes, in many a rural dwelling,
Lit up with flames of love; —

And then confess, nor longer idly dally,
While sinks the lingering sun,
That of all cities in the Eastern valley
Ours is the fairest one.

* * *

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Ossipee, the Lake, N. H.

ON THE HILLS.

FOR weeks the clouds had raked the hills,
And vexed the vales with raining;
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

At last a sudden night-storm tore
The mountain veils asunder,
And swept the valleys clean before
The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich Notch the west-wind sang
Good-morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake, Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky,
The peaks had winter's keenness;
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales
Had more than June's fresh greenness.

You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven, —
How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purple lights of heaven;

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains;
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Otter, the River, Vt.

THE RIVER OTTER.

A HUNDRED times the Summer's fragrant blooms
Have laden all the air with sweet perfumes, —
A hundred times along the mountain-side
Autumn has flung his crimson banners wide, —
A hundred times has kindly Winter spread
His snowy mantle o'er the violet's bed, —
A hundred times has Earth rejoiced to hear
The Spring's light footsteps in the forest sere,
Since on yon grassy knoll the quick, sharp stroke
Of the young woodman's axe the silence broke.

Not then did these encircling hills look down
On quaint old farmhouse or on steepled town.
No church-spires pointed to the arching skies;
No wandering lovers saw the moon arise;
No childish laughter mingled with the song
Of the fair Otter, as it flowed along
As brightly then as now. Ah! little recked
The joyous river, when the sunshine flecked
Its dancing wavelets, that no human eye
Gave it glad welcome as it frolicked by!
The long, uncounted years had come and flown,
And it had still swept on, unseen, unknown,
Biding its time. No minstrel sang its praise,
No poet named it in immortal lays.
It played no part in legendary lore,
And young Romance knew not its winding shore.

* * *

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Parker River, Mass.

PARKER RIVER.

WHERE THE FIRST SETTLERS OF NEWBURY LANDED IN SEPTEMBER, 1634.

THROUGH broad gleaming meadows of billowy grass,
That forms at its outlet a long narrow pass,
The river comes down
By farms whose high tillage gives note to the town,

As sparkling and bright
As it gladdened the sight
Of the fathers who first found its beautiful shore,
And felt here was home, — they need wander no more.

When the swallows were gathering in flocks for their flight,
As if conscious some foe of their kind were in sight,
They pushed up the stream
In the low level rays of the sun's lingering beam,
That lit all below
With a magical glow,
That brought by resemblance old England to mind,
Whose shores they had left with such heart-ache behind.

The golden-rod waved its bright plumes from the bank,
As if all the sunshine of summer it drank,
And grapes full and fair
Their wild native fragrance flung out on the air;
And asters, and all
The gay flowerets of fall
That lengthen the season's long dreamy delight,
Were crowding the woodside their beauty made bright.

In the soft sunny days of September they came,
When the trees here and there were alight with the flame
That betokens decay
And the passing of summer in glory away;
As if the great Cause
Of Nature's grand laws

Had set his red signet that here should be stayed
The tide of the year in its pomp and parade.

And now, as I stand on this broad open height,
And take in the view with enraptured delight,
I feel as they felt
Who in fervor of soul by these bright waters knelt,
That here I could rest
In the consciousness blest
That Nature has given all heart, hand, or eye
Could crave for contentment that earth can supply; —

The limitless ocean that stretches away
Beyond the bright islets that light up the bay,
The murmurous roar
Of the surf breaking in on the long line of shore,
And rivers that run
Like gold in the sun,
And broad sunny hillsides and bright breezy groves,
And all one instinctively longs for and loves.

Trees bending with fruit touched with tints of the morn,
Fields soft with the late springing verdure unshorn,
And glimpses so fair
Of city and river and sails here and there,
And cottages white
On the beach by the light, —
The picturesque roadside, and vistas that seem
Like openings to fairy-land seen but in dream.

* * *

Adieu, gentle river! though long I may wait
Ere here I shall stand at the day's golden gate,

And take in the view
That brings back the past as so old and so new;
Yet memory will still
Haunt this storied old hill
Whence I see as in vision the prospect unrolled
In all the bright splendor of purple and gold.

Henry Henderson.

Pawtucket Falls, R. I.

PAWTUCKET FALLS.

AT last a sound, like murmurs from the shore,
Of far-off ocean when the storm is bound,
Grows on his ear, and still increases more
As he advances, till the woods resound,
And seem to tremble with the constant roar
Of many waters. Ay, the very ground
Begins to shake, when 'neath the arching trees,
Bright glimmering, and fast gliding down, he sees

Broad rushing waters, — to their dizzy steep
Hither they come; thence, glimmering far as sight,
Up 'twixt the groves can trace their coming sweep;
Here, from the precipice all frothy white,
Uttering an earthquake in their headlong leap,
And flinging sunbows o'er their showery flight,
And bursting wild, — down, down, all foam they go
To the dark gulf, and smoke and boil below.

Thence, hurrying onward through the narrow bound
Of banks precipitous, they murmuring go,
Till by the jutting cliffs half wheeling round,
They leave the view among the hills below.
There paused our father, ravished with the sound
Of the wild waters, and their rapid flow;
And there, all lonely, joyed that he had found
Thy Falls, Pawtucket, and where Seekonk wound.

Job Durfee.

Pemaquid, Me.

GOD'S ACRE AT OLD PEMAQUID.

WHERE ocean breezes sweep across the restless deep
It stands, with headstones quaint with sculpture rude,
Its green turf thickly sown with dust of lives unknown,
Like withered leaves on autumn pathway strewed.

Willow nor cypress bough shadow the dead below,
Nor mournful yew, by summer's soft breath stirred;
The dawn, and twilight's fall, never made musical
By carol clear of some sweet-throated bird.

Not from the sunny earth, her tones of sylvan mirth,
Her flowery meads, and plains of waving corn,
But from the treacherous waves, their rocks and sparry caves,
Unto their rest were these sad sleepers borne.

Perchance they had their home far from the crested foam,
And blue seas rippling o'er the pink-lipped shells.
Some green vale far away, where sweet-voiced waters play,
And the bee murmurs in the wild-flower's bells.

O churchyard drear and lone! haunted by voices gone
And silent feet, and lives like rose leaves shed,
Thy dust shall yet arise, when from our earthly skies
Mists fade away and seas give up their dead.

Anonymous.

Pemigewasset, the River, N. H.

MY MOUNTAIN.

I SHUT my eyes in the snow-fall
And dream a dream of the hills.
The sweep of a host of mountains,
The flash of a hundred rills,

For a moment they crowd my vision;
Then, moving in troops along,
They leave me one still mountain-picture,
The murmur of one river's song.

'T is the musical Pemigewasset,
That sings to the hemlock-trees
Of the pines on the Profile Mountain,
Of the stony Face that sees,

Far down in the vast rock-hollows
The waterfall of the Flume,
The blithe cascade of the Basin,
And the deep Pool's lonely gloom.

All night, from the cottage-window
I can hear the river's tune;
But the hushed air gives no answer
Save the hemlocks' sullen rune.

A lamb's bleat breaks through the stillness,
And into the heart of night.—
Afar and around, the mountains,
Veiled watchers, expect the light.

Then up comes the radiant morning
To smile on their vigils grand;
Still muffled in cloudy mantles
Do their stately ranges stand?

It is not the lofty Haystacks
Piled up by the great Notch-Gate,
Nor the glow of the Cannon Mountain,
That the Dawn and I await,

To loom out of northern vapors;
But a shadow, a pencilled line,
That grows to an edge of opal
Where earth-light and heaven-light shine.

Now rose-tints bloom from the purple;
Now the blue climbs over the green;

Now, bright in its bath of sunshine,
The whole grand Shape is seen.

Is it one, or unnumbered summits, —
The Vision so high, so fair,
Hanging over the singing River
In the magical depths of air?

Ask not the name of my mountain!
Let it rise in its grandeur lone;
Be it one of a mighty thousand,
Or a thousand blent in one.

Would a name evoke new splendor
From its wrapping and folds of light,
Or a line of the weird rock-writing
Make plainer to mortal sight?

You have lived and learnt this marvel:
That the holiest joy that came
From its beautiful heaven to bless you,
Nor needed nor found a name.

Enough, on the brink of the river
Looking up and away, to know
That the Hill loves the Pemigewasset.
And broods o'er its murmurous flow.

Perhaps, if the Campton meadows
Should attract your pilgrim feet
Up the summer road to the mountains,
You may chance my dream to meet: —

Either mine, or one more wondrous.
Or perhaps you will look, and say
You behold only rocks and sunshine,
Be it dying or birth of day.

Though you find but the stones that build it,
I shall see through the snow-fall still,
Hanging over the Pemigewasset,
My glorified, dream-crowned Hill.

Lucy Larcom.

Penikese, the Island, Mass.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

ON the isle of Penikese,
Ringed about by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the Master with his school.
Over sails that not in vain
Wooed the west-wind's steady strain,
Line of coast that low and far
Stretched its undulating bar,
Wings aslant along the rim
Of the waves they stooped to skim,
Rock and isle and glistening bay,
Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth:
"We have come in search of truth,

Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,
Him, the endless, unbegun,
The Unnamable, the One
Light of all our light the Source,
Life of life, and Force of force.
As with fingers of the blind,
We are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean
Of the Unseen in the Seen,
What the Thought which underlies
Nature's masking and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath
Blight and bloom and birth and death.
By past efforts unavailing,
Doubt and error, loss and failing,
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer!"

Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to heaven interpreted.

As, in life's best hours, we hear
By the spirit's finer ear
His low voice within us, thus
The All-Father heareth us ;
And his holy ear we pain
With our noisy words and vain.
Not for Him our violence
Storming at the gates of sense,
His the primal language, his
The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent,
With a gesture reverent,
To the Master well-beloved.
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplit
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear.
Who the secret may declare
Of that brief, unuttered prayer ?
Did the shade before him come
Of the inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity's new year ?

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the isle of Penikese ;

But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again:
Where the eyes that follow fail,
On a vaster sea his sail
Drifts beyond our beck and hail.
Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well:
But when breezes light and bland
Blow from Summer's blossomed land,
When the air is glad with wings,
And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
Many an eye with his still face
Shall the living ones displace,
Many an ear the word shall seek
He alone could fitly speak.
And one name forevermore
Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
By the waves that kiss the shore,
By the curlew's whistle sent
Down the cool, sea-scented air;
In all voices known to her,
Nature owns her worshipper,
Half in triumph, half lament.
Thither Love shall tearful turn,
Friendship pause uncovered there,
And the wisest reverence learn
From the Master's silent prayer.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

PENIKESE.

NOT vainly Homer saw it in a dream,
Circling the world and bounding continents;
Our shore is girdled by an Ocean Stream,
Which nearest to the Vineyard Sound indents.

There fringing the azure deep are happy isles,
Which swim in warmth of Equatorial seas,
And gladden in the gracious Summer's smiles, —
The smallest, nearest us is Penikese.

A string of pearls they lie on Ocean's breast,
Steeped in a languor brought them from afar,
And drowse through summer days in silent rest,
Kissed by mild waves and loved of moon and star.

Once the shy Indian saw his shadow shake
Across the wave, as he withdrew his spear
From the struck bass, or heard within the brake
The tender grass torn by the feeding deer.

Those dumb, waste centuries of loss are o'er,
A better, nobler day to them succeeds:
Now Science rears her watch-tower by the shore,
Round it are scholars whom a teacher leads.

The light within the watch-tower is his mind,
Cosmic, with forms of life which end in man;
There all the tribes their place in order find,
As if he read the thought of God's own plan.

* * *

Oh! happy ones who read the book of life,
Till ye through him in wisdom daily grow,
To find how far above Earth's barren strife
Is the soul's hunger — toil divine — to know.

What pastoral lives of true simplicity!
Plain living and high thinking, with the bond
Between them of a lofty sympathy,
Whose circlet rings this world and worlds beyond.

Hail! generous heart which gave its home of years!
Hail, too, ye youth who lean on such a guide!
Long may the shrine which now glad Science rears
Shine like a load-star o'er the waters wide.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

Penobscot, the Bay, Me.

PENOBSCOT BAY.

FAR eastward o'er the lovely bay,
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;
And gently from that Indian town
The verdant hillside slopes adown,
To where the sparkling waters play
Upon the yellow sands below;
And shooting round the winding shores
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby, —

With birchen boat and glancing oars,
The red men to their fishing go;
While from their planting ground is borne
The treasure of the golden corn,
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun.
Watching the huskers, with a smile
For each full ear which swells the pile;
And the old chief, who nevermore
May bend the bow or pull the oar,
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie, —
Gems of the waters! — with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees
Touched by the pencil of the frost,
And, with the motion of each breeze,
A moment seen, — a moment lost, —
Changing and blent, confused and tossed,
The brighter with the darker crossed
Their thousand tints of beauty glow
Down in the restless waves below,
And tremble in the sunny skies,
As if, from waving bough to bough,
Flitted the birds of paradise.

There sleep Placentia's group, — and there
Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father's hut is seen,
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock-boughs between,
Half trembling, as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.
There, gloomily against the sky
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air, —
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean kings of old;
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,
Swells in the north vast Katahdin:
And, wandering from its marshy feet,
The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with his own bright bay.
Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,
Arched over by the ancient woods,
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,
Wielding the dull axe of Decay,
Alone hath ever shorn away.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Penobscot, the River, Me.

NOREMBEGA.

NOREMBEGA, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country southwest of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.

THE winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took,
From where, to count its beaded lakes,
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,
For sun or stars to fall,
While evermore, behind, before,
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath
Wan flowers without a name;
Life tangled with decay and death,
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill
The rounding shadow lay,
Save where the river cut at will
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,
Weak as a child unweaned,
At shut of day a Christian knight
Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burned down;
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires
Of Norembega town."

"Alack! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"Oh hush and hark! What sounds are these
But chants and holy hymns?"
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tone?"
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised! — He sets for me
A blessed cross in sight!"
"Now, nay, 't is but yon blasted tree
With two gaunt arms outright!"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,
It mattereth not, my knave;

Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,
The cross is for my grave!

"My life is sped; I shall not see
My home-set sails again;
The sweetest eyes of Normandie
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembega's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part
At Christian feet to lay
The mystery of the desert's heart
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest; go thou
And look from yonder heights;
Perchance the valley even now
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,
He saw nor tower nor town,
But through the drear woods, lone and still,
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things
Whose shapes he could not see,
A flutter as of evil wings,
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,
A sword of fire beyond;
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back: "O master dear,
We are but men misled;
And thou hast sought a city here
To find a grave instead."

"As God shall will! what matters where
A true man's cross may stand,
So Heaven be o'er it here as there
In pleasant Norman land?

"These woods, perchance, no secret hide
Of lordly tower and hall;
Yon river in its wanderings wide
Has washed no city wall;

"Yet mirrored in the sullen stream
The holy stars are given:
Is Norembega, then, a dream
Whose waking is in Heaven?

"No builded wonder of these lands
My weary eyes shall see;
A city never made with hands
Alone awaiteth me —

"'*Urbs Syon mystica*'; I see
Its mansions passing fair,

'*Condita cælo*'; let me be,
Dear Lord, a dweller there!"

Above the dying exile hung
The vision of the bard,
As faltered on his failing tongue
The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave
Beneath the hemlocks brown,
And to the desert's keeping gave
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the unknown stream,
And Norembega proved again
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave
Within the hemlock's shade,
And, stretching wide its arms to save,
The sign that God had made,

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot
And made it holy ground:
He needs the earthly city not
Who hath the heavenly found.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

MIDSUMMER'S crimson moon,
Above the hills like some night-opening rose,
Uplifted, pours its beauty down the vale
Where broad Penobscot flows.

* * *

And I remember now
That this is haunted ground. In ages past
Here stood the storied Norembega's walls
Magnificent and vast.

The streets were ivory paved,
The stately walls were built of golden ore,
Its domes outshone the sunset, and full boughs
Hesperian fruitage bore.

And up this winding flood
Has wandered many a sea-tossed daring bark,
While eager eyes have scanned the rugged shore,
Or pierced the wildwood dark.

But watched in vain; afar
They saw the spires gleam golden on the sky,
The distant drum-beat heard, or bugle-note
Wound wildly, fitfully.

Banners of strange device
Beckoned from distant heights, yet as the stream
Narrowed among the hills, the city fled
A mystery, — or a dream.

In the deep forest hid
Like the enchanted princess of romance,
Wooing an endless search, yet still secure
In her unbroken trance.

O city of the Past!
No mirage of the wilderness wert thou!
Though yet unfreed from the mysterious spell,
I deem thee slumbering now.

Perhaps invisible feet,
White-sandalled, pass amid the moonbeams pale;
Yon shadowy wave may be some lordly barge
Drifting with phantom sail.

The legend was not all
A myth, it was a prophecy as well;
In Norembega's cloud-rapt palaces
The living yet shall dwell.

Fed by its hundred lakes,
Here shall the river run o'er golden sands!
These hills in burnished tower and temple shine
Beneath the Builder's hands.

Where tarries still the hour
When the true knight shall the enchantment break?
Unveil the peerless city of the East,
The charméd princess wake?

Till then, O river! tell
To none but dreaming bards the Future's boon!
Till then, guard thou the mystery of the vale,
Midsummer midnight moon!

Frances L. Mace.

Piscataqua, the River, N. H.

PISCATAQUA RIVER.

THOU singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods, and fields of corn,
Thou singest, and the heaven smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest.
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast!

To let the wherry listless go,
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
Dip, and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor-buoy;

To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores;

To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fires
Light up the windows of the town
And burn the tapering spires;

And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples slim and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The Beacon's orange light.

O River! flowing to the main
Through woods, and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain
This sunny birthday morn;

And take this song which sorrow shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Pittsfield, Mass.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!

With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!"
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;

O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding-night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Plum Island, Mass.

INSIDE PLUM ISLAND.

WE floated in the idle breeze,
With all our sails a-shiver;
The shining tide came softly through,
And filled Plum Island River.

The shining tide stole softly up
Across the wide green splendor,
Creek swelling creek till all in one
The marshes made surrender.

And clear the flood of silver swung
Between the brimming edges,
And now the depths were dark, and now
The boat slid o'er the sedges.

And here a yellow sand-spit foamed
Amid the great sea meadows,
And here the slumberous waters gloomed
Lucid in emerald shadows.

While, in their friendly multitude
Encamped along our quarter,
The host of hay-cocks seemed to float
With doubles in the water.

Around the sunny distance rose
A blue and hazy highland,

And winding down our winding way
The sand-hills of Plum Island, —

The windy dunes that hid the sea
For many a dreary acre,
And muffled all its thundering fall
Along the wild South Breaker.

We crept by Oldtown's marshy mouth,
By reedy Rowley drifted,
But far away the Ipswich bar
Its white caps tossed and shifted.

Sometimes we heard a bittern boom,
Sometimes a piping plover,
Sometimes there came the lonesome cry
Of white gulls flying over.

Sometimes, a sudden fount of light,
A sturgeon splashed, and fleeting
Behind the sheltering thatch we heard
Oars in the rowlocks beating.

But all the rest was silence, save
The rippling in the rushes,
The gentle gale that struck the sail
In fitful swells and gushes.

Silence and summer and the sun,
Waking a wizard legion,
Wove as we went their ancient spells
In this enchanted region.

No spectral care could part the veil
Of mist and sunbeams shredded,
That everywhere behind us closed
The labyrinth we threaded.

Beneath our keel the great sky arched
Its liquid light and azure;
We swung between two heavens, ensphered,
Within their charmed embrasure.

Deep in that watery firmament,
With flickering lustres splendid,
Poised in his perfect flight, we saw
The painted hawk suspended,

And there, the while the boat-side leaned,
With youth and laughter laden,
We saw the red fin of the perch,
We saw the swift manhaden.

Outside, the hollow sea might cry,
The wailing wind give warning;
No whisper saddened us, shut in
With sunshine and the morning.

Oh, far, far off the weary world
With all its tumult waited,
Forever here with drooping sails
Would we have hung belated!

Yet, when the flaw came ruffling down,
And round us curled and sallied,

We skimmed with bubbles on our track,
As glad as when we dallied.

Broadly the bare brown Hundreds rose,
The herds their hollows keeping,
And clouds of wings about her mast
From Swallowbanks were sweeping.

While evermore the Bluff before
Grew greenly on our vision,
Lifting beneath its waving boughs
Its grassy slopes Elysian.

There, all day long, the summer sea
Creams murmuring up the shingle;
There, all day long, the airs of earth
With airs of heaven mingle.

Singing we went our happy way,
Singing old songs, nor noted
Another voice that with us sang,
As wing and wing we floated.

Till hushed, we listened, while the air
With music still was beating,
Voice answering tuneful voice, again
The words we sang repeating.

A flight of fluting echoes, sent
With elfin carol o'er us, —
More sweet than bird-song in the prime
Rang out the sea-blown chorus.

Behind those dunes the storms had heaped
In all fantastic fashion,
Who syllabled our songs in strains
Remote from human passion?

What tones were those that caught our own,
Filtered through light and distance,
And tossed them gayly to and fro
With such a sweet insistence?

What shoal of sea-sprites, to the sun
Along the margin flocking,
Dripping with salt dews from the deeps,
Made this melodious mocking?

We laughed, — a hundred voices rose
In airiest, fairiest laughter;
We sang, — a hundred voices quired
And sang the whole song after.

One standing eager in the prow
Blew out his bugle cheerly,
And far and wide their horns replied
More silverly and clearly.

And falling down the falling tide,
Slow and more slowly going,
Flown far, flown far, flown faint and fine,
We heard their horns still blowing.

Then, with the last delicious note
To other skies alluring,
Down ran the sails; beneath the Bluff
The boat lay at her mooring.

* * *

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Plymouth, Mass.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE pilgrim fathers, — where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile — sainted name! —
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head; —
But the pilgrim — where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When Summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

John Pierpont.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Hemans.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH.

I SAT one evening in my room,
In that sweet hour of twilight
When blended thoughts, half light, half gloom,
Throng through the spirit's skylight;
The flames by fits curled round the bars,
Or up the chimney crinkled,
While embers dropped like falling stars,
And in the ashes tinkled.

I sat and mused; the fire burned low,
And, o'er my senses stealing,
Crept something of the ruddy glow
That bloomed on wall and ceiling;
My pictures (they are very few,
The heads of ancient wise men)
Smoothed down their knotted fronts, and grew
As rosy as excisemen.

My antique high-backed Spanish chair
Felt thrills through wood and leather,

That had been strangers since whilere,
Mid Andalusian heather,
The oak that made its sturdy frame
His happy arms stretched over
The ox whose fortunate hide became
The bottom's polished cover.

It came out in that famous bark,
That brought our sires intrepid,
Capacious as another ark
For furniture decrepit;
For, as that saved of bird and beast
A pair for propagation,
So has the seed of these increased
And furnished half the nation.

Kings sit, they say, in slippery seats;
But those slant precipices
Of ice the northern voyager meets
Less slippery are than this is;
To cling therein would pass the wit
Of royal man or woman,
And whatsoe'er can stay in it
Is more or less than human.

I offer to all bores this perch,
Dear well-intentioned people
With heads as void as week-day church,
Tongues longer than the steeple;
To folks with missions, whose gaunt eyes
See golden ages rising, —

Salt of the earth! in what queer Guys
Thou 'rt fond of crystallizing!

My wonder, then, was not unmixed
With merciful suggestion,
When, as my roving eyes grew fixed
Upon the chair in question,
I saw its trembling arms enclose
A figure grim and rusty,
Whose doublet plain and plainer hose
Were something worn and dusty.

Now even such men as Nature forms
Merely to fill the street with,
Once turned to ghosts by hungry worms,
Are serious things to meet with;
Your penitent spirits are no jokes,
And, though I 'm not averse to
A quiet shade, even they are folks
One cares not to speak first to.

Who knows, thought I, but he has come,
By Charon kindly ferried,
To tell me of a mighty sum
Behind my wainscot buried?
There is a buccaneerish air
About that garb outlandish —
Just then the ghost drew up his chair
And said, "My name is Standish.

"I come from Plymouth, deadly bored
With toasts, and songs, and speeches,

As long and flat as my old sword,
  As threadbare as my breeches:
They understand us Pilgrims! they,
  Smooth men with rosy faces,
Strength's knots and gnarls all pared away,
  And varnish in their places!

"We had some toughness in our grain,
  The eye to rightly see us is
Not just the one that lights the brain
  Of drawing-room Tyrtæuses:
They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
  Their birthright high and holy!
A mountain-stream that ends in mud
  Methinks is melancholy.

"He had stiff knees, the Puritan,
  That were not good at bending;
The homespun dignity of man
  He thought was worth defending;
He did not, with his pinchbeck ore,
  His country's shame forgotten,
Gild Freedom's coffin o'er and o'er,
  When all within was rotten.

"These loud ancestral boasts of yours,
  How can they else than vex us?
Where were your dinner orators
  When slavery grasped at Texas?
Dumb on his knees was every one
  That now is bold as Cæsar;

Mere pegs to hang an office on
Such stalwart men as these are."

"Good sir," I said, "you seem much stirred;
The sacred compromises —"
"Now God confound the dastard word!
My gall thereat arises:
Northward it hath this sense alone,
That you, your conscience blinding,
Shall bow your fool's nose to the stone,
When slavery feels like grinding.

"'T is shame to see such painted sticks
In Vane's and Winthrop's places,
To see your spirit of Seventy-six
Drag humbly in the traces,
With slavery's lash upon her back,
And herds of office-holders
To shout applause, as, with a crack,
It peels her patient shoulders.

"We forefathers to such a rout! —
No, by my faith in God's word!"
Half rose the ghost, and half drew out
The ghost of his old broadsword,
Then thrust it slowly back again,
And said, with reverent gesture,
"No, Freedom, no! blood should not stain
The hem of thy white vesture.

"I feel the soul in me draw near
The mount of prophesying;

In this bleak wilderness I hear
A John the Baptist crying;
Far in the east I see upleap
The streaks of first forewarning,
And they who sowed the light shall reap
The golden sheaves of morning.

"Child of our travail and our woe,
Light in our day of sorrow,
Through my rapt spirit I foreknow
The glory of thy morrow;
I hear great steps, that through the shade
Draw nigher still and nigher,
And voices call like that which bade
The prophet come up higher."

I looked, no form mine eyes could find,
I heard the red cock crowing,
And through my window-chinks the wind
A dismal tune was blowing;
Thought I, My neighbor Buckingham
Hath somewhat in him gritty,
Some Pilgrim-stuff that hates all sham,
And he will print my ditty.

James Russell Lowell.

THE MAYFLOWERS.

THE trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!"

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,

Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns erelong shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

ELDER FAUNCE AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

AN old, old man!
His hair is white as snow,
His feeble footsteps slow,
And the light in his eyes grown dim.
An old, old man!
Yet they bow with reverence low,
With respect they wait on him.

They gather to his side,
And in his way they throng:
Greet him with love and pride

The aged and the young.
And the children leave their play
As he passes on his way,
And afar off they follow
This old, old man.

He has gone down to the rock
That is lying by the shore;
He hath silent sate him down;
And the young man, whose strong arm
Hath shielded him from harm,
Will not disturb the dream
That his spirit hovers o'er;
And the gathered throng beside him
Group them on the shore.

Long he sits in silence,
The old, old man;
While the waves with silvery reach
Go curling up the beach,
Or dash against the rocks in spray, —
The huge rocks bedded deep
At the base of the proud steep,
Where the green ridge of Manomet
Grandly rises far away.

All the air is still,
And every distant hill
Its summit veils in soft, misty blue;
Across the wide-spread bay,
Five-and-twenty miles away,
The white cliffs of Cape Cod hang in air,

As some mysterious hand,
Or enchanter's lifted wand,
Had suspended them, and charmed them there;
And o'er all the waters wide,
And the hills in summer pride,
And the islands in the bay that rise,
And over Saquish-head
And the Gurnet's breakers dread,
The mild, soft sunlight like a blessing lies.

The old man's eyes grow bright
With the light of bygone days;
His voice is strong and clear,
His form no more is bowed,
He stands erect and proud,
And, dashing from his eye the indignant tear,
He turns him to the crowd that wait expectant near,
And reverent on him gaze;
For they know that he has walked
In all the Pilgrim ways.

"Mark it well!" he cries,
"Mark it well!
This rock on which we stand:
For here the honored feet
Of our Fathers' exiled band
Pressed the land;
And not the wide, wide world,
Not either hemisphere,
Has a spot in its domain
To freedom half so dear."

* * *

Caroline Frances Orne.

Plymouth, N. H.

DEATH OF HAWTHORNE.

HE rose upon an early dawn of May,
And looked upon the stream and meadow flowers,
Then on the face of his beloved, and went;

And, passing, gazed upon the wayside haunt,
The homely budding gardens by the road,
And harvest promise, — still he said, I go.

Once more he mingled in the midday crowd,
And smiled a gentle smile, a sweet farewell,
Then moved towards the hills and laid him down.

Lying, he looked beyond the pathless heights,
Beyond the wooded steep and clouded peaks,
And, looking, questioned, then he loved and slept.

And while he slept his spirit walked abroad,
And wandered past the mountain, past the cloud,
Nor came again to rouse the form at peace.

Though like some bird we strive to follow him,
Fruitless we beat at the horizon's verge,
And fruitless seek the fathomless blue beyond.

We work and wait, and water with salt tears,
Learning to live that living we may sleep,
And sleeping cross the mountains to God's rest.

Annie Fields.

Portland, Me.

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song

Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song
It flutters and murmurs still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
  And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
  I find my lost youth again.
    And the strange and beautiful song,
    The groves are repeating it still:
  "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CHANGED.

FROM the outskirts of the town,
  Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
  Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
  Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
  By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
  Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
  Not the tides that used to run.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FESSENDEN'S GARDEN.

FROM this high window, in the twilight dim,
I look beyond a lofty garden wall,
And see well-ordered walks and borders trim,
With trellised vines and ranks of fruit-trees tall.

Along the darkling shrubbery, where most
The garden's olden lord at evening strayed,
I half perceive a silent, stately ghost
Taking dim shape against the denser shade.

His footstep makes no rustle in the grass,
Nor shakes the tenderest blossom on its stem;
The light leaves bend aside to let him pass, —
Or is it but the wind that touches them?

A statesman, with a grave, reflective air,
Once used to walk there, in the shadows sweet;
Now the broad apple-trees, his pride and care,
Spread their pink carpet wide for alien feet.

Beneath those friendly boughs, with mind unbent,
He found sometimes a respite sweet and brief;
Threaded the wandering ways in pleased content,
And plucked a flower, or pulled a fragrant leaf;

Twined a stray tendril, lopped a straggling limb,
Or raised a spray that drooped across the walk;
Watched unscared birds that shared the shade with him,
Saw robins build, or heard the sparrows talk.

His native streets now hardly know his name;
And in the world of politics, wherein
He toiled so long and earned an honored fame,
It is almost as though he had not been.

Amid the earnest councils of the land,
His lofty form, his cold and clear-cut face,
His even voice, and wise restraining hand
Are known no more, and others take his place.

But in this haunt of quietude and rest,
Which for so many years he loved and knew,
The bird comes back to build its annual nest,
The months return, with sun and snow and dew.

Nature lives on, though king or statesman dies;
Thus mockingly these little lives of ours,
So brief, so transient, seem to emphasize
The immortality of birds and flowers!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Portsmouth, N. H.

AMY WENTWORTH.

HER fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!
Her thoughts are not of thee;

She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog-wreath dim,
And bids the sea-birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men
He perilled life to save,
And grateful prayers like holy oil
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!
Fair toast of all the town! —
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems
The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be Fortune's spur;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown, —
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
She walks the gallery floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
By stormy Labrador!

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,
And green are Elliot's bowers;

Her garden is the pebbled beach,
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar
To see the white gulls fly;
His greeting from the Northern sea
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,

And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in hand,
Down the long lane, and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace, —
The slender form, the delicate, thin face;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say

These words, or thought he did, as plain as day:
"O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go
About the town half dressed, and looking so!"
At which the gypsy laughed, and straight replied:
"No matter how I look; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Arrested his attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat,
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea,
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high-road,

Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air, —
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless; and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,
That like a presence haunted every room;
For though not given to weakness, he could feel
The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went, — seven in all,
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall;
The dawns their splendor through its chambers shed,
The sunsets flushed its western windows red;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,

And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.
And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved:
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through;
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of Time, that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcomed this majestic holiday!
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers, —
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest;
For why repeat the name of every guest?
But I must mention one, in bands and gown,

The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty!
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birthday: it shall likewise be
My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied:
"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency; but to whom? I ask."
The Governor answered: "To this lady here";
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.

She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:
"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."
The rector read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Providence, R. I.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

LISTEN to his rich words, intoned
To songs of lofty cheer,
Who in the howling wilderness,
Mid forests wild and drear,

Breathed not of exile nor of wrong,
Through the long winter nights,
But uttered in exulting song,
The soul's unchartered rights;

Who sought the oracles of God
In the heart's veiléd shrine,
Nor asked the monarch nor the priest,
His sacred laws to sign.

The brave, high heart that would not yield
Its liberty of thought,
Far o'er the melancholy main,
Through bitter trials brought;

But, to a double exile doomed,
By Faith's pure guidance led, —
Through the dark labyrinth of life,
Held fast her golden thread.

Listen! The music of his dream
Perchance may linger still
In the old familiar places
Beneath the emerald hill.

The wave-worn rock still breasts the storm
On Seekonk's lonely side,
Where the dusk natives hailed the bark
That bore their gentle guide.

The spring that gushed amid the wild
In music on his ear,
Still pours its waters, undefiled,
The fainting heart to cheer.

And the fair cove, that slept so calm
Beneath o'ershadowing hills,
And bore the exile's evening psalm
Far up its flowery rills, —

The wave that parted to receive
The pilgrim's light canoe,
As if an angel's balmy wing
Had stirred its waters blue, —

What though the fire-winged courser's breath
Has swept its cooling tide,
And fast before its withering blast,
The rushing wave has dried,

Still, narrowed to our crowded mart, —
A fair enchanted mere, —
In the proud city's throbbing heart
It sleeps serene and clear.

Or turn we to the green hill's side;
There, with the spring-time showers,
The white-thorn o'er a nameless grave,
Rains its pale, silver flowers.

Yet memory lingers with the past,
Nor vainly seeks to trace
His footprints on a rock, whence time
Nor tempests can efface;

Whereon he planted, fast and deep,
The roof-tree of a home
Wide as the wings of Love may sweep,
Free as her thoughts may roam;

Where through all time the saints may dwell,
And from pure fountains draw
That peace which passeth human thought,
In liberty and law.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

WILLIAM GUILD was engineer of the train which on the 19th of April plunged into Meadow Brook, on the line of the Stonington and Providence Railroad. It was his custom, as often as he passed his home, to whistle an "All's well" to his wife. He was found, after the disaster, dead, with his hand on the throttle-valve of his engine.

TWO low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer —
That was the signal that Guild, 't is said —
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love-song, or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true,
So love to you!
Working or waiting, good night!" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence, —
"Nothing amiss —

Nothing! — it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Sang as it flew:
"To our trust true,
First of all, duty! Good night!" it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine, dead.

Bret Harte.

A NOVEMBER LANDSCAPE.

HOW like a rich and gorgeous picture hung
In memory's storied hall, seems that fair scene
O'er which long years their mellowing tints have flung.
The wayside flowers had faded one by one,
Hoar were the hills, the meadows drear and dun, —
When homeward, wending, 'neath the dusky screen
Of the autumnal woods at close of day,
As o'er a pine-clad height my pathway lay,

Lo! at a sudden turn, the vale below
Lay far outspread, all flushed with purple light;
Gray rocks and umbered woods gave back the glow
Of the last day-beams, fading into night;
While down the glen where fair Moshaussuck flows
With all its kindling lamps the distant city rose.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

TO THE WEATHERCOCK ON OUR STEEPLE.

THE dawn has broke, the morn is up,
Another day begun;
And there thy poised and gilded spear
Is flashing in the sun,
Upon that steep and lofty tower
Where thou thy watch hast kept,
A true and faithful sentinel,
While all around thee slept.

For years, upon thee, there has poured
The summer's noonday heat,
And through the long, dark, starless night
The winter storms have beat;
But yet thy duty has been done,
By day and night the same,
Still thou hast met and faced the storm,
Whichever way it came.

No chilling blast in wrath has swept
Along the distant heaven,

But thou hast watched its onward course,
And distant warning given;
And, when midsummer's sultry beams
Oppress all living things,
Thou dost foretell each breeze that comes
With health upon its wings.

How oft I've seen, at early dawn,
Or twilight's quiet hour,
The swallows, in their joyous glee,
Come darting round their tower,
As if, with thee, to hail the sun
And catch his earliest light,
And offer ye the morn's salute,
Or bid ye both good night.

And when, around thee or above,
No breath of air has stirred,
Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight
Of each free, happy bird,
Till, after twittering round thy head
In many a mazy track,
The whole delighted company
Have settled on thy back.

Then, if, perchance, amidst their mirth,
A gentle breeze has sprung,
And, prompt to mark its first approach,
Thy eager form hath swung,
I've thought I almost heard thee say,
As far aloft they flew, —

"Now all away! here ends our play,
For I have work to do!"

Men slander thee, my honest friend,
And call thee, in their pride,
An emblem of their fickleness,
Thou ever-faithful guide.
Each weak, unstable human mind
A "weathercock" they call;
And thus, unthinkingly, mankind
Abuse thee, one and all.

They have no right to make thy name
A byword for their deeds:
They change their friends, their principles,
Their fashions, and their creeds;
Whilst thou hast ne'er, like them, been known
Thus causelessly to range;
But when thou changest sides, canst give
Good reason for the change.

Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course
The thoughtless oft condemn,
Art touched by many airs from heaven
Which never breathe on them, —
And moved by many impulses
Which they do never know,
Who, round their earth-bound circles, plod
The dusty paths below.

Through one more dark and cheerless night
Thou well hast kept thy trust,

And now in glory o'er thy head
The morning light has burst.
And unto earth's true watcher, thus,
When his dark hours have passed,
Will come "the day-spring from on high,"
To cheer his path at last.

Bright symbol of fidelity,
Still may I think of thee;
And may the lesson thou dost teach
Be never lost on me;
But still, in sunshine or in storm,
Whatever task is mine,
May I be faithful to my trust,
As thou hast been to thine.

Albert G. Greene.

Rhode Island, the Island.

A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL.

I SAT beside the glowing grate, fresh heaped
With Newport coal, and as the flame grew bright, —
The many-colored flame, — and played and leaped,
I thought of rainbows and the Northern Light,
Moore's Lalla Rookh, the Treasury Report,
And other brilliant matters of the sort.

At last I thought of that fair isle which sent
The mineral fuel; on a summer day

I saw it once, with heat and travel spent,
And scratched by dwarf-oaks in the hollow way;
Now dragged through sand, now jolted over stone, —
A rugged road through rugged Tiverton.

And hotter grew the air, and hollower grew
The deep-worn path, and, horror-struck, I thought
Where will this dreary passage lead me to?
This long, dull road, so narrow, deep, and hot?
I looked to see it dive in earth outright;
I looked, — but saw a far more welcome sight.

Like a soft mist upon the evening shore,
At once a lovely isle before me lay;
Smooth, and with tender verdure covered o'er,
As if just risen from its calm inland bay;
Sloped each way gently to the grassy edge,
And the small waves that dallied with the sedge.

The barley was just reaped, — its heavy sheaves
Lay on the stubble field, — the tall maize stood
Dark in its summer growth, and shook its leaves, —
And bright the sunlight played on the young wood, —
For fifty years ago, the old men say,
The Briton hewed their ancient groves away.

I saw where fountains freshened the green land,
And where the pleasant road, from door to door
With rows of cherry-trees on either hand,
Went wandering all that fertile region o'er, —
Rogue's Island once, — but, when the rogues were dead,
Rhode Island was the name it took instead.

Beautiful island! then it only seemed
A lovely stranger, — it has grown a friend.
I gazed on its smooth slopes, but never dreamed
How soon that bright beneficent isle would send
The treasures of its womb across the sea,
To warm a poet's room and boil his tea.

Dark anthracite! that reddenest on my hearth,
Thou in those island mines didst slumber long;
But now thou art come forth to move the earth,
And put to shame the men that mean thee wrong.
Thou shalt be coals of fire to those that hate thee,
And warm the shins of all that underrate thee.

Yea, they did wrong thee foully, — they who mocked
Thy honest face, and said thou wouldst not burn;
Of hewing thee to chimney-pieces talked,
And grew profane, — and swore, in bitter scorn,
That men might to thy inner caves retire,
And there, unsinged, abide the day of fire.

Yet is thy greatness nigh. I pause to state,
That I too have seen greatness, even I, —
Shook hands with Adams, — stared at La Fayette,
When, bareheaded, in the hot noon of July,
He would not let the umbrella be held o'er him,
For which three cheers burst from the mob before him.

And I have seen — not many months ago —
An eastern governor in chapeau bras
And military coat, a glorious show!
Ride forth to visit the reviews, and ah!

How oft he smiled and bowed to Jonathan!
How many hands were shook and votes were won!

'T was a great governor, — thou too shalt be
Great in thy turn, — and wide shall spread thy fame,
And swiftly; farthest Maine shall hear of thee,
And cold New Brunswick gladden at thy name,
And, faintly through its sleets, the weeping isle
That sends the Boston folks their cod shall smile.

For thou shalt forge vast railways, and shalt heat
The hissing rivers into steam, and drive
Huge masses from thy mines, on iron feet,
Walking their steady way, as if alive,
Northward, till everlasting ice besets thee,
And south as far as the grim Spaniard lets thee.

Thou shalt make mighty engines swim the sea,
Like its own monsters, — boats that for a guinea
Will take a man to Havre, — and shalt be
The moving soul of many a spinning-jenny,
And ply thy shuttles, till a bard can wear
As good a suit of broadcloth as the mayor.

Then we will laugh at Winter when we hear
The grim old churl about our dwellings rave;
Thou, from that "ruler of the inverted year,"
Shalt pluck the knotty sceptre Cowper gave,
And pull him from his sledge, and drag him in,
And melt the icicles from off his chin.

William Cullen Bryant.

Rye, N. H.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

ON the lone rocks of Rye,
When the day grows dimmer,
And the stars from the sky
Shed a tremulous glimmer,
While the low winds croon,
And the waves, as they glisten,
Complain to the moon,
I linger and listen.

All the magical whole
Of shadow and splendor
Steals into my soul,
Majestic yet tender;
And the desolate main,
Like a sibyl intoning
Her mystical strain,
Keeps ceaselessly moaning.

I hear it spell-bound,
All its myriad voices, —
Its wandering sound,
And my spirit rejoices;
For out of the deep
And the distance it crieth,
And, deep unto deep,
My spirit replieth.

Thomas Durfee.

Saco, the River, N. H. and Me.

THE RIVER SACO.

FROM Agiochook's granite steeps,
Fair Saco rolls in chainless pride,
Rejoicing as it laughs and leaps
Down the gray mountain's rugged side; —
The stern rent crags and tall dark pines
Watch that young pilgrim flashing by,
While close above them frowns or shines
The black torn cloud, or deep blue sky.

Soon gathering strength it swiftly takes
Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes,
Retreating from the glare of day; —
Now, full of vigorous life, it springs
From the strong mountain's circling arms,
And roams, in wide and lucid rings,
Among green Fryeburg's woods and farms.

Here with low voice it comes and calls
For tribute from some hermit lake,
And here it wildly foams and falls,
Bidding the forest echoes wake; —
Now sweeping on it runs its race
By mound and mill in playful glee; —
Now welcomes, with its pure embrace,
The vestal waves of Ossipee.

At last, with loud and solemn roar,
Spurning each rocky ledge and bar,
It sinks where, on the sounding shore,
The broad Atlantic heaves afar; —
There, on old ocean's faithful breast,
Its wealth of waves it proudly flings,
And there its weary waters rest,
Clear as they left their crystal springs.

Sweet stream! it were a fate divine,
Till this world's toils and tasks were done,
To go, like those bright floods of thine,
Refreshing all, enslaved by none, —
To pass through scenes of calm and strife,
Singing, like thee, with holy mirth,
And close in peace a varied life,
Unsullied by one stain of earth.

James Gilborne Lyons.

THE FALLS OF THE SACO.

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,
Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone?
Close to the verge of the rock is he,
While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,
And slow through the rock its pathway hewing!
Far down, through the mist of the falling river,

Which rises up like an incense ever,
The splintered points of the crags are seen,
With water howling and vexed between,
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath
Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SACO FALLS.

RUSH on, bold stream! thou sendest up
Brave notes to all the woods around,
When morning beams are gathering fast,
And hushed is every human sound;
I stand beneath the sombre hill,
The stars are dim o'er fount and rill,
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music, far away;
Dash on, bold stream! I love the roar
Thou sendest up from rock and shore.

'T is night in heaven,—the rustling leaves
Are whispering of the coming storm,
And, thundering down the river's bed,
I see thy lengthened, darkling form;
No voices from the vales are heard,
The winds are low, each little bird
Hath sought its quiet, rocking nest,
Folded its wings, and gone to rest:
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music, far away.

Oh! earth hath many a gallant show,
Of towering peak and glacier height,
But ne'er, beneath the glorious moon,
Hath nature framed a lovelier sight
Than thy fair tide with diamonds fraught,
When every drop with light is caught,
And, o'er the bridge, the village girls
Reflect below their waving curls,
While merrily thy waters play
In welcome music, far away!

James Thomas Fields.

THE SACO.

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the lake
that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's intervales;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam and
flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years
ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges, dams,
and mills,
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its freedom
of the hills,
Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately Cham-
pernoon
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the trumpet
of the loon!

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of fire
and steam,
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him like
a dream.
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly backward far
and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged: the sorrow and
the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our own
akin;
And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs our mothers
sung,
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always
young.

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Salem, Mass.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

DELUSIONS of the days that once have been,
Witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen,
Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts
That crushed the weak and awed the stoutest hearts, —
These are our theme to-night; and vaguely here,
Through the dim mists that crowd the atmosphere,

We draw the outlines of weird figures cast
In shadow on the background of the Past.
Who would believe that in the quiet town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown
The neighboring hillsides, and the sunny farms
That fold it safe in their paternal arms, —
Who would believe that in those peaceful streets,
Where the great elms shut out the summer heats,
Where quiet reigns, and breathes through brain and breast
The benediction of unbroken rest, —
Who would believe such deeds could find a place
As these whose tragic history we retrace?
'T was but a village then: the goodman ploughed
His ample acres under sun or cloud;
The goodwife at her doorstep sat and spun,
And gossiped with her neighbors in the sun;
The only men of dignity and state
Were then the Minister and the Magistrate,
Who ruled their little realm with iron rod,
Less in the love than in the fear of God;
And who believed devoutly in the Powers
Of Darkness, working in this world of ours,
In spells of Witchcraft, incantations dread,
And shrouded apparitions of the dead.
Upon this simple folk "with fire and flame,"
Saith the old Chronicle, "the Devil came;
Scattering his firebrands and his poisonous darts,
To set on fire of Hell all tongues and hearts!
And 't is no wonder; for, with all his host,
There most he rages where he hateth most,

And is most hated; so on us he brings
All these stupendous and portentous things!"
Something of this our scene to-night will show;
And ye who listen to the Tale of Woe,
Be not too swift in casting the first stone,
Nor think New England bears the guilt alone.
This sudden burst of wickedness and crime
Was but the common madness of the time,
When in all lands, that lie within the sound
Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was burned or drowned.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SALEM.

SWIFT fly the years. Too swift, alas!
A full half-century has flown,
Since, through these gardens fair and pastures lone
And down the busy street,
Or 'neath the elms whose shadows soft are thrown
Upon the common's trampled grass,
Pattered my childish feet.
Gone are the happy games we played as boys!
Gone the glad shouts, the free and careless joys,
The fights, the feuds, the friendships that we had,
And all the trivial things that had the power,
When Youth was in its early flower,
To make us sad or glad!
Gone the familiar faces that we knew,
Silent the voices that once thrilled us through,
And ghosts are everywhere!

They peer from every window-pane,
From every alley, street, and lane
  They whisper on the air.
They haunt the meadows green and wide,
The garden-walk, the river-side,
The beating mill adust with meal,
The rope-walk with its whirring wheel,
The elm grove on the sunny ridge,
The rattling draw, the echoing bridge;
The lake on which we used to float
What time the blue jay screamed his note,
The voiceful pines that ceaselessly
Breathed back their answer to the sea,
The school-house, where we learned to spell,
The church, the solemn-sounding bell, —
  All, all, are full of them.
Where'er we turn, howe'er we go,
  Ever we hear their voices dim
  That sing to us as in a dream
  The song of "Long ago."

Ah me, how many an autumn day
  We watched with palpitating breast
Some stately ship, from India or Cathay,
  Laden with spicy odors from the East,
    Come sailing up the bay!
  Unto our youthful hearts elate
  What wealth beside their real freight
    Of rich material things they bore!
  Ours were Arabian cargoes, fair,
  Mysterious, exquisite, and rare;

From far romantic lands built out of air
On an ideal shore
Sent by Aladdin, Camaralzaman,
Morgiana, or Badoura, or the Khan.
Treasures of Sindbad, vague and wondrous things
Beyond the reach of aught but Youth's imaginings.

* * *

How oft half-fearfully we prowled
Around those gabled houses, quaint and old,
Whose legends, grim and terrible,
Of witch and ghost that used in them to dwell,
Around the twilight fire were told;
While huddled close with anxious ear
We heard them, quivering with fear,
And, if the daylight half o'ercame the spell,
'T was with a lingering dread
We oped the door and touched the stinging bell
In the dark shop that led,
For some had fallen under time's disgrace,
To meaner uses and a lower place.
But as we heard it ring, our hearts' quick pants
Almost were audible;
For with its sound it seemed to rouse the dead,
And wake some ghost from out the dusky haunts
Where faint the daylight fell.

Upon the sunny wharves how oft
Within some dim secluded loft
We played, and dreamed the livelong day,
And all the world was ours in play;

We cared not, let it slip away,
And let the sandy hour-glass run,
Time is so long, and life so long
When it has just begun.

William Wetmore Story.

Salmon, the River, N. H.

SALMON RIVER.

'TIS a sweet stream, — and so, 't is true, are all
That, undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,
Pursue their way
By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that since the deluge fixed has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood
By night and day.

But yet there 's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
With unscared look;
There 's much in its wild history, that teems
With all that 's superstitious, — and that seems
To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropped there, like the drops of rain;
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain, —

And many a quiver,
Filled from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 't is still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon River.

Here, say old men, the Indian magi made
Their spells by moonlight; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequestered rock, or darkening glade,
Or tangled dell.
Here Philip came, and Miantonimo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox roved, that howled and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
For earthly fox;
Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft peltry, stripped and dressed, to wear,
Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'T is hard to rhyme
About a little and unnoticed stream,
That few have heard of, — but it is a theme
I chance to love;
And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
And whistle to the note of many a deed
Done on this river, — which, if there be need,
I 'll try to prove.

John Gardner Calkins Brainard.

Saybrook, Conn.

BRIDE BROOK.

WIDE as the sky Time spreads his hand,
And blindly over us there blows
A swarm of years that fill the land,
Then fade, and are as fallen snows.

Behold, the flakes rush thick and fast;
Or are they years that come between,
When, peering back into the past,
I search the legendary scene?

Nay; marshalled down the open coast,
Fearless of that low rampart's frown,
The winter's white-winged, footless host
Beleaguers ancient Saybrook town.

And when the settlers wake, they stare
On woods half-buried, white and green,
A smothered world, an empty air:
Never had such deep drifts been seen!

But "Snow lies light upon my heart!
An thou," said merry Jonathan Rudd,
"Wilt wed me, winter shall depart,
And love like spring for us shall bud."

"Nay, how," said Mary, "may that be?
Nor minister nor magistrate

Is here, to join us solemnly;
And snow-banks bar us, every gate."

"Winthrop at Pequot Harbor lies,"
He laughed. And with the morrow's sun
He faced the deputy's dark eyes:
"How soon, sir, may the rite be done?"

"At Saybrook? There the power's not mine,"
Said he. "But at the brook we 'll meet,
That ripples down the boundary line;
There you may wed, and Heaven shall see 't."

Forth went, next day, the bridal train
Through vistas dreamy with gray light.
The waiting woods, the open plain,
Arrayed in consecrated white,

Received and ushered them along;
The very beasts before them fled,
Charmed by the spell of inward song
These lovers' hearts around them spread.

Four men with netted foot-gear shod
Bore the maid's carrying-chair aloft;
She swayed above, as roses nod
On the lithe stem their bloom-weight soft.

At last beside the brook they stood,
With Winthrop and his followers;
The maid in flake-embroidered hood,
The magistrate well cloaked in furs,

That, parting, showed a glimpse beneath
Of ample, throat-encircling ruff
As white as some wind-gathered wreath
Of snow quilled into plait and puff.

A few grave words, a question asked,
Eyelids that with the answer fell
Like falling petals, — form that tasked
Brief time; — yet all was wrought, and well!

Then "Brooklet," Winthrop smiled and said,
"Frost's finger on thy lip makes dumb
The voice wherewith thou shouldst have sped
These lovers on their way; but, come,

"Henceforth forever be thou known
By name of her here made a bride;
So shall thy slender music's moan
Sweeter into the ocean glide!"

Then laughed they all, and sudden beams
Of sunshine quivered through the sky.
Below the ice the unheard stream's
Clear heart thrilled on in ecstasy;

And lo, a visionary blush
Stole warmly o'er the voiceless wild,
And in her rapt and wintry hush
The lonely face of Nature smiled.

Ah, Time, what wilt thou? Vanished quite
Is all that tender vision now;
And like lost snow-flakes in the night,
Mute lie the lovers as their vow.

And O thou little, careless brook,
Hast thou thy tender trust forgot?
Her modest memory forsook,
Whose name, known once, thou utterest not?

Spring wakes the rill's blithe minstrelsy;
In willow bough or alder bush
Birds sing, with golden filigree
Of pebbles 'neath the flood's clear gush;

But none can tell us of that name
More than the "Mary." Men still say
"Bride Brook" in honor of her fame;
But all the rest has passed away.

George Parsons Lathrop.

Scituate, Mass.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Samuel Woodworth.

AT SEA.

IT was off the cliffs of Scituate,
In old Massachusetts Bay,
We took a stiff northeaster,
About the break of day;
Lord! how it howled and whistled
Through the ratlines and the shrouds,

As the icy snow dashed pelting
Through the scud of lowering clouds!

Outspoke then our bold captain, —
"She fairly drifts astern;
Against this gale no Boston
Can the good barque make, this turn;
To beach her were but madness,
Where the wild surf runs so high, —
Under our lee lies Scituate,
And there we can but try."

Then "Hard up!" cried the captain, —
Like a bird she bore away,
The blast just struck her quarter,
And she flew across the bay;
Before us broke the dreaded bar,
And by the helmsman stood
Our captain, as the brave barque plunged
Into the foam-tossed flood.

One plunge! the strong wave lifted her, —
Aghast stood all the crew!
Again, — she rose upon the surge, —
And it brought her safely through.
Now, God bless Scituate Harbor,
And be blessed forevermore,
Who saved us from the sea's cold clasp,
By that wild, treacherous shore.

George Lunt.

Seaconnet Point, R. I.

NIGHTFALL ON THE SEACONNET SHORE.

WE sat together, you and I,
And watched the daylight's dying bloom,
And saw the great white ships go by,
Like phantoms through the gathering gloom.

Like phantom lights the lonely stars
Looked through the sea-fog's ghastly veil,
Beyond the headland's rocky bars
We heard the stormy surges wail.

We sat together, hand in hand,
Upon the lonely, sea-girt wall,
And watched, along the glimmering strand,
The wild, white breakers plunge and fall.

You spoke of pleasures past away,
Of hopes that left the heart forlorn,
Of life's unrest and love's decay,
And lonely sorrows proudly borne.

The sea's phantasmal sceneries
Commingled with your mournful theme;
The splendors of your starry eyes
Were drowned in memory's deepening dream.

Darker and lonelier grew the night
Along the horizon's dreary verge,

And lonelier through the lessening light
Sang the wild sea-wind's wailing dirge.

When, kindling through the gathering gloom,
Beyond West-Island's beetling brow,
Where breakers dash, and surges boom,
We saw Point Judith's fires aglow.

Piercing night's solemn mystery,
The lighthouse reared its lonely form,
Serene above the weltering sea
And guardant through the gathering storm.

So, o'er the sea of life's unrest,
Through grief's wild storm, and sorrow's gloom,
Faith's heavenly pharos in the breast
Lights up the dark with deathless bloom.

The sea-born sadness of the hour
Melted beneath its holy spell;
Faith blossomed into perfect flower,
And our hearts whispered, "All is well."

Sarah Helen Whitman.

STORM ON SAUGONNET.

ROUND and red in a golden haze
Had the sun gone up from his eastern bed
For days and days, and as round and red
The sun had gone down for days and days.

The windless hills were bathed in the gold
Of their own autumnal atmosphere, —

The thousand hues of the parting year
In their banners of glory mixed, fold on fold.

Round and red in the midnight sky
The lone moon rode with never a star, —
The bronzed right wheel of her noiseless car
With a broad tire girdling her throne on high.

Then came the storm with its signal drum,
All night we heard on the eastern shore
The steady booming and muffled roar
Of the great waves' tramp ere the winds had come!

They came with the morning! the lurid glow
Of the sunrise into black ashes burned;
The torn clouds whirled, overturned and turned,
Wrung till they streamed with a torrent's flow.

With the measured march of a mighty host
The ground-swell came, with wave upon wave,
On the red Saugonnet rocks they drave,
And scattered their foam over leagues of coast.

Out of the Infinite, up from the smoke
Of the watery Gehenna the wild waves rose,
Lashed into wrath by invisible foes,
On the crags of the headland their fury broke.

Spectral and dim over sunk Cuttywow
The white spray hung, but ye heard no shock,
For the liquid thunder on red Wall Rock
Crushed out all sound with its deafening blow.

From the granite jaws of the Clump, the foam
  Of a maniac wrath was drifted, white,
  Snowed on the blast with the snowy flight
Of the screaming gulls driven out from home.

In the swirl of the Hopper the waves were ground
  To impalpable dust; the Ridge Rock roared
  To the crash of a new Niagara poured
Right up the crags with a slippery bound!

Over Brenton's Reef where the west hung black,
  O'er the cloudy bar of the Cormorant Rocks,
  The white seas hurried in huddling flocks
With the wolf-winds howling along their track.

They came and went in a wavering mist,
  The phantoms that hung on the skirts of the blast;
  While the nearer Cliff his defiance cast;
Maddening the seas with his granite fist.

Far inland the moan of the tempest told
  What war was waged on the crumbling crags,
  How the charging billows were torn on jags
Of the Island Cliff as they backward rolled.

* * *

George S. Burleigh

Sebago, the Lake, Me.

FUNERAL-TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

1756.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak.
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried, —
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died
Along Sebago's wooded side:

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide, —
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasselled garbs of skins arrayed,
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done: the roots are backward sent,
The beechen-tree stands up unbent, —
The Indian's fitting monument!

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Shoal of George's, Mass.

THE LETTER OF MARQUE.

WE had sailed out a Letter of Marque,
Fourteen guns and forty men;
And a costly freight our gallant barque
Was bearing home again.
We had ranged the seas the whole summer-tide,
Crossed the main, and returned once more;
Our sails were spread, and from the mast-head
The lookout saw the distant shore.

"A sail! a sail on the weather bow!
Hand over hand, ten knots an hour!"

"Now God defend it ever should end
That we should fall in the foeman's power!"

'T was an English frigate came bearing down,
Bearing down before the gale,

Riding the waves that sent their spray
Dashing madly o'er mast and sail.

Every stitch of our canvas set,
Like a frightened bird our good barque flew;
The wild waves lashed and the foam crests dashed,
As we threaded the billows through.
The night came down on the waters wide, —
"By Heaven's help we 'll see home once more,"
Our captain cried, "for nor-nor-west
Lies Cape Cod Light, and the good old shore."

A sudden flash, and a sullen roar
Booming over the stormy sea,
Showed the frigate close on our track, —
How could we hope her grasp to flee?
Our angry gunner the stern-chaser fired;
I hardly think they heard the sound,
The billows so wildly roared and raged,
As we forward plunged with furious bound.

"All our prizes safely in,
Shall we fall a prize to-night?
The Shoal of George's lies sou-south-east,
Bearing away from Cape Cod Light."
Our captain's face grew dark and stern,
Deadly white his closed lips were.
The men looked in each other's eyes, —
Not a look that spoke of fear.
"Hard up!"
Hard up the helm was jammed.
The wary steersman spoke no word.

In the roar of the breakers on either side
Murmurs of wonder died unheard.
Loud and clear rose the captain's voice, —
A bronzed old sea-dog, calm and cool,
He had been in sea-fights oft,
Trained eye and hand in danger's school.
"Heave the lead!"
The lead was hove;
Sharp and short the quick reply;
Steady rose the captain's voice,
Dark fire glowed his swarthy eye,
Right on the Shoal of George's steered,
Urged with wild, impetuous force,
Lost, if on either side we veered
But a hand's breadth from our course.
On and on our good barque drove,
Leaping like mad from wave to wave,
Hissing and roaring 'round her bow,
Hounding her on to a yawning grave.

God! 't was a desperate game we played!
White as the combing wave grew each cheek;
Our hearts in that moment dumbly prayed,
For never a word might our blenched lips speak.
On and on the frigate drove,
Right in our track, close bearing down;
Our captain's face was still and stern,
Every muscle too rigid to frown.

On and on the frigate drove,
Swooping down in her glorious pride;

Lord of heaven! what a shriek was that
Ringing over the waters wide!
Striking swift on the sunken rocks,
Down went the frigate beneath the wave;
All her crew in an instant sunk,
Gulfed in the closing grave!

We were alone on the rolling sea;
Man looked to man with a silent pain;
Sternly our captain turned away;
Our helmsman bore on our course again.
Into the harbor we safely sailed
When the red morn glowed o'er the bay:
The sinking ship, and the wild death-cry,
We shall see and hear, to our dying day.

Caroline Frances Orne.

Songo, the River, Me.

SONGO RIVER

CONNECTING LAKE SEBAGO AND LONG LAKE.

NOWHERE such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake,
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself

Flows the stream, so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,
Lost in woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Through the forest in and out
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame;
For thou bidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way:—

"Traveller, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet!
Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste!

"Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Springfield, Mass.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary.
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Sudbury, Mass.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills;
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay;
Through the wide doors the breezes blow;
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.

Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,

A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Wachusett, the Mountain, Mass.

WACHUSETT.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
A fitting guide, with reverential tread,
Into that mountain mystery. First a lake
Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines
Of far receding hills; and yet more far
Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.
Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachusett laid
His head against the West, whose warm light made
His aureole; and o'er him, sharp and clear,
Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching stayed,
A single level cloud-line, shone upon
By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,
Menaced the darkness with its golden spear!

So twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back;
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,

The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barnyard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.
Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we took,
Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,
Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
Like one to whom the far-off is most near:
"Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look;
I love it for my good old mother's sake,
Who lived and died here in the peace of God!"
The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,
As silently we turned the eastern flank
Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank,
Doubling the night along our rugged road:
We felt that man was more than his abode, —
The inward life than Nature's raiment more;
And the warm sky, the sundown-tinted hill,
The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and dim
Before the saintly soul, whose human will
Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,
Making her homely toil and household ways
An earthly echo of the song of praise
Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

TO WACHUSETT.

WITH frontier strength ye stand your ground,
With grand content ye circle round,
Tumultuous silence for all sound,
Ye distant nursery of rills,
Monadnock, and the Peterboro' hills;
Like some vast fleet,
Sailing through rain and sleet,
Through winter's cold and summer's heat;
Still holding on, upon your high emprise,
Until ye find a shore amid the skies;
Not skulking close to land,
With cargo contraband,
For they who sent a venture out by ye
Have set the sun to see
Their honesty.
Ships of line, each one,
Ye to the westward run,
Always before the gale,
Under a press of sail,
With a weight of metal all untold.
I seem to feel ye, in my firm seat here,
Immeasurable depth of hold,
And breadth of beam, and length of running gear.

* * *

But special I remember thee,
Wachusett, who like me
Standest alone without society.

Thy far blue eye,
A remnant of the sky,
Seen through the clearing or the gorge,
Or from the windows of the forge,
Doth leaven all it passes by.
Nothing is true,
But stands 'tween me and you,
Thou western pioneer,
Who know'st not shame nor fear,
By venturous spirit driven,
Under the eaves of heaven,
And canst expand thee there,
And breathe enough of air!
Upholding heaven, holding down earth,
Thy pastime from thy birth,
Not steadied by the one, nor leaning on the other;
May I approve myself thy worthy brother!

Henry David Thoreau.

Waverly, Mass.

BEAVER BROOK.

HUSHED with broad sunlight lies the hill,
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup.
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir;

Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that hems
The road along the mill-pond's brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry-stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door lets forth the din;
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

No mountain torrent's strength is here;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering millstones hum and whirl,
Nor how for every turn are tost
Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies
Forevermore each form of Use.

And more: methought I saw that flood,
Which now so dull and darkling steals,
Thick, here and there, with human blood,
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we
Know with what waste of beauty rare
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make mirth,
And labor meet delight half-way.

James Russell Lowell.

White Mountains, N. H.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

WE had been wandering for many days
Through the rough northern country. We had seen
The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake
Of Winnipiseogee; and had felt

The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy isles
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips
Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,
We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed
The high source of the Saco; and bewildered
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop
Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and thick
As meadow mole-hills, — the far sea of Casco,
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!

And we had rested underneath the oaks
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are shaken
By the perpetual beating of the falls
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked

The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,
Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams
At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver
The Merrimac by Uncanoonuc's falls.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AMONG THE HILLS.

FOR weeks the clouds had raked the hills
And vexed the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore
The mountain veils asunder,
And swept the valley clean before
The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich notch the west-wind sang
Good morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky
The peaks had winter's keenness;
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales
Had more than June's fresh greenness.

Again the sodden forest floors
With golden lights were checkered,
Once more rejoicing leaves in wind
And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late
Atoning for its sadness
Had borrowed every season's charm
To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales
Of shadow and of shining,
Through which, my hostess at my side,
I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above
The river's whitening shallows,
By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns
Swept through and through by swallows, —

By maple orchards, belts of pine
And larches climbing darkly
The mountain slopes, and, over all,
The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven, —

How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purpling lights of heaven, —

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains, —
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains!

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

PROFILE NOTCH, FRANCONIA.

The "Profile" is formed by separate projections of the cliff, which, viewed from a particular point, assume the marvellous appearance of a colossal human face.

ALL round the lake the wet woods shake
From drooping boughs their showers of pearl;
From floating skiff to towering cliff
The rising vapors part and curl.
The west-wind stirs among the firs
High up the mountain side emerging;
The light illumes a thousand plumes
Through billowy banners round them surging.

A glory smites the craggy heights:
And in a halo of the haze,
Flushed with faint gold, far up, behold
That mighty face, that stony gaze!
In the wild sky upborne so high
Above us perishable creatures,

Confronting Time with those sublime,
Impassive, adamantine features.

Thou beaked and bald high front, miscalled
The profile of a human face!
No kin art thou, O Titan brow,
To puny man's ephemeral race.
The groaning earth to thee gave birth, —
Throes and convulsions of the planet;
Lonely uprose, in grand repose,
Those eighty feet of facial granite.

Here long, while vast, slow ages passed,
Thine eyes (if eyes be thine) beheld
But solitudes of crags and woods,
Where eagles screamed and panthers yelled.
Before the fires of our pale sires
In the first log-built cabin twinkled,
Or redmen came for fish and game,
That scalp was scarred, that face was wrinkled.

We may not know how long ago
That ancient countenance was young;
Thy sovereign brow was seamed as now
When Moses wrote and Homer sung.
Empires and states it antedates,
And wars, and arts, and crime, and glory;
In that dim morn when man was born
Thy head with centuries was hoary.

Thou lonely one! nor frost, nor sun,
Nor tempest leaves on thee its trace;

The stormy years are but as tears
That pass from thy unchanging face.
With unconcern as grand and stern,
Those features viewed, which now survey us,
A green world rise from seas of ice,
And order come from mud and chaos.

Canst thou not tell what then befell?
What forces moved, or fast or slow;
How grew the hills; what heats, what chills,
What strange, dim life, so long ago?
High-visaged peak, wilt thou not speak?
One word, for all our learnéd wrangle!
What earthquakes shaped, what glaciers scraped,
That nose, and gave the chin its angle?

Our pygmy thought to thee is naught,
Our petty questionings are vain;
In its great trance thy countenance
Knows not compassion nor disdain.
With far-off hum we go and come,
The gay, the grave, the busy-idle;
And all things done to thee are one,
Alike the burial and the bridal.

Thy permanence, long ages hence,
Will mock the pride of mortals still.
Returning springs, with songs and wings
And fragrance, shall these valleys fill;
The free winds blow, fall rain or snow,
The mountains brim their crystal beakers·

Still come and go, still ebb and flow,
The summer tides of pleasure-seekers:

The dawns shall gild the peaks where build
The eagles, many a future pair;
The gray scud lag on wood and crag,
Dissolving in the purple air;
The sunlight gleam on lake and stream,
Boughs wave, storms break, and still at even
All glorious hues the world suffuse,
Heaven mantle earth, earth melt in heaven!

Nations shall pass like summer's grass,
And times unborn grow old and change;
New governments and great events
Shall rise, and science new and strange;
Yet will thy gaze confront the days
With its eternal calm and patience,
The evening red still light thy head,
Above thee burn the constellations.

O silent speech, that well can teach
The little worth of words or fame!
I go my way, but thou wilt stay
While future millions pass the same:
But what is this I seem to miss?
Those features fall into confusion!
A further pace — where was that face?
The veriest fugitive illusion!

Gray eidolon! so quickly gone,
When eyes that make thee onward move;

Whose vast pretence of permanence
A little progress can disprove!
Like some huge wraith of human faith
That to the mind takes form and measure;
Grim monolith of creed or myth,
Outlined against the eternal azure!

O Titan, how dislimned art thou!
A withered cliff is all we see;
That giant nose, that grand repose,
Have in a moment ceased to be;
Or still depend on lines that blend,
On merging shapes, and sight, and distance,
And in the mind alone can find
Imaginary brief existence!

John Townsend Trowbridge.

IN A CLOUD RIFT.

UPON our loftiest White Mountain peak,
Filled with the freshness of untainted air,
We sat, nor cared to listen or to speak
To one another, for the silence there
Was eloquent with God's presence. Not a sound
Uttered the winds in their unhindered sweep
Above us through the heavens. The gulf profound
Below us seethed with mists, a sullen deep,
From thawless ice-caves of a vast ravine
Rolled sheeted clouds across the lands unseen.

How far away seemed all that we had known
In homely levels of the earth beneath,

Where still our thoughts went wandering — "Turn
thee!" Blown
Apart before us, a dissolving wreath
Of cloud framed in a picture on the air:
The fair long Saco Valley, whence we came;
The hills and lakes of Ossipee; and there
Glimmers the sea! Some pleasant, well-known name
With every break to memory hastens back;
Monadnock, — Winnipesaukee, — Merrimack.

On widening vistas broader rifts unfold:
Far off into the waters of Champlain
Great sunset summits dip their flaming gold;
There winds the dim Connecticut, a vein
Of silver on aerial green; and here,
The upland street of rural Bethlehem;
And there, the roofs of Bethel. Azure-clear
Shimmers the Androscoggin; like a gem
Umbagog glistens; and Katahdin gleams
Uncertain as a mountain seen in dreams.

Our own familiar world, not yet half known,
Nor loved enough, in tints of Paradise
Lies there before us, now so lovely grown,
We wonder what strange film was on our eyes
Ere we climbed hither. But again the cloud,
Descending, shuts the beauteous vision out;
Between us the abysses spread their shroud:
We are to earth, as earth to us, a doubt.
Dear home folk, skyward seeking us, can see
No crest or crag where pilgrim feet may be.

Who whispered unto us of life and death
As silence closed upon our hearts once more?
On heights where angels sit, perhaps a breath
May clear the separating gulfs; a door
May open sometimes betwixt earth and heaven,
And life's most haunting mystery be shown
A fog-drift of the mind, scattered and driven
Before the winds of God: no vague unknown
Death's dreaded path, — only a curtained stair;
And heaven but earth raised into purer air.

Lucy Larcom.

CHOCORUA.

THE pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the east, —
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least, —
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well:
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd.

Lucy Larcom.

CLOUDS ON WHITEFACE.

SO lovingly the clouds caress his head, —
The mountain-monarch; he, severe and hard,
With white face set like flint horizon-ward;
They weaving softest fleece of gold and red,
And gossamer of airiest silver thread,
To wrap his form, wind-beaten, thunder-scarred.
They linger tenderly, and fain would stay,
Since he, earth-rooted, may not float away.
He upward looks, but moves not; wears their hues;
Draws them unto himself; their beauty shares;
And sometimes his own semblance seems to lose,
His grandeur and their grace so interfuse;
And when his angels leave him unawares,
A sullen rock, his brow to heaven he bares.

Lucy Larcom.

BALD-CAP REVISITED.

ELEVEN years, and two fair months beside,
Full to the brim with various love and joy,
My life has known since last I drew apart
Into this huge sky-shouldering mountain dome,
And, listening, heard the winds among the pines
Making a music as of countless choirs,
Chanting in sweet and solemn unison;
And, standing here where God's artificers,
Angels of frost and fire and sun and storm,
Have made a floor with nameless gems inlaid,

Saw, like a roof, the slopes of living green
Go cleaving down to meet the lower hills, —
Firm-buttressed walls, their bases overgrown
With meadow-sweet and ferns and tangled vines,
And all that makes the roadsides beautiful;
While, all around me, other domes arose,
Girded with towers and eager pinnacles,
Into the silent and astonished air.
Full oft, since then, up-looking from below,
As naught to me has been the pleasantness
Of meadows broad, and, mid them, flowing wide
The Androscoggin's dark empurpled stream,
Enamored of thine awful loveliness,
Thy draperies of forests overspread
With shadows and with silvery, shining mists,
Thy dark ravines and cloud-conversing top,
Where it would almost seem that one might hear
The talk of angels in the happy blue; —
And so, in truth, my heart has heard to-day.

Dear sacred Mount, not thine alone the charm
By which thou dost so overmaster me,
But something in thy lover's beating heart,
Something of memories vague and fond and sweet,
Something of what he cannot be again,
Something of sharp regret for vanished joys,
And faces that he may no more behold,
And voices that he listens for in vain,
And feet whose welcome sound he hears no more,
And hands whose touch could make his being thrill
With love's dear rapture of delicious pain, —

Something of all the years that he has lived,
Of all the joy and sorrow he has known,
Since first with eager feet and heart aflame
He struggled up thy steep and shaggy sides,
Sun-flecked, leaf-shaded realms of life in death,
And stood, as now, upon thy topmost crest,
Trembling with joy and tender unto tears; —
Something of all these things mingles with thee, —
Green of thy leaves and whiteness of thy clouds,
Rush of thy streams and rustle of thy pines, —
With all thy strength and all thy tenderness,
Till thou art loved not for thyself alone,
But for the love of many who are gone,
And most of all for one who still remains
To make all sights more fair, all sounds more sweet,
All life more dear and glad and wonderful.

* * *

John White Chadwick.

LAKE OF THE CLOUDS, MT. WASHINGTON.

QUEEN of the clouds! afar from crowds
Thou reignest all alone,
In solitude which few intrude
To bow at thy high throne.

On either hand the mountains grand
Their giant shoulders lift
To bear thee up like God's sweet cup,
Brimmed with his precious gift!

Shrined mid the haunts of Alpine plants
That wreathe thy rocky rim,
Like clustered vines the graver twines
About the beaker's brim,

With what delight I caught the sight
Of thee I came to seek,
At peace and rest beneath the crest
Of Monroe's splintered peak;

Where naught is heard of beast or bird
Save the lone eagle's cry,
Whose lordly flight eludes the sight,
Lost in the deepening sky;

And where no sound disturbs the round
Of thy unruffled sleep,
But bolts that flash and roar and crash
And leap from steep to steep.

O, what an hour to feel His power
Who said, and it was done;
And huge and vast these hills stood fast,
Eternal as the sun!

By thy low brink I knelt to drink
Thy waters clear and cold,
As the last ray that shuts the day
Flushed thy fair face with gold.

Below in light the valley bright
In softened beauty shone,

While o'er me rose in grand repose
The dome of Washington.

The soft green moss I stept across
With wary feet and slow,
Crept in and out and all about
The shattered rocks below;

And wee bright flowers through sun and showers
Peered out with sparkling eyes,
As in the wild some unkempt child
Looks up in shy surprise.

O lovely lake, for thy sweet sake
The powers of earth and air,
That desolate all else, create
For thee a garden fair,

That mid the breath of gloom and death
Seems let down from above
To give us cheer where all is drear,
Like God's abounding love.

Mid city heats I tread the streets
And think of thee afar,
As of one gone whose love beams on
Like light from some lost star.

O mighty mount, O crystal fount,
O hills and lakes and streams,
How dear thou art to all my heart,
How near in all my dreams.

* * *

Henry Henderson.

Winnipesaukee, the Lake, N. H.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

I. NOON.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm! — O dark, still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies, — the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

O welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus-flowers!

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
Whose voice we hear behind us call, —

That Shadow blends with mountain gray,
It speaks but what the light waves say, —
Death walks apart from Fear to-day!

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break

His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I.
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

For ever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall!
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

O watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AT ALTON BAY.

WE saw in the distance the dusky lake fade,
Empurpled with twilight's last tinges;
And slow came the Night, with her curtains of shade,
And the round rosy moon in their fringes.
We marked in the sky, in the cloud-lakes on high,
The flocks of birds dreamily sailing
From the peaks in the West, and settle to rest
Where the forest light slowly was failing,
Round bright Alton Bay.

Mist curtained the mountains, — we climbed the dark heights,
But a feeling of sadness came o'er us,
As we saw on the hillsides the camp-meeting lights,
And heard the lone worshippers' chorus —
"It is well with my soul!" — how it echoed afar
O'er the lake in the deep mountain shadows,
While bright in the sky shone the evening star
O'er the lonely lake islands and meadows
At still Alton Bay.

I knew not the singers, their creeds or their names;
I heard but the chorus ascending,
While bright through the pines shone the night-torches' flames
With the rays of the shaded moon blending;
And I said on that night, as I stood on the height,
When time measures my joy and my sorrow,
My life I would close as the birds seek repose,
To dream of a beautiful morrow
At dim Alton Bay.

Then we talked of the main, and its night-darkened plain,
Of the sweet prayer of trust on the billows;
The worshippers' strain rising sweet in the fane
In the vale by the cool village willows;
The cathedral's aisle dim, the antiphonal hymn,
The baptismal vow at the fountain:
Yet more grand seemed the word that our charmed ears had heard —
"It is well with my soul!" — on the mountain,
At calm Alton Bay.

Morn lighted the bay, our boat glided away,
But the fair lake I see as a vision;
And in dreams hear again the lone camp-meeting's strain
Like a call from the portals elysian.
When the shade of the past shall be lengthened at last,
And the earth light around me is paling,
May some holy song's breath on the mountain of faith
Turn my heart to the Refuge unfailing,
As at far Alton Bay.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

AT WINNIPESAUKEE.

O SILENT hills across the lake,
Asleep in moonlight, or awake
To catch the color of the sky,
That sifts through every cloud swept by, —
How beautiful ye are, in change
Of sultry haze and storm-light strange;
How dream-like rest ye on the bar
That parts the billow from the star;
How blend your mists with waters clear,
Till earth floats off, and heaven seems near.

Ye faint and fade, a pearly zone,
The coast-line of a land unknown.
Yet that is sunburnt Ossipee,
Plunged knee-deep in the limpid sea:
Somewhere among these grouping isles,
Old White-Face from his cloud-cap smiles,
And gray Chocorua bends his crown,
To look on happy hamlets down;
And every pass and mountain-slope
Leads out and on some human hope.

Here the great hollows of the hills
The glamour of the June day fills.
Along the climbing path the brier,
In rose-bloom beauty beckoning higher,
Breathes sweetly the warm uplands over
And, gay with buttercups and clover,

The slopes of meadowy freshness make
A green foil to the sparkling lake.

So is it with yon hills that swim
Upon the horizon, blue and dim:
For all the summer is not ours;
On other shores familiar flowers
Find blossoming as fresh as these,
In shade and shine and eddying breeze;
And scented slopes as cool and green,
To kiss of lisping ripples lean.

* * *

Lucy Larcom.

Woonsocket, R. I.

FROM WOONSOCKET HILL.

THE earth, this beautiful summer's day,
Is in perfect tune with the blue of the sky,
And the fleecy white of the clouds that play
On the wings of the amorous zephyr's sigh.

My errant fancy has led me here,
To the highest point of Woonsocket's crest,
In this sweetest season of the year
When fields and woods are in verdure dressed.

I left the valley far, far behind,
As ever upward the pathway led,

Past gray stone-walls where the ivy twined,
And the elms a grateful coolness shed;

Past the farm-house old, 'neath the sycamore,
With its well-curb aged and moss o'ergrown,
And the broad flat stones before the door,
Wearing slow as the years have flown;

Till at last I have reached the highest peak
And before me the landscape stretches wide,
And eastward or westward the eye may seek
Yet find no bound to restrain its pride.

Southeastward a line of darker hue
Than the sky that meets it, far away,
Tells that there are dancing the wavelets blue
On the bosom of Narragansett Bay.

On the left Wachuset, showing dim
Through wreaths of vapor that round it fold,
Crowns with its dome the horizon's rim,
Like some eastern temple, grand and old.

While nearer, along the valleys green,
Full many a village meets the eye,
And here and there the silver sheen
Of a brooklet mirrors the arching sky.

What pleasure it is to linger here,
Through the summer hours so warm and bright,
Watching the landscape, far and near,
Framed in the sunshine golden light!

* * *

John L. Osborne

York, Me.

AGAMENTICUS.

SIR FERDINANDO GORGES looked with special interest upon the pleasantly located little settlement of Agamenticus. On the first of March, 1642, he erected the borough into a city, extending the charter over a region embracing twenty-one square miles. This forest city was on the north side of the river, and extended seven miles back from the river's mouth.

WHERE rises grand, majestic, tall,
As in a dream, the towering wall
That scorns the restless, surging tide,
Once spanned the mart and street and mall,
And arched the trees on every side
Of this great city, once in pride.
For hither came a knightly train
From o'er the sea with gorgeous court;
The mayors, gowned in robes of state,
Held brilliant tourney on the plain,
And massive ships within the port
Discharged their load of richest freight.
Then when at night, the sun gone down
Behind the western hill and tree,
The bowls were filled, — this toast they crown,
"Long live the City by the Sea!"

Now sailless drift the lonely seas,
No shallops load at wharves or quays,
But hulks are strewn along the shore, —
Gaunt skeletons indeed are these
That lie enchanted by the roar

Of ocean wave and sighing trees!
Oh, tell me where the pompous squires,
The chant at eve, the matin prayers,
The knights in armor for the fray?
The mayors, where, and courtly sires,
The eager traders with their wares, —
How went these people hence away?
And when the evening sun sinks down,
Weird voices come from hill and tree,
Yet tell no tales, — this toast they crown,
"Long live the Spectre by the Sea!"

Anonymous.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09772 337 1